THE

ATLANTIC MONTHLY:

A Magazine of Literature, Science, Art, and Politics.

Vol. XCIII. — FEBRUARY, 1904. — No. DLVI.

WALL STREET AND THE COUNTRY.

THE perturbations to which prices have been subjected on the New York Stock Exchange during the past year have naturally caused revulsions of feeling among those who have suffered from them, and much questioning of the wisdom of some of the recent operations of prominent American financiers. It is a familiar aphorism that "Wall Street" is very popular in periods of ascending prices, and is very unpopular in periods of declining prices. The public often seem to forget that quotations in Wall Street are only the mirror of their own estimate of the value of securities, and that most financiers would be as well pleased as outsiders if they could warp this mirror to give the reflection of a constantly ascending value to the properties which they control. There are many lessons to be learned from recent experiences, one of the most obvious being that the outsider should not enter the stock market in the gambling spirit, but only for investment, and then only when he has made a careful study of values of properties and their earning power, and of the conditions which affect the market.

The creation of industrial companies during the past five years and the ascending prices of their securities until within the past year have written a new chapter in the history of the world's effort to work out its economic destiny. It has afforded a new illustration of the law of the survival of the fittest. Practically every form of financial enterprise has had to go through the same birth-pangs when it was a new and untried project; and only those features of it have survived which have been found to possess real economic value. It is usually those who initiate the new methods who take the greater risks. If their projects will not stand the test of competition, they carry down their projectors with them to disaster; if they succeed, they sometimes confer rich rewards upon the far-sighted and venturesome pioneer; but in the latter case they render a net economic service to the community. It is the experience through which the new methods of finance have passed, and that through which they are yet to pass, which is to determine whether they have in them elements of survival.

The mechanism of modern finance has been devised piece by piece to meet the constantly growing demand for more efficient methods of giving mobility to capital. By mobility is meant facility for transferring capital promptly and without loss from one person to another. It was the use of money which primarily made possible the transfer of capital when trade began to emerge from the condition of barter. It has been the function of modern commerce and finance, as capital grew in volume, to devise new means of transferring it from place to place and from industry to industry. Hence has arisen the complicated but symmetrical structure of deposit banking, note issue, the joint stock company, the negotiable security, the produce and stock exchanges, the bank-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ers' clearing house, the stock exchange clearing house, the cable transfer for credit, and the arbitrage of stock and exchange transactions, by which the change of a fraction of one per cent in the rate indicating the demand for credit in one market would put at its command the resources of the other markets of the world.

This great fabric has been rendered necessary by the growth of the fund of capital seeking investment. This growth in the volume of capital has been the phenomenon of our generation. It has been a growth of astonishing rapidity, because the increase in the investment fund has been much more rapid than the increase in the total capital of the community. This has resulted from a simple process of mathematical increment. If an agricultural producer in 1850 had an annual producing power which might be expressed by $350, of which $300 was necessary to supply his actual physical necessities, he would have a surplus of $50, to be made a part of the investment fund of the community. If ten years later, in 1860, he had increased his producing power by one seventh, his total annual product would be $400; but the effect would be felt upon the investment fund of the community, not merely by the increase of one seventh, or about 15 per cent, in his total product, but by an increase of 100 per cent in the net product. Assuming that his actual needs were still supplied by $300, he would have $100 for investment where he formerly had $50. If by 1880 his annual producing power further increased by one fourth part of its efficiency in 1860 to a total of $500, the surplus funds seeking investment in the market would have risen by another 100 per cent within twenty years, or by 400 per cent within thirty years.

These conclusions, based upon hypothesis, are sustained by the evidence. The increase in the capital employed in manufactures over and above the normal increase in proportion to population is one of the gauges of the increased fund of saving in the community. This increase was from $2,118,208,769 in 1870 to $9,835,086,909 in 1900. This increase of more than $7,700,000,000 in manufacturing capital since 1870 is paralleled by the increased application of capital in another direction, — the construction and equipment of railways. The total liabilities of American railways, chiefly upon their capital stock and funded debt, increased from $3,784,543,034 in 1873 to $12,326,491,526 in 1901.[1] The proportional increase called for by the growth of population was only to about $7,000,000,000, leaving a residue of about $5,300,000,000 as the result of the increased producing power of the people of the United States under modern conditions. The two items of manufacturing capital and railway investment thus account for an investment fund of $16,000,000,000, which has been accumulating during the past generation, and these are only illustrations of the great fund of saved capital seeking investment which has been accumulating in recent years in every field of productive industry.

Capital available for investment is subject to the law of supply and demand. In this respect, it does not differ from commodities of a more specific character. Other things being equal, two important elements operate upon the price paid for an investment, — its safety and the net return paid in interest or dividends. A high degree of safety will contribute toward raising the price of an investment, but this rise in price will render it less attractive upon the other side by reducing the return upon it. For the owner of an investment security, and especially for him who has it to sell, a scarcity of safe securities and a rise in their price are acceptable and desirable. For the owner of capital seeking investment, however, an excess of such capital in the market and a high price for securi-

[1] U. S. Statistical Abstract, 1902, p. 407.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ties are an injury, because they reduce the earning power of his capital, in whatever particular securities he may invest it. To meet his needs, new demands for capital must be found from time to time, equal to the amount of capital created.

To find such openings for investment is the business of the financier and promoter. He found them early in the nineteenth century without difficulty, because new demands for capital were springing up faster than they could be met. When society is in a stationary state, — that is, when there are no important new inventions or changes in social conditions, — saved capital accumulates faster than opportunities for secure and profitable investments present themselves. The tendency of such a condition is to correct itself by creating new wants, and hence invoking a demand for the capital to provide the mechanism to supply them; but this tendency has not prevented on several occasions the serious congestion of savings beyond effective demand and a consequent fall in the rate of interest.

In modern times, even more than in those more remote, there has been a frequent tendency to the accumulation of saved capital temporarily beyond the legitimate demand for it for the creation of new enterprises. The eminent French economist, Paul Leroy-Beaulieu, in discussing this subject in L'Économiste Français of January 28, 1899, calls attention to the fact that there were interruptions in the downward course of interest when steam came to be generally employed as a motive power between 1850 and 1865, and again after the great destruction of capital in the Franco-Prussian war. But, he declares, "after each of these interruptions, the rate of interest again tended to decline to a level lower than before; so that, in taking as the point of departure the beginning of the last quarter century, or that of the last half century, or that of the last century, — the year 1874 or the year 1850, — it may be noted that the rate of interest has considerably fallen, not in a straight line, it is true, but in a broken line, and that never in our history was it as low as in 1897."

One of the best proofs of this superabundance of capital in the market about 1897 was the great number of cases in which governments and stock companies successfully sought to convert old obligations on which they were paying a high rate of interest into new ones paying a low rate of interest. Great Britain refunded her consolidated debt in 1888 at two and three quarters per cent, and in 1897 and 1898 the quotations of these new issues reached 112, and even a maximum of 113⅛. The great Prussian conversion was operated during 1897, and applied to $850,000,000 of consolidated four per cent securities. These four per cents were quoted at 104.5, and the three and a half per cents were quoted at 104.2 in October, 1896. The three per cent obligations issued in 1890 and then quoted at 86.5 reached par on July 5, 1895, and stood at 99.6 on October 5, 1896. Herr Miquel, the Prussian Minister, in announcing his project, recalled the fact that in 1894 France had converted her four and a half per cents into three and a half per cents; that Sweden, Norway, Luxembourg, Zurich, Saxe-Gotha, Wurtemberg, and Bavaria had converted four per cent into three and a half per cent securities; and that Denmark, Belgium, Holland, Bremen, and Berne had converted three and a half per cents into three per cents, not to speak of the great Russian conversion of five per cents into four per cents.

In the United States, in spite of the fact that a new country usually makes large demands for capital, the supply tended to exceed the legitimate and effective demand down to 1897. The fact that this increase in the supply had greatly reduced its capacity to earn interest is plainly indicated by the facts set forth in the spring of 1903 by Professor Meade;

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"For the last thirty years the investment rate of interest has been steadily sinking. In the early Seventies seven per cent railway bonds were common. In the next decade these were largely replaced by five per cent bonds, and in recent years three and a half per cent bonds have been generally issued by railway companies. At the same time that the interest rate was falling, the price of a $1000 bond increased. In the Seventies railway companies often paid ten per cent for money. At the present time three and a half per cent is the ordinary rate."

It is clear that this great accumulation of capital would be employed with great difficulty but for the organization of a system of transferring it readily from hand to hand and place to place. If every one who saved was compelled to employ his savings under his own personal care and direction in order to make them fruitful, many difficulties would arise and serious blunders would be made. Large savings would seem in the natural course of events, therefore, to have suggested the organization of means of employing them without imposing the burden upon each individual who had made savings. This has been the case in advanced commercial society, but has not been the case in undeveloped society.

The economic efficiency of Europe and America is due in a large degree to the fact that saved capital does not repose in idle hoards, but is transferred as fast as it is saved into hands which are able to put it to productive use. In all civilized countries the mechanism of credit has now attained a considerable degree of efficiency, but this efficiency varies to a marked extent from country to country.

Among the methods of putting capital into negotiable form these may be enumerated: attracting deposits to banking institutions; the organization of stock companies for banking and other large enterprises; the organization of railroad companies; the capitalization of industrial enterprises as stock companies; the diversification of banking methods and of the forms of security investment.

It is not necessary here to dwell upon the expansion of banking in its simpler forms. This has been more obvious to the ordinary observer as a means of accumulating and transferring capital than some of the other features of the modern organization of credit. Next in order to banking deposits as a part of the new mechanism of finance comes the joint stock company. A joint stock company affords the means for dividing the ownership of properties in such a way that, on the one hand, an individual of small means may become part owner in a great enterprise, and, on the other hand, enterprises may be successfully carried out, of a magnitude which could not well be undertaken by a single individual. The creation of share companies divides the risk of an undertaking among many persons, and places the enterprise beyond the accidents of a single human existence by giving it a fictitious body dowered by law with perpetual life. When these properties are listed on the stock exchange they are afforded a general market, in which it is easy to obtain a definite test of their value. A mill or a factory which is in private hands is salable or not according to individual and local circumstances. When not converted into the form of shares, a small property of this character has a market which is narrow and uncertain. The property may pay a fair dividend upon the capital invested or upon the cost of replacement, but unless it happens to attract the attention of a capitalist who is also an expert in the same line of industry, it cannot be sold at the will of the owner. When, however, it is a part of a property which comprises many other mills, and this property is represented by bonds, preferred stock and common stock, distributed among a multitude of own-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ers and listed on the stock exchange, then it is in the power of the individual owner to part with his property at will at the quotations of the market.

One of the natural consequences of the abundance of capital seeking investments is the tendency to produce new forms of securities. The evidence of this is afforded by the great variety of securities which are now at the command of the investor in Great Britain and America. The first form of investment offered in the stock markets was government obligations. These represented capital taken from the community and often applied in a manner which was not economic, for the purposes of war or preparations for war. Then came the primitive form of the stock company, which was simply the issue of shares establishing a common and divisible right in a large property. It has remained for recent years to develop the preferred share, the mortgage bond, income bonds, convertible bonds, debentures, and many other forms of obligation. These various types of securities offer a variety of investment which permits each investor to choose among them according to his individual valuation of the relative advantages of risk with large returns, security with small returns, prompt returns or ultimate profit. The mortgage bond of a first-class railway, varying little under ordinary conditions in its market quotations because it pays a fixed income, is the most secure investment after the government bond, and the most appropriate for the investment of trust funds. The preferred stock of a well-established investment enterprise offers a fixed return with perhaps a higher degree of risk, and is, therefore, likely to pay a larger return in relation to the price than the bond. The convertible bond offers a high degree of security, with the additional allurement of admitting the bondholder to a share in the expanding profits of the preferred shareholder when the price of stock rises above the price of the bonds.

Every form of investment which proves more attractive to a certain class of investors than previous forms adds to the means for drawing capital out of hoards and private hands and putting it at the command of the community. If bonds and ordinary shares prove unattractive to a certain type of investor, then the market where only those forms of investment are available does not afford the highest facilities for drawing hoarded capital from idleness into utilities. This was the case until recently in France, where the issue of preferred shares was not permitted by law, but only common shares and bonds. The device so frequent in the organization of American industrial corporations, by which the assured earning power is capitalized as preferred stock and the contingent profits of bankers and promoters are converted into common stock, to be sold for what it will bring or laid away until it earns dividends, was not available for the French financier. Hence the inducement was lacking to unify and strengthen French industry by consolidating old companies and putting the best equipment and most far-sighted management at the command of new companies.

The countries of Europe, especially those of the Continent, have much to learn from America in diversifying the forms of investment so as to put saved capital to its most productive use; but America has also something to learn from Europe. We have done much more than France and Germany to draw the small capitals of the masses into our commercial banks; but they have developed forms of investment which we have not tried, or which we have not managed with prudence.

A striking instance of the diversification of banking methods which has thus far failed to obtain a firm footing in America is the mortgage loan bank. The purpose of such an institution is to give to the ownership of real estate something of the transferability and divisibility of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

other property. This is accomplished by converting the aggregate of many small mortgages upon real estate into negotiable bonds. In Europe great banks of this character exist in France, Germany, Austria-Hungary, Spain, and several other countries, and recently the system has been extended to Egypt. By the sale of a block of debenture bonds, secured by mortgages upon the land upon which loans have been made, the investor has a security which is negotiable at any time on the market, instead of dealing with a single mortgage which he might find difficulty in selling, in case of need, for what he paid for it. There is no doubt of the perfect practicability and safety of the system, when loans are made to only a legitimate percentage of the ascertained value of the property and other proper precautions are taken. The Crédit Foncier of France, which is engaged in such business, has mortgage bonds out to the amount of about $350,000,000. In Germany thirty-three such banks have similar obligations to the amount of more than $1,500,000,000, scattered in every part of the empire; while the Land Mortgage Bank of Austria-Hungary has debentures of nearly $40,000,000, and the Mortgage Bank of Spain has similar obligations of $17,000,000. These institutions practically bring into the security market a large part of the land values of Europe. A mortgage bank of this sort is able to increase its loans to the limit of the debentures which it can sell, and every few months witnesses an offer of a block of such securities, which are eagerly subscribed for by those seeking a safe and steady investment.

The genius of American financiers and promoters has blazed out investment paths of its own. The path followed during the last few years has been the conversion into large corporations of industrial enterprises. The Wall Street Journal recently estimated the new securities thrown upon the market as a result of this process at nine billions of dollars, and declared: —

"The next stage was the sale of these securities to people who had up to that time neither been owners of plants and manufacturers, nor investors, but who, tempted by the novel opportunity, invested their money in the new industrial securities. The fact that the United States Steel Corporation now has something like 55,000 stockholders is the best demonstration of this that any one could wish. Consequently, the industrial promotions had the effect of tapping to quite a large extent a fund which had heretofore not been available to the security market, having found investment largely in savings banks, real estate," etc.

When capital began to accumulate rapidly, therefore, after the recovery from the long prostration of 1893–97, and only a limited outlet was found for it at first in the creation of new manufacturing plants and the extension of railways, the financier turned naturally to the project of organizing manufacturing industries upon the basis of stock companies. Other reasons, like the severity of competition, undoubtedly produced the tendency to consolidate industries by bringing to an end useless duplications of expenditures and getting rid of competition. These causes, however, could not have produced the phenomena of recent years if there had not been a great fund of capital in the money market seeking new investments. There would not have been the capital available in the hands of one manufacturer to buy out another, or in the hands of promoters to buy them both out, which has been found available under the conditions of recent years.

When, however, the earning power of a number of mills or factories could be capitalized into bonds and preferred stock, a supply of securities could be thus created which would meet the demand for new forms of investment arising from among those who were rapidly making

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

money under favorable commercial conditions. In many cases it was found that the owners of the old establishments were willing to retire from business and to accept a fixed income upon their capital. To others the original investment could be reimbursed from the savings of outsiders who became shareholders in the consolidated industries. The transfer of such considerable sums to the owners of the old plants, where they were paid in cash, added to the fund seeking investment, and thereby added to the capacity of the market for absorbing securities.

That this tendency to create securities has been overdone within the past few years is undoubtedly true. The inevitable operation of the law of supply and demand curtailed demand when the supply of capital available for such investments was absorbed. The process of creating new securities proved so profitable — or at least appeared so — that the demand was soon more than satisfied. Hence came the phenomenon of a mass of "undigested securities" which could no longer find the ready market of a few years before. The fault has not lain altogether with the character of the securities. The fall in quotations for industrials on the New York stock market is not due altogether to impairment of confidence in the value of such enterprises, but it is the inevitable result of an excessive offer in relation to effective demand. That effective demand depends upon the supply of capital. The evidence of deficiency of capital in Great Britain is afforded by the heaviness of British consols, which carried them down from 112 in 1897 to 94 in 1899, and finally below 88 in 1903. It was not that confidence had been impaired in the willingness and ability of the British government to pay interest in full on these securities as it became due, but the fact that new issues of such obligations increased the supply on the market beyond the demand for a safe security at the higher prices. To a like cause — absorption of the surplus capital in the market — may be attributed the fall in first-class railroad stocks and the hesitation of the market to absorb new stocks and bonds of the most gilt-edged character.

Undoubtedly, also, in the case of industrial securities issued on the American market, the character of those issued has tended in many cases to become worse as the issues have increased. This would not necessarily be the fact in each separate case, but would result from the natural tendency to consolidate industries and issue securities first where there was the best economic justification for it. The first consolidations were the result of the pressure of economic necessity in order to escape forms of competition which had become unprofitable. They promised real economies in management and increased earnings, in order to commend themselves to the promoters and investors who took them up. When consolidation, however, had become simply an imitative mania, and the investor, tempted by the large profits, or apparent large profits, of the first combinations, became eager to buy their securities, it was inevitable that the quality of new enterprises of this character should progressively deteriorate. When the demand for new securities was small, it was necessary that they should be of the highest character to find a market; when the demand became apparently insatiable, it was natural that shrewd and sometimes unscrupulous promoters should set themselves to provide a supply. It might be said in a broad sense that the early consolidations were forced upon promoters and financiers by industrial conditions, — while some of the later ones were the result of the efforts of such promoters to create conditions which would afford them opportunities for "a rake-off." In an economic sense, the later process was putting the cart before the horse. When mushroom trust companies were created for the purpose of imitating the large profits of the older and more conservative

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

companies, it was natural that they should greedily swallow any bait which promised large profits, without going behind the prospectus to inquire too closely into the solidity of the new projects, or even into the honesty of those who brought them forward.

But the public is to blame in such cases quite as much as misguided or dishonest promoters. If they pass by conservative companies and safe investments to seize upon glittering offers of speculative stocks by mushroom institutions, who is to stay them or retrieve their errors, so long as those who delude them keep barely within the line of indictable fraud? It is the same old story which has been told many times in periods of expanding trade. The public fail to discriminate between those securities which are proper for trust investments and those whose low prices are determined by the very fact that they are speculative. Each successive generation in a period of prosperity and ascending prices seems to forget the fundamental rule of finance, — that the return paid upon a security is inversely to its safety. To those financiers who inculcate this rule they turn a deaf ear, and the latter are perforce compelled to drift with the current or see themselves stranded without clients or profits.

Every new form of financial organization has to pass through the test of fire. Experience is required, to develop its elements of strength and weakness. When the principle of the stock company with limited liability was first recognized in modern industry, Adam Smith declared that its use was limited to a few special enterprises like banking, which followed a settled routine. Every one has gotten away from that prejudice, but the ultimate capacity of the joint stock system of organization is still untested. During the past century it has been extended to nearly every form of manufacture and to the complicated problems of transportation by land and sea. It contains, however, other possibilities which have not yet been developed. Among those which have recently been put into practice have been the consolidation of great industries, the leasing of one corporation's property to another, and the control of operating companies by companies holding their securities. Whether these new forms of joint stock enterprise will be successful must be determined by the same test which has been applied to all other enterprises, — the test of experience.

It is not surprising that the first experiments have afforded results which in some cases are subject to criticism. This was the case with some of the first joint stock companies in their simplest form, and was so conspicuously the case with banking in our earlier history that the innocent use of credit in the form of printed bank-notes has not yet shaken off the prejudice resulting from these experiments. Even the corporate organization of railways, with their issues of bonds and stock to create pathways through the wilderness, resulted in great losses in 1873, and nearly two hundred receiverships as recently as 1893. The London Statist has within a few weeks recalled to British investors that "in their early days many of the [American] railroads were over-capitalized much as industrial companies now are, but owing to their enormous betterment outlays for many years past, the water in American railway capital has now been in most cases effectively squeezed out, and the properties brought up to their book values."

But the joint stock principle, the railways and the banks have survived the trials resulting from early errors, and are now admitted by every one to be essential and beneficent parts of our financial machinery. Railway bonds and many railway stocks have reached a solid investment basis, superior to the storms of business disturbance which are sweeping over the newer enterprises. The older and larger banks and trust companies have also avoided the blun-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ders of early days, and have kept their assets in a form in which they could be quickly converted into cash in case of need. The fact that deposits payable on demand should be covered by assets convertible on demand has been well learned by American bankers. Only the amateurs and the incompetents among bankers and trust company managers have forgotten the famous distinction of Mr. Hankey between a mortgage and a bill of exchange. The more conservative of the New York trust companies in particular, making their advances exclusively on the best stock exchange securities, with a margin of twenty per cent between the market value and the amount loaned, have not failed since the first signs of a coming storm to husband their resources, to scan critically even high-priced collateral, and to give the benefit of the doubt always on the side of conservatism.

It remains to apply to the industrial trust and the new forms of financial organization the lessons so well learned in the school of experience in railroading and banking. To obtain a given result by the greatest possible economy of capital and of effort is the secret of success in finance, in industry, and in competition in foreign markets. The Bank of England does the great business of the British banking system with a metallic reserve many times less than that of the New York banks and the Treasury of the United States. In the early days of England's financial primacy, the reserve proved insufficient, and English finance was all but wrecked. So it may be that our industrial combinations must learn the lesson of larger reserves and sufficient working capital before they are planted on a solid basis; but in the end, even if they cannot realize the ambitious dream of putting an end to perturbations in industry, they are likely to vindicate their claim to increasing the productive efficiency and competitive power of our country.

It may well prove, also, that the principle of the operating company, and the security-holding company, in spite of the fact that they give a minority of strong holders the power to dictate the policy of the corporation under control, may serve the public interest by bringing unity and concentration into management which has been incoherent and incompetent. The system of the security-holding company permits far-sighted men, for instance, who are willing to postpone present dividends to future wealth, to study the needs of a growing community, and to promote its growth by building traction lines in advance of the public demand instead of waiting for such a demand to become imperative. It enables the managers of a great trunk line to put an end to transfers of passengers at state boundaries and local terminals, and to run the palatial trains across the continent upon harmoniously adjusted schedules which, far from being "in restraint of trade," have done more to promote it than all the laws for preventing combination or all the suits begun in pursuance thereof. The system of the holding company undoubtedly increases the power of the big financiers, but it enables them in many cases to go forward with far-sighted plans for meeting the certain expansion of local traffic in our imperial city, or of international traffic between the grainfields of Minnesota and the markets of Asia, which would be difficult or impossible under the old system of petty competing organizations governed by the restricted vision of some neighborhood magnate.

The voting trust is another system of organization designed to the same end, — to put properties into the hands of competent and responsible persons, and to remove them from the danger of manipulative control through the stock market. One of the greatest evils of our system of an unfettered stock market is the opportunity which it affords to rich buccaneers to upset values and threaten

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the tranquil ownership of property. Against this danger the voting trust forms a safeguard. In thus making it easy to locate upon a few heads the responsibility for the conduct of great enterprises, the management of our financial projects follows the tendency toward the fixing of responsibility which has become the model under our best city charters, where the scattered authority of commissions and legislative bodies has been concentrated to a large degree in the hands of a single executive.

The concentration of banking resources and the power which is derived from coöperation among the banks and a few resolute leaders in times of crisis are generally recognized to be one of the most potent factors in our recent industrial progress and our present financial security. If the recent decline in the price of securities had found the market depending upon a large number of banking institutions with small capital, indifferently managed, and divided by petty jealousies, it might have tumbled them over like a row of bricks, and made the declining market of 1903 a repetition of the panic experiences of 1873 and 1893. Combination has vindicated itself the world over in banking; it remains to be seen whether, after due experimentation, it will not also vindicate itself in railway management and manufacturing.

America has a great destiny to perform in the industrial development of the world. She can perform it only by applying to every part of the machinery of production, transportation, and exchange the principle of the greatest economy of effort to obtain the greatest sum of results. The opportunity for every man to rise by his talents from the lowest to the highest place, the right to reap and hold the rewards of one's labor without excessive taxation or vexatious visitation, the privilege of transferring property on the stock exchanges without the fetters imposed on such transactions in Europe, and the freedom to extend new methods of economy and combination in trade and finance across the continent, untrammeled by local tariffs and state boundaries, are among the weapons which give our country its great advantages in dealing with older competitors. It is not surprising that, in the strenuous work of forging these weapons to their sharpest temper, mistakes have been made, capital has been lost, the subtile resentment has been aroused of those incompetent to meet the new conditions; but such errors are the almost inevitable incidents of a period of progress. They correct themselves in the furnace of competition better than they are likely to be corrected by paternal legislation, which is usually bungling and often ineffective.

A community which does not within proper limits encourage the enterprise of the promoter puts fetters upon the transfer of its capital to its most efficient uses and upon the development of the highest industrial efficiency. Upon the proper direction of capital rests the industrial development of a nation. Everything which tends to hamper the transfer of capital from an industry which has ceased to be profitable, because perhaps it has been too widely extended, tends to prevent the direction of the capital of the country into the channels where it is most efficient. The work of the promoter in recent years has tended to increase this transferability of capital by providing a method for getting rid of useless plants without direct loss to their owners, and adjusting the productive capacity of an industry to the actual demand for its products. More than this, in the organization of a new enterprise, like the opening of a new mine, the promoter actually adds to the efficient wealth of the community by opening sources of income which were before untouched. As Professor Meade well says in his book on Trust Finance: —

"In the present scheme of production the resources and the money are useless

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

apart. Let them be brought together, and wealth is the result. The unassisted coincidence of investment funds with investment opportunities, however, is fortuitous and uncertain. The investor and the land or patent or mine owner have few things in common. Left to themselves they might never meet. But the promoter brings these antithetical elements together, and in this way is the means of creating a value which did not before exist, and which is none the less a social gain because much of it is absorbed by the promoter and the financier."

The new methods and the new projects are going through the test of fire to-day, and some of them are being consumed. The tests which weeded out the badly organized and incompetent of the early stock companies, which drove to the wall the "wildcat" banks of antebellum days, and which wiped out dividends and stock rights in badly managed railways, are now being applied to the new forms of organization which have been the growth of the past decade. But the stronger and better organized of these new corporations are likely to meet these trials without disaster, or to modify their methods to conform to the teachings of experience, until there remains to the financial world a valuable residuum of new methods for giving flexibility to capital and promoting its transfer promptly and efficiently from the industries where it is not needed to those where it will render its highest service.

Charles A. Conant.

LYNCHING: A SOUTHERN VIEW.

[The author of this article is a native of North Carolina, and has been for several years editor of the Raleigh Progressive Farmer. — THE EDITORS.]

THAT lynching is an evil is denied by no one. Even Mr. John Temple Graves, who defended it in his recent Chautauqua address, had to admit that it is demoralizing and criminal, and that its logical consummation is anarchy. The savage, we know, punishes by the mob or by personal vengeance, while "it is the first law of the social order that no man shall be the judge in his own cause," that the government alone shall have the right to fix penalties and punish criminals, and that each citizen shall uphold the majesty of the law and swear allegiance to the courts of justice. This is the basis of all order; on this depends the safety of life and property. And such unity obtains in our governmental fabric that we cannot disturb this fundamental principle in any manner without endangering the entire structure. If one pillar totters, all the pillars will totter. To protect anarchy at one point is to spread anarchy to all points. We cannot encourage a hundred men to disregard law without encouraging the individual to disregard law; we cannot encourage law-breaking to gratify vengeance without encouraging law-breaking to gratify hate or greed or lust. The mob spirit breeds disrespect for all law.

For yet other reasons is lynching to be dreaded and deplored. It threatens justice and engenders unrest. Our judges, as a class, are men of high character and ability, and our juries are composed of fair-minded and intelligent men. But the mob may be recruited from the worst element of the community, men of bad character and low intelligence; its members may even have private grudges against the alleged criminal. The court, too, acts in the open, seen and scrutinized by all; the judge and the jurymen are

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

known, and they know that their reputations will be injured if they act carelessly or unrighteously. But the mob has no such incentive to right action. It hides itself in the dark; it shrinks from the gaze of men; its members are not known to their fellow citizens; the fear of incurring individual condemnation does not restrain them from injustice. Moreover, the court considers evidence calmly and carefully. "If this man is guilty, let him be punished; if he is not guilty, let the real criminal be sought out and dealt with." But the mob works in the heat of passion and in great haste. Too often it hangs the man on incomplete circumstantial evidence, hangs the wrong man. But that ends the matter; there is no further investigation, and the guilty man goes free, — perhaps to repeat his crime. These are a few of the many dangers of mob law.

Hurtful and vicious as is the lynching evil, we have in the South another evil that is not less dark and diabolical. For every negro who is disturbed by fear of the mob, a hundred white women are haunted by the nameless dread. These are the twin perils that menace Southern peace, — twin perils, I say, for there is a vital connection between them. To say that men are lynched for other crimes than that against white women, and that therefore lynching cannot be attributed to it, is to be more plausible than accurate. It is with this crime that lynching begins; here and here only could the furious mob spirit break through the resisting wall of law and order. Once through, it does not stop. But it is only because lynching for rape is excused that lynching for any other crime is ever attempted. If there were no lustful brutes to deal with, it would be easy to develop a public sentiment that would make any form of lynching impossible.

There are, therefore, two ways of attacking the mob spirit. We may (1) assail lynching directly, or we may (2) seek to destroy the crime which nourishes and sustains it. Both direct and indirect methods, as I shall try to show in this paper, ought to be employed.

I.

Heretofore we have attacked mob law only in the most direct of direct ways. We have passed laws breathing out threatenings and slaughter against lynchers, only to find that it is useless to have an anti-lynching law on our statute books until the people have an anti-lynching law in their hearts and consciences. In the eyes of the court every man who kills without warrant of law — whether or not the victim be accused of crime — is a murderer. In North Carolina this principle was supplemented more than a decade ago by a special statute making it a felony to break into a jail for the purpose of lynching a prisoner. Judges have charged juries against the crime, and Governor Aycock — risking his political fortunes for his convictions — recently offered a reward of $400 each for the conviction of a party of seventy-five who lynched a negro near Salisbury. But never yet has the law punished a North Carolina lyncher.

We may as well admit, therefore, that this plan of action, unless supplemented by other measures, is a failure. When the flock is threatened, it is wiser to unloose the dogs than try to bind the wolves. When law is threatened, it is better to unfetter the courts than to try to fetter the mob. And the courts are fettered.

That the law at present is lacking in efficiency is not an idle assertion, a mere excuse of the bloodthirsty. It is not an unsupported supposition of editors and politicians, and of people not versed in legal lore. It is the testimony of men who know whereof they speak. One of the finest and gentlest men I know, an old-school Southern lawyer whose tenderness is such that he will not prosecute a man for his life, said to me two years ago that with our peremptory challenges,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

habeas corpus proceedings, writs of error, changes of venue, exceptions, appeals, new trials, respites, pardons, etc., our lawmakers have labored so assiduously to protect the accused prisoner that they have become unjust to the accusing public. "Our civilization has gone too far in these matters," says the Georgia Bar Association, "and has overdone itself." "Enough has been done for those who murder," says one Chief Justice; "it is time the courts were doing something for those who do not wish to be murdered." And Justice Brewer of our United States Supreme Court, who speaks from wide experience and lifelong observation, said to the law class of Yale College a few months ago: —

"It has seemed to me at times that legislation was conceived in the spirit of obstruction to the punishment of criminals. To obstruct the administration of justice, the writ of habeas corpus, writs of error, and pleas for stays of proceedings have been resorted to by many lawyers, and, last of all, often and often stand tender-hearted executives to interpose clemency. It is not to be wondered at that some communities have arisen in their wrath and have inflicted the summary punishment that machinery of the law has delayed, and which they feared it might delay among them, too."

It may be claimed — and I know lawyers who do claim — that such expressions as these have themselves encouraged the mob spirit. But the mob gets ten times as much strength from the fact as from the publication of the fact; the danger is, not that the weakness is charged, but that it exists. Loyalty to law demands that we condemn lack of reverence for it, whatever its imperfections; but loyalty demands no less surely that we remove these imperfections that irreverence may be more readily destroyed.

Taking first things first, let us consider the matter of peremptory challenges of venire men. In most states the disparity between the number allowed the defendant and the number allowed the state is much too great. In this we have a survival of that early period of judicial history when the man accused of a capital offense was not allowed compulsory process to summon witnesses in his behalf, was without counsel to speak for him, and was supposed to be discriminated against by the officers of the law who selected the prospective jurymen. To protect the prisoner in the face of these unfair conditions, he was given much the larger number of challenges, — an advantage which he still largely retains, in spite of the fact that the defense is now on an equal footing with the prosecution. "The policy of those states which discriminate against the prosecution in this particular," says one of our best-known American authorities (Thompson and Merriam on Juries), "is not apparent. The government certainly has the same right to an impartial jury as an accused person has, and, it would seem, ought to be possessed of equal facilities for procuring it."

The latest statistics which I have been able to obtain, however, show that in the trial of prisoners for capital crimes only seven of the United States (New York, Massachusetts, Colorado, Illinois, Florida, Connecticut, and Rhode Island) have these "equal facilities for procuring an impartial jury." Three hundred peremptory challenges for the prosecution to six hundred and fifty for the defendant is about the aggregate for the several states. Massachusetts is unique in that it allows a greater number to the government than to the prisoner, — twenty-two to twenty. On the other hand, twenty for the defendant and two for the state is the rule in South Carolina, whose population is said to have furnished the largest number of murders last year, and the smallest proportion of legal hangings. In North Carolina the defendant has twenty-three peremptory challenges, the state four; and Chief Justice Clark

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in a recent opinion referred to this disparity and the consequent weakening of the law as one reason for the increase of crime and lynching. "It is only necessary," he says, "for the defendant to 'run' for one man on the panel who is friendly to him, for if he can secure that man by the rejection of twenty-three others, besides those stood aside for cause, he has defeated the unanimous verdict which is requisite for conviction."

A case in point has just been brought to light in the writer's own city. In the trial of a man of wealth, charged with murder, it transpired that he had employed agents in each township to take a census of the men subject to jury duty and ascertain who were friendly to him and who hostile, who inclined to be friendly and who inclined to be hostile. — thus enabling him to use his larger number of challenges in a manner manifestly inimical to the interests of justice.

Clearly, therefore, to take away this unfair advantage given the criminal is one of the imperative tasks confronting those who would stay the mob spirit. It will make for surer punishment of criminals. But we must also have speedier trials. "Crime and punishment grow out of one stem," says Emerson; but the only way to teach the ignorant classes the logical connection between the two is to inflict the punishment while public interest is still fixed on the crime. Moreover, speed is required because punishment is sure only when it is speedy. The indignation and abhorrence which wrong-doing always excites effervesce too quickly. Let an unruly child induce its parents to postpone punishment for a week or a month, and the offense will be punished inadequately or not at all. At first the voice of our brother's blood may cry to us from the ground, but the voice grows weaker and weaker as time goes on. The legal principle, an eye for an eye and a life for a life, can be enforced only when there is a vivid realization of the victim's loss. As this becomes dimmer, the punishment of the criminal seems more and more like a new and useless effusion of blood. Thus "the law's delay," regarded even in Hamlet's day as one of life's grievous evils, is still a force for evil.

Of remedies, the most notable yet proposed is that advocated by Justice David J. Brewer. In cases of capital crime he would have the nearest judge convene court as early as possible for the trial of the accused. He would abolish appeals in all criminal cases, but would allow the prisoner to submit at once to the Supreme Court a stenographic report of the evidence, — a new trial to be granted should the court reach the conclusion that the wrong man had been convicted, but never for mere violation of legal technicalities. We may not wish to go so far, but the fact that a member of our highest court suggests such a remedy for the weakness of the judiciary and the spread of lawlessness is enough to convince all of the need of genuine reform. For example, it is stated on high authority that "not a single public official charged with wrong-doing in New York within the last fifteen years has actually received legal punishment. Many have been indicted; a number have been convicted and sentenced, but some higher court has interfered in every case, always on the ground of a flaw in the indictment or some other purely technical defect, and never on the relative merits of the question at issue." One inexcusable fault was pointed out by a Southern bar association some time ago in a resolution which declared that new trials should not be granted on account of error "unless it appear to the satisfaction of the appellate court that such error probably and reasonably affected the result adversely to the appealing party." The mere statement of such a condition is argument enough for a change. Let us not blame the criminal lawyer for using these opportunities for delay; let us blame ourselves for permitting them to exist.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The pardoning power ought also to be hedged about with greater restrictions. That it has been often abused there can be no doubt. A false idea of mercy has led many of our governors to do far-reaching harm to society. Where mercy can be given the criminal without injustice to the public, the pardoning power should be exercised. But often, to pardon means to lessen the criminal's fear of law, to weaken the citizen's confidence in it, and to strengthen the mob spirit among all classes. In such cases it is better to be merciful to a thousand law-abiding citizens than to one man whom the courts have pronounced guilty of crime. It would probably be well to restrict pardons and commutations — at least for those crimes of which the extreme penalty is death — to those recommended by the judge or solicitor of the court which tried the prisoner.

These are some of the changes needed in our general legal machinery. But we shall have to recognize the fact that the one crime which oftenest provokes lynching is a peculiar one and demands peculiar treatment. Whatever we may do in murder cases, in dealing with rape we shall have to adopt Judge Brewer's plan in its entirety.

Moreover, the Universal Peace Union and a number of prominent periodicals have recently suggested the unsexing of criminals of this class. In the South, at least, where the peril is most imminent, nothing less than death will ever be regarded as sufficient punishment. Imprisonment, however, is our only penalty for assault with intent, and for this crime the surgeon's remedy would doubtless prove more effective as a deterrent, while as a protection to society against the repetition of the offense it would be absolute. The Wilmington, Delaware, negro who was lynched last spring had once been in prison for attempted assault. Set free with the same lustful mania, a wolf in human form, he brought death to himself and to a pure-hearted victim, and shame to a great state. The law should effectively protect the public against the degenerate whose uncontrollable passion has once led him to threaten our women; if it will not, the mob will. The proposed legal remedy may be objected to as a reversion to barbaric custom, but, as Collier's Weekly observes, "no precedent for maiming as a general practice could be established in these days." And I repeat that we must recognize the fact that we have a peculiar crime, to be dealt with in a peculiar manner.

We should also take notice of the fact that lynching is often condoned because of the humiliation the wronged woman must endure in appearing against the prisoner in open court. As for the time-worn suggestion that the affidavit of the woman be accepted as sufficient, this is effectually barred by the Sixth Amendment to our national Constitution, which guarantees the right of the criminal to be "confronted by the witnesses against him." But the judge has power to keep the defendant's counsel within the bounds of decency and courtesy, even if the danger of outraging public sentiment were not alone enough to insure this. In a case of this kind a short time ago a Southern judge excluded all women and all boys under sixteen from the court house. He then requested that all "gentlemen" who were mere onlookers leave the room, and the majority left. Such methods as these might be more generally adopted. Better still, the law might empower judges in such cases to clear the room of all idle spectators. I believe it is generally admitted that this would not infringe upon the constitutional rights of the defendant.

"The establishment of greater confidence in the summary and certain punishment of the criminal," — this is Judge Brewer's remedy for lynching, and the changes we have considered will do much to bring it about. It will remove the cause of most lynchings that are regarded

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

as excusable, and will uncloak the inexcusable ones. For there are inexcusable, utterly inexcusable lynchings. The mob is not always actuated by fear of a guilty man's escape. Sometimes the ruling passion is only a savage, diabolical bloodthirstiness. Sometimes it is sheer and fiendish bullyism tormenting the weak and defenseless. Sometimes it is the mob leader's desire for personal vengeance, — murderous hate doing its work in the name of justice. But these criminals find refuge in the same defense which shields those who are impelled by an honest (however mistaken) desire to protect the sanctity of their homes, — the inefficiency of the law. We must deprive them of this protection and expose them to the penalties they deserve. Remove the legal shortcomings that cause law-loving men to condone lynching, and the lawless can no longer practice it with impunity. Excepting possibly for the most heinous crimes and in communities where the white population is entirely outnumbered by negroes of the lowest type, lynching can then be made odious and punishable (as it should be).

For our warfare on mob law will not be complete without a stringent, but flexible and enforcible anti-lynching law. First of all, the law must recognize the fact that the average lyncher, criminal as he is, does not deserve the punishment given for capital crime, and that to refuse to recognize lynching as anything but murder is equivalent to refusing to recognize it as a crime at all; for it cannot be punished as murder. There should be a wide range of penalties, beginning with a fine and brief imprisonment for the man who joins a mob, prompted only by a desire to punish crime, and ending with death for the possible enormity of using the mob to kill a personal enemy. If only a three months' term in jail stared every lyncher in the face, only the sternest sense of duty or the strongest of passions would cause men to take the law into their own hands. And not only should lynchers be punished, but all officers who tamely surrender prisoners to the fury of the mob ought to be severely dealt with.

Finally, good men everywhere must preach in season and out of season the sanctity of law and the peril of lawlessness. We must excuse lynching under no conditions, for as certainly as a fire, fanned to a fury in one room, will sweep on to other rooms, so certainly will the mob, if generally encouraged to punish one crime, sweep irresistibly on to supplant the court at all points. Instead of excusing it where the crime is horrible and the guilt of the criminal undoubted, we must teach that in such cases mob law is the more indefensible — because of the increased certainty and speed of legal punishment.

It is not the criminal's rights, but the court's rights, that we need to emphasize. In his heart of hearts every man must say with the lynchers that the rapist is a brute who has forfeited all human rights. But the law that we have set up in God's name, and in the name of all the people, — this has the highest and noblest of rights, and it is the law's right to try the criminal, not the criminal's right to a lawful trial, that is violated whenever and wherever an irresponsible minority usurps the powers which the whole people have vested in our courts of justice. We need to teach that, if Satan himself should commit a crime, we should try him in legal form, — not for Satan's sake, but for the sake of law and order and civilization; not that he would have the right to a court trial, but that our courts alone would have the right to try him; and that trial by any other body is, and will ever be, usurpation and minority rule, — un-American, undemocratic, and unendurable.

II.

So much for the direct ways of attacking the mob spirit. With these improvements in our judicial system, I believe that lynching for any other crime

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

than that against white women can be stopped within a reasonable period of time, and that lynching for this offense can be materially and steadily diminished. For this crime, however, the less intelligent classes will long regard the mob as the rightful executioner; and it is by this crime, and this only, that the lynching evil can be kept alive in the South. It is not without reason, therefore, that so much of this paper is devoted to a discussion of how to stop the offense which, under existing conditions, will continue to provoke outbreaks of mob violence, and which, even with a perfect law, would mightily stir the passions of the people.

There are two ways of working to this end. We should (1) endeavor to put such safeguards about those exposed to the crime as to make its commission less frequent, and (2) endeavor to destroy the spirit of savagery and backwardness of which this offense is but one of many evidences.

The first consideration of those who seek direct methods of preventing the crime is to provide better protection to residents of isolated country districts. Of course, the progress of civilization is itself contributing to the solution of this problem. As population becomes denser and the people get into closer touch with one another by means of good roads, the criminal's chances of escape correspondingly decrease, and crime dies when the hope of escape dies. The rural telephone system, where it has been introduced, is also a notable deterrent, for, as a correspondent in another county has just reminded me, "no sane man is likely to commit a heinous crime in a community where a network of wires makes it easy to put the entire neighborhood immediately on the alert."

But as yet these agencies are not widespread, and for some years to come we must depend on other remedies. In the first place, the vagrancy laws should be more strictly enforced, and the public should be continually on guard against the reckless, roving element of blacks from which the criminal class is chiefly recruited. The rural districts should also have better police protection. A member of the Georgia Legislature last winter presented a bill for a rural police patrol, — mounted patrolmen to guard country residents against tramps and criminals in much the same way that the "patty-rollers" of the Uncle Remus stories guarded the people against vicious or runaway slaves. This bill of Mr. Blackburn's attracted much attention and much favorable comment, and I shall not be surprised to find the idea generally adopted by Southern Legislatures within the next ten years.

And now we come to the deeper and profounder problem, — that of dealing with the spirit back of the crime, the spirit of degradation and animalism of which the rapist is the most horrible product. It is the old story of the white man's burden. And we have the old message so often repeated by the late Dr. J. L. M. Curry: "We must lift these people up or they will drag us down."

Fraught with much meaning is the fact that the crime against white women was practically unknown in slavery; that not one of the hundreds of graduates who have gone out from Hampton and Tuskegee has ever been guilty of it; and that of those who commit this crime to-day few are able to read, have steady employment, or own homes. Ignorance, idleness, thriftlessness, — out of these does crime come, and against these must our warfare be waged if we would destroy the spirit that breeds crime. The discipline of steady labor is a wonderful restraint on the passions, and the fact that women were not attacked by even the lowest negroes in slavery must be chiefly attributed to this. Of the negro prisoners in 1890 (the 1900 census figures on crime are not yet available), less

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

than one tenth had trades, and less than two fifths were able to read and write.

I look then to right industrial, educational, and religious training as our chief safeguard against negro crime. Only a few weeks ago a friend of the writer's reported this illustration: "Last year I spent some time on one of the islands off the Georgia coast where the negroes when emancipated were as depraved as anywhere in the South. They even offered libations to the moon. But into that mass of ignorant blacks two good teachers went, and set about uplifting the people, morally, industrially, intellectually. When I was there last summer the Southern lady with whom I stopped went with her young daughter on a night trip of five miles across the island, and without a thought of danger."

But do the general, nation-wide results indicate that education is helpful? It has often been claimed that they do not. And in proof we have the oft-repeated charge that the percentage of literacy among negro criminals in 1890 was higher than that for the total negro population, — in other words, that the literate negroes furnished a larger proportion of prisoners than the illiterate. This statement was made in an address before the National Prison Association in 1897. It was printed in one of our foremost magazines, the North American Review, in June, 1900. It was repeated by a governor of Georgia in a public message. A Mississippi preacher has sent it broadcast over the South, and it was doubtless used in the recent campaign in that state. Scores of papers have copied it. Even now a Southern daily which I have just received has a two-column argument against negro education, based on the alleged census figures. "To school the negro," says the writer, "is to increase his criminality. Official statistics do not lie, and they tell us that the negroes who can read and write are more criminal than the illiterate. In New England, where they are best educated, they are four and a half times as criminal as in the Black Belt, where they are most ignorant. The more money for negro education, the more negro crime. This is the unmistakable showing of the United States Census."

That such statements as these have thus far gone unchallenged should indeed excite our special wonder. It was only a desire to get the exact figures that led me to discover their falsity. The truth is, that of the negro prisoners in 1890 only 38.88 per cent were able to read and write, while of the total negro population 42.90 per cent were able to read and write.[1] And in every division of the country save one (and that with only a handful of negro criminals) the prisons testified that the literate negroes were less lawless than the illiterate. To make the matter plain, the following figures have been prepared by the United States Bureau of Education. They show the number of criminals furnished by each 100,000 colored literates, and the number furnished by each 100,000 colored illiterates, according to the Census of 1890: —

CRIMINALS IN EACH 100,000.

Section.	Literates.	Illiterates.
North Atlantic Division	828	1174
South Atlantic Division	320	426
South Central Division	317	498
North Central Division	807	820
Western Division	542	518

When we consider that there were only 258 negro prisoners in all the Western Division (out of the 24,277 in the Union), the mere accident that, of these few, seven more than the exact proportion came from the literate element loses all significance; the test is on a scale too small for general conclusions. Summing up, it appears that of our total colored population in 1890 each 100,000 illiterates furnished 489 criminals, and

[1] See Compendium of Census, part iii. p. 300, and Bulletin on Crime, Pauperism and Benevolence, part i. p. 173.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

each 100,000 literates only 413 criminals. Even more striking testimony comes from the North Carolina State's Prison situated in the writer's own city. In the two years during which it has kept a record, the proportion of negro criminals from the illiterate class has been forty per cent larger than from the class which has had school training.

It is plain, therefore, that even with the pitifully foolish and inefficient methods which have obtained heretofore, the schooling the negro has had has been helpful and not harmful. But we must adopt a wiser policy. Industrial education, as exemplified in Hampton and Tuskegee Institutes, strikes directly at the evils which foster crime; and to breathe the spirit of these institutions into the general public school system of the race is the imperative and immediate duty of those who have the matter in charge. To delay in this means danger. It is the impotence and ineptness of the old systems that have brought people to doubt the wisdom of all negro education. A direct result is the triumph of Governor-elect Vardaman of Mississippi, on the platform, "No white taxes to teach negroes."

But even if the negro's schools were not to be improved and rationalized, to adopt the Vardaman policy would be disastrous. It means either that we are to abandon the black man to animalism, and honeycomb the South with African savagery, or that we are to surrender his education to incensed leaders and fanatical theorists, — and from their sowing of dragons' teeth we have had harvest enough. The present prevalence of negro crime is probably due in some measure to unwholesome notions of social equality and intermarriage that they have inculcated, — the natural, elemental passion to breed upward, to mate with a higher order, called forth in violent form. How much worse would be the condition if the teaching of millions of negro children were entirely surrendered to this class! We must abandon the errors in our educational work, but not the work itself.

And not only must we use the schools to guide the young negroes into right paths, but to stay the spread of crime there must be greater coöperation between the religious leaders of the whites and the religious leaders of the blacks. The strongest religious denomination in the South will make a step in this direction at its next general convention. As a factor in actual life negro religion now counts for almost nothing, and the moral instruction of the young is probably inferior to that given by the slaveholders of the Upper South. Hysterical preaching is more popular than Biblical teaching. A typical illustration has just come to my notice. An intelligent, educated negro pastor had been laboring earnestly with his congregation, trying to raise their morals and give them worthier ideals. He went away for a week, and found on his return that he had been supplanted. An old-time "mourner" preacher, appealing only to the emotions, had captivated the membership by making everybody "happy." Writing of this problem in a recent Hampton Institute publication, Frances A. Kellor says: "The religious life of the negro to-day, with its mysticism, superstition, and excesses, in some cases predisposes to crime. It accentuates an excess of emotion, which condition is traced in many criminal cases." And yet we are sending missionaries thousands of miles to Africa while the Africa at our own doors goes neglected.

The white people of the South should do their full duty in providing proper educational and religious training for the blacks, and then they should hold the negro leaders largely responsible for the moral condition of the race. As one of the most thoughtful and conservative North Carolina editors has said: "The negro preachers, teachers, and leaders must be made to feel their

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

responsibility for negro crime. They should manufacture an anti-raping sentiment, and force it down through the several strata of their society until it touches bottom; then outrages would cease. They have not done it. Instead they have virtually encouraged the crime by denouncing only its punishment by the mob." So careful a journal as the Review of Reviews has commented on this indifference on the part of the colored leaders. "Why do they bother themselves so much about the lynching of negro criminals and so little about the hideousness of negro crime?" asks Dr. Shaw. "Here we have the most painful aspect of the whole problem."

This condition, moreover, is reflected in the negro's general attitude toward law. Not a guardian protecting his rights, but an enemy restricting his freedom, has always been his conception of government. Lynching would be much less frequently resorted to, if the negroes, instead of concealing and shielding their criminals, would disown them and coöperate with the whites in the endeavor to punish them.

But let us also deal honestly with ourselves. Let us see to it that we place no stumbling-block in the path of the weaker race. Here, for example, is a charge which comes, I believe, from Dr. H. B. Frissell, of Hampton Institute: "The way in which many respectable, intelligent colored girls are hounded by white men of the baser sort does much to create bitterness among the negroes, and leads them to palliate the crimes of their own race." If this condition exists in any degree whatever we ought to free ourselves from the shame of it. The pressure of outraged public opinion should be strongly brought to bear on any white man who by any means encourages immorality among negro women. It is demoralizing. It is unworthy of our race. It reacts to our hurt. The bestiality of negro men is fostered by the unchastity of negro women. No form of racial amalgamation must find toleration among the whites.

Here, too, is a charge by Professor W. H. Council, one of our best-known negro educators: "The negroes are brutalized, prepared for a career of crime, by low saloons and dens of vice, and these vice-factories owe their existence to white people. The blacks make no laws, they execute no laws. No judge or board of aldermen would allow the establishment of a saloon on the petition of negroes alone." In view of the earnestness with which we have sought to protect the Indian against the demoralizing effects of drink and vice, it is surprising that the phase of the matter to which Professor Council alludes has not had more attention. I would commend to other states the action of our last North Carolina Legislature in abolishing all saloons in rural districts. In a community in which the whites are in a minority, and without police protection, it is little less than suicidal to keep a bar-room to inflame the passions and derange the reasons of criminally disposed negroes.

III.

And the outlook — what of it? I see no reason whatever for pessimism. The careful reader has probably anticipated this point, and has perceived that three notable forces are making against the progress of the mob spirit.

1. The delays, the technicalities, the solemn plausibilities of our legal machinery have done much to promote the evil. But now there are unmistakable signs of a public awakening. Reforms will follow, and lynching will become less frequent as law becomes more effective.

2. The sudden translation of the negro from a state of slavery to that of freedom and political prestige engendered unnatural aspirations and unwholesome tendencies. With many, to avoid manual labor and to get social recognition among the whites became a ruling passion. But now the leaders of the race are

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

beginning to lay emphasis on the fundamentals, industry and character, as of more importance than political ambition or a veneering of impossible "culture." A Booker Washington, who trains workers, and who preaches peace and self-reliance, has succeeded a Frederick Douglass, whose business was politics, and who preached social equality and practiced miscegenation. The change is to uplift negro character, and to decrease lynchings by decreasing the crimes which provoke lynching.

3. The isolation of our rural districts has made effective police protection impossible, thus widening the opportunities for crime and the opportunities for the punishment of crime by the mob. But with the coming of denser population and quicker means of communication, the diminished number of crimes and the greater efficiency of the law will alike insure the decadence of the mob spirit.

In its deepest meaning, lynch law is only a belated outcropping of primitive anarchy, a symptom of an immature civilization. The development of the reforms I have indicated will bring the day when it can no longer exist in an American atmosphere.

Clarence H. Poe.

RECOLLECTIONS OF LINCOLN.

[The following recollections of Abraham Lincoln are from the pen of the late Henry Villard, war correspondent and financier, and form part of his autobiography, which is shortly to appear in book form. Mr. Villard came to the United States from Germany in 1853, and as soon as he had mastered the English language began newspaper work, contributing to various New York and Western journals. He first met Mr. Lincoln while reporting the Lincoln-Douglas debate for the New York Staats-Zeitung, as stated below. From that time on it was his good fortune to see a great deal of Mr. Lincoln, and to accompany him to New York on his journey to Washington for his inauguration, and to win Mr. Lincoln's confidence. He was in turn able to be of service to Mr. Lincoln in various ways, as, for instance, in bringing to the President the first authentic account of the condition of the Army of the Potomac after the battle of Fredericksburg. — THE EDITORS.]

THE LINCOLN-DOUGLAS DEBATES.

THE first joint debate between Douglas and Lincoln which I attended (the second in the series of seven) took place on the afternoon of August 27, 1858, at Freeport, Illinois. It was the great event of the day, and attracted an immense concourse of people from all parts of the state. Douglas spoke first for an hour, followed by Lincoln for an hour and a half; upon which the former closed in another half hour. The Democratic spokesman commanded a strong, sonorous voice, a rapid, vigorous utterance, a telling play of countenance, impressive gestures, and all the other arts of the practiced speaker. As far as all external conditions were concerned, there was nothing in favor of Lincoln. He had a lean, lank, indescribably gawky figure, an odd-featured, wrinkled, inexpressive, and altogether uncomely face. He used singularly awkward, almost absurd, up-and-down and sidewise movements of his body to give emphasis to his arguments. His voice was naturally good, but he frequently raised it to an unnatural pitch. Yet the unprejudiced mind felt at once that, while there was on the one side a skillful dialectician and debater arguing a wrong and weak cause, there was on the other a thoroughly earnest and truthful man, inspired by sound convictions in consonance with the true spirit of American institutions. There was nothing in all Douglas's powerful effort that appealed to the higher instincts of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

human nature, while Lincoln always touched sympathetic chords. Lincoln's speech excited and sustained the enthusiasm of his audience to the end. When he had finished, two stalwart young farmers rushed on the platform, and, in spite of his remonstrances, seized and put him on their shoulders and carried him in that uncomfortable posture for a considerable distance. It was really a ludicrous sight to see the grotesque figure holding frantically to the heads of his supporters, with his legs dangling from their shoulders, and his pantaloons pulled up so as to expose his underwear almost to his knees. Douglas made dexterous use of this incident in his next speech, expressing sincere regret that, against his wish, he had used up his old friend Lincoln so completely that he had to be carried off the stage. Lincoln retaliated by saying at the first opportunity that he had known Judge Douglas long and well, but there was nevertheless one thing he could not say of him, and that was that the Judge always told the truth.

I was introduced to Lincoln at Freeport, and met him frequently afterwards in the course of the campaign. I must say frankly that, although I found him most approachable, good-natured, and full of wit and humor, I could not take a real personal liking to the man, owing to an inborn weakness for which he was even then notorious and so remained during his great public career. He was inordinately fond of jokes, anecdotes, and stories. He loved to hear them, and still more to tell them himself out of the inexhaustible supply provided by his good memory and his fertile fancy. There would have been no harm in this but for the fact that, the coarser the joke, the lower the anecdote, and the more risky the story, the more he enjoyed them, especially when they were of his own invention. He possessed, moreover, a singular ingenuity in bringing about occasions in conversation for indulgences of this kind. I have to confess, too, that, aside from the prejudice against him which I felt on this account, I shared the belief of a good many independent thinkers at the time, including prominent leaders of the Republican party, that, with regard to separating more effectively the anti-slavery Northern from the pro-slavery Southern wing of the Democracy, it would have been better if the reëlection of Douglas had not been opposed.

The party warfare was hotly continued in all parts of the state from early summer till election day in November. Besides the seven joint debates, both Douglas and Lincoln spoke scores of times separately, and numerous other speakers from Illinois and other states contributed incessantly to the agitation. The two leaders visited almost every county in the state. I heard four of the joint debates, and six other speeches by Lincoln and eight by his competitor. Of course, the later efforts became substantial repetitions of the preceding ones, and to listen to them grew more and more tiresome to me. As I had seen something of political campaigns before, this one did not exercise the full charm of novelty upon me. Still, even if I had been a far more callous observer, I could not have helped being struck with the efficient party organizations, the skillful tactics of the managers, the remarkable feats of popular oratory, and the earnestness and enthusiasm of the audiences I witnessed. It was a most instructive object-lesson in practical party politics, and filled me with admiration for the Anglo-American method of working out popular destiny.

In other respects, my experiences were not altogether agreeable. It was a very hot summer, and I was obliged to travel almost continuously. Illinois had then only about a million and a half of inhabitants, poorly constructed railroads, and bad country roads, over which latter I had to journey quite as much as over the former. The taverns in town and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

country, as a rule, were wretched; and, as I moved about with the candidates and their followers and encountered crowds everywhere, I fared miserably in many places. Especially in the southern part of the state, then known as "Egypt" and mostly inhabited by settlers from the Southern states, food and lodging were nearly always simply abominable. I still vividly remember the day of semi-starvation, and the night with half-a-dozen room-mates, I passed at Jonesboro', where the third joint debate took place.

I saw more of Illinois than I have since seen of any other state in the Union, and I acquired a thorough faith, based on the immeasurable fertility of her prairies, in the great growth that she has since attained. I also formed many valuable acquaintances, a number of which have continued to this day. It was then that I first saw my lifelong friend Horace White, who accompanied Mr. Lincoln as the representative of the Chicago Tribune, and R. R. Hitt, the official stenographer of the Republican candidate. He was one of the most skilled shorthand writers in the country, and his success as such led in due time to his appointment as reporter of the United States Supreme Court. This position he resigned for a successful career as diplomat and Congressman.

I firmly believe that, if Stephen A. Douglas had lived, he would have had a brilliant national career. Freed by the Southern rebellion from all identification with pro-slavery interests, the road would have been open to the highest fame and position for which his unusual talents qualified him. As I took final leave of him and Lincoln, doubtless neither of them had any idea that within two years they would be rivals again in the Presidential race. I had it from Lincoln's own lips that the United States Senatorship was the greatest political height he at the time expected to climb. He was full of doubt, too, of his ability to secure the majority of the Legislature against Douglas. These confidences he imparted to me on a special occasion which I must not omit to mention in detail before leaving this subject.

He and I met accidentally, about nine o'clock on a hot, sultry evening, at a flag railroad station about twenty miles west of Springfield, on my return from a great meeting at Petersburg in Menard County. He had been driven to the station in a buggy and left there alone. I was already there. The train that we intended to take for Springfield was about due. After vainly waiting for half an hour for its arrival, a thunderstorm compelled us to take refuge in an empty freight car standing on a side track, there being no buildings of any sort at the station. We squatted down on the floor of the car and fell to talking on all sorts of subjects. It was then and there he told me that, when he was clerking in a country store, his highest political ambition was to be a member of the state Legislature. "Since then, of course," he said laughingly, "I have grown some, but my friends got me into *this* business [meaning the canvass]. I did not consider myself qualified for the United States Senate, and it took me a long time to persuade myself that I was. Now, to be sure," he continued, with another of his peculiar laughs, "I am convinced that I am good enough for it; but, in spite of it all, I am saying to myself every day: 'It is too big a thing for you; you will never get it.' Mary [his wife] insists, however, that I am going to be Senator and President of the United States, too." These last words he followed with a roar of laughter, with his arms around his knees, and shaking all over with mirth at his wife's ambition. "Just think," he exclaimed, "of such a sucker as me as President!"

He then fell to asking questions regarding my antecedents, and expressed some surprise at my fluent use of English after so short a residence in the United States. Next he wanted to know

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

whether it was true that most of the educated people in Germany were "infidels." I answered that they were not openly professed infidels, but such a conclusion might be drawn from the fact that most of them were not church-goers. "I do not wonder at that," he rejoined; "my own inclination is that way." I ventured to give expression to my own disbelief in the doctrine of the Christian Church relative to the existence of God, the divinity of Christ, and immortality. This led him to put other questions to me to draw me out. He did not commit himself, but I received the impression that he was of my own way of thinking. It was no surprise to me, therefore, to find in the writings of his biographers Ward Hill Lamon and W. H. Herndon that I had correctly understood him. Our talk continued till half-past ten, when the belated train arrived. I cherish this accidental rencontre as one of my most precious recollections, since my companion of that night has become one of the greatest figures in history.

I went from Jonesboro' to Chicago, and remained there till after the election. I considered the outcome so uncertain that I did not venture any predictions in my correspondence. Douglas himself, I knew, was much in doubt; Lincoln and his friends were very confident, and therefore bitterly disappointed by the result.

LINCOLN AND THE BUFFALO ROBE.

[In 1859 Mr. Villard went as correspondent of the Cincinnati Commercial to Colorado to report upon the newly discovered gold regions. On his return journey over the plains, which was made in a two-horse wagon, there occurred the meeting described by him as follows: —]

About thirty miles from St. Joseph an extraordinary incident occurred. A buggy with two occupants was coming toward us over the open prairie. As it approached, I thought I recognized one of them, and, sure enough, it turned out to be no less a person than Abraham Lincoln! I stopped the wagon, called him by name, and jumped off to shake hands. He did not recognize me with my full beard and pioneer's costume. When I said, "Don't you know me?" and gave my name, he looked at me, most amazed, and then burst out laughing. "Why, good gracious! you look like a real Pike's Peaker." His surprise at this unexpected meeting was as great as mine. He was on a lecturing tour through Kansas. It was a cold morning, and the wind blew cuttingly from the northwest. He was shivering in the open buggy, without even a roof over it, in a short overcoat, and without any covering for his legs. I offered him one of my buffalo robes, which he gratefully accepted. He undertook, of course, to return it to me, but I never saw it again. After ten minutes' chat, we separated. The next time I saw him he was the Republican candidate for the Presidency.

SPRINGFIELD.

[In the last days of November, 1860, the Associated Press sent Mr. Villard to Springfield, Illinois, to report current events at that place by telegraph, until the departure of Mr. Lincoln for Washington. This duty brought Mr. Villard into daily relations with the President-elect, who gave him a most friendly welcome and bade him ask for information at any time he wished it.]

Mr. Lincoln soon found, after his election, that his modest two-story frame dwelling was altogether inadequate for the throng of local callers and of visitors from a distance, and, accordingly, he gladly availed himself of the offer of the use of the governor's room in the Capitol building. On my arrival, he had already commenced spending a good part of each day in it. He appeared daily, except Sundays, between nine and ten o'clock, and held a reception till noon, to which all comers were admitted, without even the formality of first sending in cards. Whoever chose to call received the same hearty greeting. At noon, he went home to dinner and reappeared at about two. Then his correspondence was given proper attention, and visitors of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

distinction were seen by special appointment at either the State House or the hotel. Occasionally, but very rarely, he passed some time in his law office. In the evening, old friends called at his home for the exchange of news and political views. At times, when important news was expected, he would go to the telegraph or newspaper offices after supper, and stay there till late. Altogether, probably no other president-elect was so approachable to everybody, at least during the first weeks of my stay. But he found in the end, as was to be expected, that this popular practice involved a good deal of fatigue, and that he needed more time for himself; and the hours he gave up to the public were gradually restricted.

I was present almost daily for more or less time during his morning receptions. I generally remained a silent listener, as I could get at him at other hours when I was in need of information. It was a most interesting study to watch the manner of his intercourse with callers. As a rule, he showed remarkable tact in dealing with each of them, whether they were rough-looking Sangamon County farmers still addressing him familiarly as "Abe," sleek and pert commercial travelers, staid merchants, sharp politicians, or preachers, lawyers, or other professional men. He showed a very quick and shrewd perception of and adaptation to individual characteristics and peculiarities. He never evaded a proper question, or failed to give a fit answer. He was ever ready for an argument, which always had an original flavor, and, as a rule, he got the better in the discussion. There was, however, one limitation to the freedom of his talks with his visitors. A great many of them naturally tried to draw him out as to his future policy as President regarding the secession movement in the South, but he would not commit himself. The most remarkable and attractive feature of those daily "levees," however, was his constant indulgence of his story-telling propensity. Of course, all the visitors had heard of it and were eager for the privilege of listening to a practical illustration of his preëminence in that line. He knew this, and took special delight in meeting their wishes. He never was at a loss for a story or an anecdote to explain a meaning or enforce a point, the aptness of which was always perfect. His supply was apparently inexhaustible, and the stories sounded so real that it was hard to determine whether he repeated what he had heard from others, or had invented himself.

None of his hearers enjoyed the wit — and wit was an unfailing ingredient — of his stories half as much as he did himself. It was a joy indeed to see the effect upon him. A high-pitched laughter lighted up his otherwise melancholy countenance with thorough merriment. His body shook all over with gleeful emotion, and when he felt particularly good over his performance, he followed his habit of drawing his knees, with his arms around them, up to his very face, as I had seen him do in 1858. I am sorry to state that he often allowed himself altogether too much license in the concoction of the stories. He seemed to be bent upon making his hit by fair means or foul. In other words, he never hesitated to tell a coarse or even outright nasty story, if it served his purpose. All his personal friends could bear testimony on this point. It was a notorious fact that this fondness for low talk clung to him even in the White House. More than once I heard him "with malice aforethought" get off purposely some repulsive fiction in order to rid himself of an uncomfortable caller. Again and again I felt disgust and humiliation that such a person should have been called upon to direct the destinies of a great nation in the direst period of its history. Yet his achievements during the next few years proved him to be one of the great leaders of mankind in adversity, in

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

whom low leanings only set off more strikingly his better qualities. At the time of which I speak, I could not have persuaded myself that the man might possibly possess true greatness of mind and nobility of heart. I do not wish to convey the idea, however, that he was mainly given to trivialities and vulgarities in his conversation; for, in spite of his frequent outbreaks of low humor, his was really a very sober and serious nature, and even inclined to gloominess to such an extent that all his biographers have attributed a strongly melancholic disposition to him.

I often availed myself of his authorization to come to him at any time for information. There were two questions in which the public, of course, felt the deepest interest, and upon which I was expected to supply light, namely, the composition of his Cabinet, and his views upon the secession movement that was daily growing in extent and strength. As to the former, he gave me to understand early, by indirection, that, as everybody expected, William H. Seward and S. P. Chase, his competitors for the presidential nomination, would be among his constitutional advisers. It was hardly possible for him not to recognize them, and he steadily turned a deaf ear to the remonstrances that were made against them as "extreme men" by leading politicians from the Border States, particularly from Kentucky and Missouri. As to the remaining members of his Cabinet, they were definitely selected much later, and after a protracted and wearisome tussle with the delegations of various states that came to Springfield to urge the claims of their "favorite sons." I shall refer again to this subject.

No one who heard him talk upon the other question could fail to discover his "other side," and to be impressed with his deep earnestness, his anxious contemplation of public affairs, and his thorough sense of the extraordinary responsibilities that were coming upon him. He never refused to talk with me about secession, but generally evaded answers to specific interrogatories, and confined himself to generalizations. I was present at a number of conversations which he had with leading public men upon the same subject, when he showed the same reserve. He did not hesitate to say that the Union ought to, and in his opinion would, be preserved, and to go into long arguments in support of the proposition, based upon the history of the republic, the homogeneity of the population, the natural features of the country, such as the common coast, the rivers and mountains, that compelled political and commercial unity. But he could not be got to say what he would do in the face of Southern secession, except that as President he should be sworn to maintain the Constitution of the United States, and that he was therefore bound to fulfill that duty. He met in the same general way the frequent questions whether he should consider it his duty to resort to coercion by force of arms against the states engaged in attempts to secede. In connection therewith I understood him, however, several times to express doubts as to the practicability of holding the slave states in the Union by main force, if they were all determined to break it up. He was often embarrassed by efforts of radical anti-slavery men to get something out of him in encouragement of their hopes that the crisis would result in the abolition of slavery. He did not respond as they wished, and made it clear that he did not desire to be considered an "abolitionist," and that he still held the opinion that property in slaves was entitled to protection under the Constitution, and that its owners could not be deprived of it without due compensation. Consciously or unconsciously, he, like everybody else, must have been influenced in his views by current events. As political passion in the South rose

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

higher and higher, and actual defiance of Federal authority by deeds of violence occurred almost daily after his election, culminating in the formal secession of seven states and the establishment of the Southern Confederacy under Jefferson Davis at Montgomery, Alabama, the belief, which he doubtless had originally, that by a conciliatory course as President he could pacify the rebellious states, must have become shaken. Still, I think I interpret his views up to the time of his departure for Washington correctly in saying that he had not lost faith in the preservation of peace between the North and the South, and he certainly did not dream that his principal duty would be to raise great armies and fleets, and the means to maintain them, for the suppression of the most determined and sanguinary rebellion, in defense of slavery, that our planet ever witnessed.

The Jacksonian "doctrine" that "to the victors belong the spoils" was still so universally the creed of all politicians, that it was taken for granted there would be a change not only in all the principal, but also in all the minor, Federal offices. It was also expected that the other time-honored party practice of a division of executive patronage among the several states would be carried out. Accordingly there appeared deputations from all the Northern and Border States at Springfield to put in their respective claims for recognition. Some of them came not only once, but several times. From a number of states several delegations turned up, representing rival factions in the Republican ranks, each pretending to be the rightful claimant. Almost every state presented candidates for the Cabinet and for the principal diplomatic and departmental offices. The hotel was the principal haunt of the place-hunters. The tricks, the intrigues, and the manœuvres that were practiced by them in pursuit of their aims came nearly all within the range of my observation, as it was my duty to furnish the earliest possible news of their success or failure. As a rule, the various sets of spoilsmen were very willing to take me into their confidence, but it was not always easy to distinguish what was true in their communications from what they wished me to say to the press purely in furtherance of their interests. Among the political visitors the most prominent I met were: Simon Cameron, S. P. Chase, Thurlow Weed, Lyman Trumbull, N. B. Judd, Richard J. Oglesby, Francis P. Blair, Sr. and Jr., B. Gratz Brown, William Dennison, D. C. Carter of Ohio, Henry J. Winter, and Oliver P. Morton. Thurlow Weed was by far the most interesting figure and the most astute operator among them all.

From what I have said, it will be understood that the President-elect had a hard time of it with the office-seekers. But as he himself was a thorough believer in the doctrine of rotation in office, he felt it his duty to submit to this tribulation. The Cabinet appointments, other than those already named, were especially troublesome to him. There was an intense struggle between Indiana and Illinois, most embarrassing inasmuch as there were several candidates from his own state, all intimate personal friends. Then came the bitter contest between the Border States of Kentucky, Missouri, and Maryland, and the Pennsylvania cabals pro and contra Simon Cameron. Amidst all his perplexities, Lincoln displayed a good deal of patience and shrewdness in dealing with these personal problems. His never-failing stories helped many times to heal wounded feelings and mitigate disappointments. But he gradually showed the wear and tear of these continuous visitations, and finally looked so careworn as to excite one's compassion.

THE JOURNEY TO WASHINGTON.

During the month of January, 1861, there appeared in Springfield one W. S.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Wood, a former hotel manager and organizer of pleasure excursions, I believe, from the interior of New York state, who, on the recommendation of Thurlow Weed, was to take charge of all the arrangements for the journey of the President-elect to Washington. He was a man of comely appearance, greatly impressed with the importance of his mission, and inclined to assume airs of consequence and condescension. As he showed a disposition to ignore me, I made a direct appeal to Mr. Lincoln, who instructed him that I was to be one of the presidential party. In fact, I was the only member of the press forming part of it as far as Cincinnati, although Messrs. Nicolay and Hay, for some unexplained reason, fail to mention me in naming the members of the party.

The start on the memorable journey was made shortly after eight o'clock on the morning of Monday, February 11. It was a clear, crisp winter day. Only about one hundred people, mostly personal friends, were assembled at the station to shake hands for the last time with their distinguished townsman. It was not strange that he yielded to the sad feelings which must have moved him at the thought of what lay behind and what was before him, and gave them utterance in a pathetic formal farewell to the gathering crowd, as follows: —

"My Friends, — No one not in my position can appreciate the sadness I feel at this parting. To this people I owe all that I am. Here I have lived more than a quarter of a century; here my children were born, and here one of them lies buried. I know not how soon I shall see you again. A duty devolves upon me which is, perhaps, greater than that which has devolved upon any other man since the days of Washington. He never would have succeeded except for the aid of Divine Providence, upon which he at all times relied. I feel that I cannot succeed without the same Divine aid which sustained him, and in the same Almighty Being I place my reliance for support; and I hope you, my friends, will all pray that I may receive that Divine assistance, without which I cannot succeed, but with which success is certain. Again I bid you all an affectionate farewell."

I reproduce this here, as but for me it would not have been preserved in the exact form in which it was delivered. It was entirely extemporized, and, knowing this, I prevailed on Mr. Lincoln, immediately after starting, to write it out for me on a "pad." I sent it over the wires from the first telegraph station. I kept the pencil manuscript for some time, but, unfortunately, lost it in my wanderings in the course of the civil war.

Our traveling companions at the start were (besides Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln and their three sons) W. S. Wood; J. G. Nicolay and John Hay; two old personal friends of Mr. Lincoln, Judge David Davis of Bloomington, afterwards Associate Justice of the United States Supreme Court, and N. B. Judd of Chicago, who had the promise of the Secretaryship of the Interior; Dr. W. S. Wallace, a brother-in-law; Lockwood Todd, a relative of Mrs. Lincoln, who was employed on several important political missions during the next few months; and Ward Hill Lamon, a lawyer of Bloomington, who afterwards became United States Marshal for the District of Columbia, and as such a sort of major-domo at the White House, and finally the author of a biography of Abraham Lincoln. For describing him in this as an infidel Lamon was much and unjustly attacked. He brought a banjo along, and amused us with negro songs. There was also a military escort, consisting of Colonel Edwin Vose Sumner, the white-haired commander of a cavalry regiment of the regular army, and of Major David Hunter, Captain John Pope, and Captain

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Hazard of the same service. Colonel Sumner, Major Hunter, and Captain Pope became well-known commanding generals during the war. Another "military" character, a sort of pet of Mr. Lincoln, was Colonel E. E. Ellsworth, who, though a mere youth, of small but broad figure, curly black head, and handsome features, had achieved considerable local notoriety as a captain of a crack "Zouave" militia company in Chicago. He was one of the first victims of the civil war, being shot by a rebel while raising the United States flag at Alexandria, Virginia.

The party had a special train, composed at first only of an ordinary passenger car, — there were no parlor or drawing-room or sleeping cars in those days, — a baggage-car, and engine. The first day's journey took us from the capital of Illinois to that of Indiana. Until we reached the boundary of the latter state, the demonstrations along the route were insignificant, except at Decatur, where a great crowd, headed by Richard J. Oglesby, then a hotel-keeper, but subsequently a general in the war, Governor, and United States Senator, greeted the future Chief Magistrate, who delivered another farewell speech. At the boundary, the train was boarded by a large delegation of leading Indianians, including Schuyler Colfax, Henry S. Lane, Caleb B. Smith, and Thomas H. Nelson. At Lafayette, a great crowd awaited our coming, and the President-elect had to appear and speak to them. At Indianapolis, where the first day's journey ended, he was formally welcomed by Governor Oliver P. Morton, and replied to him at length. His speech was remarkable for the first public intimation that he should consider it his duty as President to retake the properties of the United States, including the forts unlawfully seized by the rebellious states, and otherwise reëstablish the authority of the Federal Government.

The next stage of the journey was from Indianapolis to Cincinnati; the third, from Cincinnati to Columbus; the fourth, from Columbus to Pittsburg; the fifth, from Pittsburg to Cleveland; the sixth, from Cleveland to Buffalo, where a rest was taken over Sunday. The eighth day the journey was continued as far as Albany, and on the following day we reached New York. Everywhere there were formal welcomes by the state or municipal authorities and by great crowds of people, with brass bands, and public and private receptions. In different localities pleasant variations were offered in the way of serenades, torchlight processions, and gala theatrical performances. Altogether, the President had every reason to feel flattered and encouraged by the demonstrations in his honor. But the journey was a very great strain upon his physical and mental strength, and he was well-nigh worn out when he reached Buffalo. He must have spoken at least fifty times during the week. In the kindness of his heart — not from any love of adulation, for he really felt very awkward about it — he never refused to respond to a call for his appearance wherever the train stopped. While he thus satisfied the public curiosity, he disappointed, by his appearance, most of those who saw him for the first time. I could see that impression clearly written on the faces of his rustic audiences. Nor was this surprising, for they certainly saw the most unprepossessing features, the gawkiest figure, and the most awkward manners. Lincoln always had an embarrassed air, too, like a country clodhopper appearing in fashionable society, and was nearly always stiff and unhappy in his off-hand remarks. The least creditable performance en route was his attempt to say something on the question of tariff legislation in his Pittsburg speech. What he said was really nothing but crude, ignorant twaddle, without point or meaning. It proved him to be the veriest novice in economic matters, and strengthened my doubts as to his capacity for the high office he was to fill.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

So poor was his talk that most of the Republican papers, while they printed it, abstained from comment.

After ten days of the wearisome sameness of the "performances" at the several halting-places, I was very sick of the "traveling show," and I therefore asked to be relieved from my duties on reaching New York. My request was granted, and I remained behind. It turned out that I lost only the reception in Independence Hall in Philadelphia, as the journey was cut short by the incognito night run of the President from Harrisburg to Washington. This sudden move on his part created at the time considerable disappointment, even among his warmest political followers, being regarded as an evidence of unwarranted fear. But subsequent events and developments proved his course to have been a wise one.

Henry Villard.

STRANGE INSTRUMENT OF MANY STRINGS.

THOU instrument of many strings
For men to play on, slaves and kings,
Let me but keep thee, Life, in tune,
That fall what may, by night or noon,
Still in the heart shall sing for me
One clear and constant melody.

Too oft the clamor and the strife
Of living quench the notes of life;
Too oft they lose their customed way,
In alien sequences to stray.
Yet ever stealing back, they fall
Into the cadence sought through all.

Then grief and gladness, love and pain
Blend all their harmonies again:
The heavens uplift a shining arch
Spacious above the soul's brave march:
If I but keep thee, night and noon,
Ever and truly, Life, in tune—
Strange instrument of many strings
For slaves to play on, and for kings.

M. A. DeWolfe Howe.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE SHADOW.

JOHN BARRINGTON, whose sombre and exceptional history I am going to tell, suggested, when I first knew him, nothing either sombre or exceptional. He was an undergraduate at Harvard in the earliest eighties, and will be recalled by all his contemporaries there as big Jack Barrington. The mention of this name, so far from suggesting to those who knew him anything tragic, may, if their memories are acute, evoke a vision not only commonplace, but touched with reminiscent humor. For before their mind's eye will rise a youth, tall, florid, and handsome, to be sure, but dressed in the height of the absurd style of those days, — an incredibly shallow derby hat, a cutaway coat of rough material, a high-cut waistcoat of gorgeous colors, with a brilliant watchchain extending from one upper pocket to the other, and patent leather shoes preposterously long and pointed. Still, after all, the clothes — as much extravagant apparel has done before and will do again — expressed the joy and glory of youth.

He was a Western man, rich, lavish, very popular. His success with the fellows he owed to his smile, and to the democratic, indiscriminate way in which he lavished it. His cordial eye, his regular white teeth, his whole round, fresh-colored, good-humored face, made this smile very charming. Health and good humor radiated from him ; he seemed to like every one, and certainly every one liked him. I can see him now — the centre and the leader of a group of exclusive youths — sauntering through the yard, and smiling his irresistible smile upon the unfashionable, the poor, the shy, the "grinds," — upon every one whom so magnificent a creature might be expected not to want to know, and I fully understand his amazing popularity.

A butterfly he doubtless was, but one who did not seem doomed after that one sunshiny hour. There seemed no reason why he should not live through all of a long life in the same care-free, happy way. Some brilliant urban society seemed his natural playground in winter ; Newport or Europe his natural place of recreation in summer. I think that many a poor classmate envied him his roseate future.

A man, as I discovered afterwards, of much sensibility, he had the gift of graceful expression — whether with tongue or pen. This — with the smile — carried him on to the staff of one of the college papers. As I also was chosen an editor, I met him, and underwent the charm of his splendor and affability. For some reason — perhaps because all men like a faithful, unquestioning worshiper — he liked me, and I, happy in his friendship, followed him about, as much a slave of his as the bulldog which usually trotted at his heels. I was not ashamed of my subjection : I had much company, and the post was one of honor.

When Barrington was graduated, he went to New York and bought a seat in the Stock Exchange. I, on the other hand, became principal of a high school in a small and rather remote village in New Hampshire. As it happened, none of my classmates lived very near me, and all I could learn of my college friends was what I gleaned from the periodic reports of our class secretary. Barrington's accounts of himself were meagre in the extreme : in fact, I can remember but one item. Five years after his graduation, he reported his marriage to a girl whose name I recognized as one I often saw in the "society columns" of the New York newspapers. That was quite as it should be, and I smiled at this confirmation of the prevision I had had in

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

college days of his worldly success. Obviously, the butterfly was still as gorgeous as ever.

More than fifteen years went by before I strayed from my country solitudes; then I went to New York for a brief holiday, and at once sought out Barrington. When I saw him I was shocked. Although but thirty-seven, his hair was not only thin, but quite gray. That he should be stout and florid was perhaps no more than I should have expected, but his flesh and his color suggested drink rather than health, and his face had a strained, nervous look, quite at variance with the air of careless good humor which it had worn in college days. The familiar splendor of garb was there, but it accented, rather than concealed, his misery and ill health. I wondered if he were engaged in any dangerous speculation.

His smile, as I marked with much relief when he greeted me, had, at any rate, lost none of its old charm. He explained that his wife had gone South for the winter for the benefit of her health, and that he was leading what, with an obvious attempt at gayety, he was pleased to call a merry bachelor existence. We dined at one of his clubs, — he knew, no man better, how to order a dinner, — went to the theatre, and then wandered again to the club for a late supper and a chance to talk over old times. As the evening passed I could not help studying him. On the street, his eyes, traveling constantly from right to left, studied the crowds as if there were some one whom he expected, yet dreaded, to meet, and he showed a certain distinct if very slight nervous shrinking as we turned corners or approached his places of habitual resort. I gave up the idea of risky speculation. His worry was of a different kind: he acted like a man afraid.

As was natural, it was over our late supper that we grew confidential. Seeing that the old intimacy still had its rights, I ventured to speak of his altered appearance, and to ask him what was the trouble.

He looked up in unaffected surprise. "What," he said, "is it possible you do not know? In New York I'm a marked man. Every one knows my history. How does it happen that" —

"But you forget my backwoods existence," I interrupted him. "You are the first of the fellows whom I have seen since we graduated."

Then he told me his history. But before I repeat it I want to mention a fact which, as it gradually grew plain to me, increased a thousandfold the pitifulness of his tale. The man actually enjoyed telling the tragedy of his life. I have mentioned his literary gift: he used it to deepen the contrasts, to heighten the effects. I saw that, by a quality in human nature easy enough to understand, he had grown to prize his calamity for the distinction it gave his life. I divined that it was not only a glory, but that it was also — as, for example, in the matter of his drinking — a never-failing excuse. My classmates, at any rate, will understand that, if I make this comment on my friend, it is because he and his wife are dead, and no one remains who might be pained by it. Were this not so, indeed, I should not tell any of his story.

"I was only a year or so out of college," he began, "when I met Eleanor. She was not exactly in my social set. She was an orphan, alone in New York, without friends. She had money, — plenty of money; but she lived a life which I fancy is not uncommon in New York. There must be many solitary women of means, the last surviving members of good families, who come to the city to escape the dullness of country life. Too proud to make the acquaintances that offer, and unable to know the people whom they would naturally choose to meet, they lead lives of practical solitude. An aunt lived with Eleanor and played respectability. I think that among ordinary people this aunt would have

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

seemed a woman of some force of character, yet Eleanor ruled her absolutely. Eleanor was quiet in manner, but she always had her way. The two women, domiciled in an apartment in a good quarter of the town, found their amusement in the streets and in the shops. They shopped a great deal, they went to concerts and to the theatre, but they had no social life.

"A classmate of ours who had known Eleanor in other days wrote and asked me to call upon her. We all get such letters: we call once, we find some provincial and uninteresting little girl, and — well, the most of us never call again. Such a girl I expected to find when I made my first call, and I went without enthusiasm, — from a sense of duty. What I found was a girl of twenty, of somewhat shy and sullen manner, to be sure, but surprisingly beautiful, and far from dull. Her manner I put down at once to social inexperience; I found myself pitying her lonely life, and, in short, I fell in love with her. Not tentatively, self-indulgently, as a man often does with lonely and pretty girls who are not quite — well, you understand what I mean; but deeply, absorbingly, without reserve. I burned all my bridges; we became engaged.

"Then I began to find out what sort of a woman I had promised to marry. You are an old friend; I may tell you things I might not tell to every one. She was jealous and exacting beyond belief. I do not mean that she was jealous of other women only, — although her recluse life had made her suspicious of what she called my fashionable women friends, — but of anything and everything which kept me away from her, even for a moment. She was jealous of the men I knew, of my clubs, of my business, of my books, of my very thoughts. Whenever I saw her, I was met with questions — questions — questions — adroit, persistent, suspicious — which searched out everything, which turned my soul inside out for her terrible inspection. To this jealousy I had to sacrifice my friends, — women first, then men. My man had to go; she did not trust him. To please her, I destroyed photographs that I cared for, until none but her own was to be found in my rooms. Finally, she made me sell my dog; think of it, my dog! I lavished upon it too much affection. Can you imagine it? — she was jealous, actually jealous of the poor beast. Then my letters, — she read every one of them, and each was the subject of irritating cross-examination. And woe to me if I contradicted myself. She had a memory for what interested her that was like a burr: facts clung to it forever. If what I said to-day varied by a hair's breadth from what I had said a week, or a month, or even a year before, the discrepancy was at once detected, and had to be explained on the spot, — minutely, comprehensively explained and justified.

"And she had the mania of control. Where she loved, she wished to rule. She insisted upon dictating what I should do, where I should go, what I should eat, what I should wear, what I should spend. The complaint seems petty, but I assure you nothing can be more exasperating, more humiliating, than this tyranny of a loving woman.

"Why did I not rebel? Man, this woman had a will like steel, and a pride in ruling that would not be thwarted. You might murder her — if you dared; but while she lived, you obeyed. And I have shown you but one side of the shield. She was not merely beautiful, — she was fascinating. There are women whom if you have once kissed, you will go through any humiliation, any loss of self-respect, if only you may come to kiss them again. Eleanor was such a woman. Besides, I did rebel — in a fashion. Dreading the ordeal through which I always had to pass at the beginning of our interviews, I dared now and then to give myself a holiday. But

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

when I returned to her, I paid heavily for my stolen day of liberty. Never losing control of herself, she drove me to fury by the most humiliating questions, by making me satisfy the most cruelly injurious suspicions. These scenes left me stricken with shame both for myself and for her, left me stripped bare of self-respect.

"These are things which a man does not usually tell; but I want you to understand why I left her, — jilted her, broke my vows. Flesh and blood could not stand her exactions, and the prospect of a lifetime with her became a thing to drive one insane. There came a time when it seemed to me that if I saw her any more, I should kill her — or myself. Yet, for a time, I continued to endure all her injuries, her cool insults. It seems incredible, and I hardly know how to explain, — to find the words. She was proud, imperious, passionate, feline, — all suspicion and jealousy one instant, all caresses and affection the next. She had infinite surprises, she was infinitely interesting. In going to her, I knew only that I should be intensely happy, or intensely miserable, or both. Do you wonder that she owned me morally, physically; that I was her slave, her plaything! Some of the old Italian women must have been like her.

"Was she of foreign blood? Not at all! She was a Yankee, the daughter of a man of rare force of character, I believe, whose mills created the prosperous town from which she came. You have read Miss Wilkins's new novel Pembroke, perhaps. It 's a horrible story of the force of perverted wills, but it has helped me to understand Eleanor.

"But at last I summoned every bit of moral strength I had and broke from her. I cannot make you understand what the struggle cost me, so strong was the desire which now and again came over me to return to my bondage. But I did not go to her. I refused to see her. I refused to answer her letters, though they revealed to me a depth of passion I had not guessed before. Finally, I refused — partly through fear of the emotion they caused me — even to read them. I returned them all — unopened. Then she sent me telegrams. As I could not, of course, guess from whom these might be, I had to open them. They were — unbelievable!

"Finally, they stopped. For a while I breathed more easily. Little by little I gained — so I thought — an assured self-control. Only one thing spoiled my pleasure in my recovered freedom, — I knew that she still loved me even more deeply, perhaps, than I had loved her. I knew she never would, never could love again. I knew how much against her were the circumstances of her lonely life. I knew how — without friends, without social distractions — she would have every opportunity to brood morbidly over my desertion. I knew how deep and cruel would continue to be her despair, how bitter and fierce would be her resentment of the insult I had given to her pride. I knew — and the burden was heavy — that I had ruined a life.

"Well, the weeks went by: these painful impressions lost something of their sharpness. I began again the interrupted round of my usual social routine. Calls, dinners, dances, the play, and the opera became again a part of my life. I thought only occasionally of the desolate woman going about her apartments, too proud, as I imagined, to seek the one source of possible sympathy, — the old aunt. One night I had been with a theatre party to the play. It was a winter evening, bitterly cold, with a wind that cut like a knife. When we left the theatre we were all talking and laughing, and I had stepped forward to help one of the women — a pretty girl, radiant at the moment with pleasure — into one of the waiting carriages, when a familiar perfume made another woman rush back into my memory, and filled me with the most disturbing, the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

most poignant emotion. I turned instinctively. Dressed in black, thin, pale, her resolutely compressed lips blue with cold, her eyelids with their dark lashes cast down, there at my elbow stood Eleanor. She did not look at me, she did not speak, she did not move. She simply stood there in the cutting wind, a living reproach. And there she remained until all of us had entered the carriages and been driven away. My wonder as to what accident brought her there at that hour, and in that garb, did not prevent the spectacle of her desolate and pathetic figure from striking deep home to my conscience. It made me realize the depth of her misery, and for that misery I, and I alone, was responsible. Only by recalling with all possible vividness the somewhat blunted memory of her jealous exactions could I keep myself from going to her at once. For that evening all power even to appear cheerful went from me.

"More surprises followed. The next evening when I went to the club for dinner, she stood on the curbstone, in the same black gown, with the same pallor, the same controlled quiet, the same downcast eyes. Oppressed by the thoughts and emotions which these unexpected meetings evoked, I went that night again to the theatre, on the chance of finding there some slight self-forgetfulness. She stood by the door as I passed in, she was standing on the curb when I came out. The next morning when I went down town to my office, she was there, — a black, accusing figure against one of the white pillars that upheld the portico of the great building. And so it was for a week, a month. Everywhere I went, there she was patiently waiting on the sidewalk near where I must pass, — in rain, in shine, in cold, in snow, — always in black, always silent and motionless, like a statue with downcast eyes. I soon saw that these meetings were not accidental: they were planned. I thought I divined. I had left her no way to win back her happiness except by this dumb, pathetic appeal."

Barrington paused and wet his dry lips from the glass of whiskey and water which stood by his hand on the table. He had been drinking steadily all the evening, but the liquor seemed to have no other effect than to flush his cheeks, and to brighten the lustre of his restless, fear-struck eyes.

"You can imagine," he continued, "how this would affect a man. Her appearance so moved me, so filled me with pity, that all I recalled was the charm, the affection of her good moments. And bear in mind her beauty, her seductiveness, her strong will, which I felt upon me even through her always downcast lids. It was like magnetism. Remember, I had been under her powerful spell for months, — and to the last degree of possible humiliation. Remember that I had the habit of yielding to her. Habit, desire, pity, remorse for the wrong I had done her were the powerful enemies I had to fight. For a time, wherever I saw her, my face turned white, my knees were like broken reeds; I seemed to suffocate; I had an almost irresistible impulse to surrender. Then came a period when I was visited with an even more overwhelming emotion. It took the form of a strange anger and terror, a mastering desire to escape or to resist! Is it strange that in those few moments when I saw the situation sanely, — how utterly impossible it was that I should ever return to her, — I was afraid of her, doubly afraid of myself?

"Then came a new trouble, — petty, but real. My friends began to notice. No one asked questions, but veiled allusions were made, adroitly managed opportunities were offered me to explain. Women whom I was with grew silent when we passed a certain black figure, and cast discreet sidelong glances full of inquiry. Men sauntered, as if accidentally, to the club windows and gazed. Sudden hushes fell among people as I

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

approached. Some — and among them were the best women I knew — grew cool in their demeanor. I received fewer invitations.

"The mere spectacle of her had hitherto so moved me, so preoccupied my thoughts, that I had never questioned the accuracy of my first guess as to her motive in so showing herself to me. But in the third month little by little came doubt. In all that troubled period, I had given myself courage by saying to myself that she would see that this last appeal was, like all the others, quite vain and would pursue me no longer. But she had never let me see her eyes, which might have revealed to me something of her thoughts. Now, I had certainly proved my firmness, yet she showed not the slightest sign of discouragement. Perhaps, I said to myself, passion has so wrought in her that she must see me, and that sight of me is her sole object. Then, once or twice, it came into my unwilling mind that her motive might be revenge, that she sought to cause me misery rather than to allay her own. That thought I dismissed. It was unworthy.

"As another slow month went by, other questions began to form themselves in my mind. How long did she intend to continue this strange appeal, — if it were one; this senseless persecution, — if it were that? And whence did she obtain so close a knowledge of my movements? As to that, I began to test her powers, — or, rather, it was with a blind wish to avoid her that I began to change my hour of arriving at my office, to dine at unusual hours at clubs I did not ordinarily frequent, or at obscure restaurants. But this I soon found out: change my ways as I would, I could not long avoid her. Before the day was over, somewhere, early or late, I saw her. The nervous dread of seeing that pale face was every moment with me. I found myself asking, 'Will it be on the steps of my office? On the curbstone by this restaurant? Will I meet her as I turn this corner?' Dread of her became an acute mental torture impossible to describe.

"I became wretchedly nervous, unfit for work, unfit for pleasure. Once I stayed for two days in my rooms without stirring from them; but on the second, chancing to look from my window, I saw her there in the street before my door. There was no escape for me even in cowardly retreat. I hope you can understand why, as the months passed, I found this strange, silent battle wearing me out, slowly killing me. I hope you will understand how the idea of retreat, escape, hiding, — no matter how cowardly, — grew more and more attractive. Pride struggled hard, self-respect said no; all my manhood revolted; nevertheless, one day — it was now early June — I threw some things into a bag and left for Bar Harbor. There, for one blessed day and night, I was a free man, walking the earth without dread. On leaving my hotel on the second day, there by the door, doubly conspicuous in that little town, was the silent, black-robed figure I had so learned to dread.

"I took the next train back to New York. I said to myself, I will stay in the city the entire summer; she cannot endure the heat. But she did. Then — for I was utterly unnerved and not myself — I did an unmanly thing: I went to the police. I asked to be protected from the persecution of a woman.

"'What does she do?' asked the high official to whom I had applied.

"'Nothing,' I was forced to answer, feeling how like an imbecile it was to say so. I tried to explain, and I saw by his look that he thought me demented. That a woman stood on the sidewalk, without so much as looking at me as I went by, did not seem to him serious persecution. The man had no imagination! He did not see, and I could not make him understand, the exquisite cruelty.

"Finally he said, 'I am sorry, Mr.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Barrington, but I can do nothing. She has the same right to the use of the streets that you have. If she should accost you, or make herself disagreeable in any way, of course — But until she commits some overt act I cannot interfere. Or, hold on; I *could* instruct policemen to tell her to move on if she stays too long in one place; but you say she 's a respectable woman? — and has means? There might be a difficulty. I think we 'd better not move in the matter. Come, sir, you 're worked up over nothing. Go along quietly, pay no attention to her; she 'll soon tire of that amusement. What can she get by it, after all? '

" 'Accost you,' — 'commits some overt act,' — you can guess how these stale bits of the police vocabulary jarred on me. You can see how significant they were of a vulgar police interpretation of the facts. And then the question, 'What can she get by it?' It measured the comprehension of human nature which is given to the police. The man had no conception of anything more subtle than blackmail. I went away utterly disheartened.

" I went to my rooms and thought. I tried to divine her plan, her object. I could make nothing of the mystery. Broken as I was, I thought again of flight, of Europe. But I had yielded to cowardice once — and again; I would yield no more. I had unquestionably done the woman an irreparable wrong, and I would stay and face the punishment like a man. And, besides, flight to Europe, or anywhere, was vain. She had followed me to Bar Harbor; she could follow me anywhere. She had money enough, and I well knew she did not lack determination.

" Until winter returned, I kept my resolve to suffer in silence. Then again I felt the temptation to escape — by any means. With I hardly know what hope, I employed a private detective to find out what he could. Little enough he told me, — only that certain associates of his in the trade were hired by her to shadow me, and were well paid, and that they knew nothing of her motives. Thus I found out how she knew so well where to place herself where I must pass. Thus I was enabled to see with terrible clearness the lengths to which she was willing to go!

" Next, I consulted a lawyer. But all that he could suggest was an inquiry into her sanity. He thought that such an inquiry might result in her confinement in an asylum. But, much as I desired to escape, I had at least strength enough not to resort to that cruel expedient. If she was insane, — and I for one did not believe she was, — clearly it was I who had made her so. My hands were tied.

" Probably her detectives reported to her these proceedings. At any rate, when I next saw her, I detected for the first time a difference in her expression, — so slight, indeed, that I am not sure to this day that it did not exist solely in my imagination, morbidly active after a year of mental suffering. I had been making a call, — for, in spite of everything, I forced myself to lead my usual life, — and came down the steps of my friend's house late in the afternoon of a winter day. She stood under a gaslight, and as I passed her, I thought I detected in her face — I *know* I detected in her face — the subtlest look, a mere shadow of irony. You may guess I knew this face well. How could the minutest change escape me?

" The new expression dwelt in my memory, and seemed to suggest an explanation. Of course I inferred at once that she knew I had had recourse to detectives and to lawyers, but there seemed to be more in her look than that. I racked my mind with that intense effort which is common to us all when we are trying to recall anything which we greatly wish to remember, and which is, as we say, on the tip of our tongue. I seemed as near to the meaning of her expression as that.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

But I could not catch the whole of its deep significance.

"That night I awoke in a cold sweat, starting up in bed as if with nightmare, my heart beating as if with uncontrollable terror. The scales had dropped from my eyes — I knew!

"She was not like the police; she did have imagination! And what an imagination it was that could conceive the plan which I had at last divined! She knew the danger of the 'overt act,' and indeed she would despise anything so clumsy. She had the courage and the will power to do anything, even murder, — of the long-planned, deliberate kind, which shows will. No sudden assault, nothing which might cause my death, such as might content a weak-willed woman, could be adequate to her ideal of revenge as it was now suddenly revealed to me. She wanted no scene, no physical attack which the police could stop, and which could terminate only in the vulgarity of the police court. She wished to subject me to a torture that was insidious and slow, against which I could make no protest, that would increase rather than diminish as time went on, that would be unending. Such torture as that must transcend the physical, it must be mental. Seeking such an end, she had imagination enough to conceive this plan of becoming my shadow, she had the strength of will — and a prodigious strength was required — to carry it out. But the horror lay in this, — her plan, to be perfect, must include the intention of being my shadow as long as I lived!

"If I well knew her unconquerable will, I knew, also, her devouring pride. Do what I would, she would rule my life in spite of me. Her love I might reject; but her pride, at least, I should be made to gratify. And to this passion, and to that of revenge, and to her distorted love, she would subordinate her whole life, — all her strength, all her fortune, all her prospects of happiness. No difficulty would daunt her, no discouragement reach her, no ill health weaken her. I quailed before the vision.

"For a moment, — but believe me only for a moment, — as I gazed ahead into the years and saw this life, — one the most stolid could not endure unmoved, — I thought of suicide. Then I said no: I will stay and fight. She shall never know — so far as I can help it — that I suffer from her persecution, nor will I again attempt to interfere. Her only punishment shall be to think her revenge a failure. I will try to make her think, hereafter, that I mind her no more than I do any casual passer-by, than a lamp-post, or a hydrant.

"This resolution calmed me, and I slept again. I awoke in the morning not so much fatigued. For in a way the full revelation of her purpose had freed me of one source of weakness. Pity for the woman vanished; intense aversion took its place. For a while thereafter I think I actually enjoyed the sight of her miserable face.

"Another year went by. My moods during this time alternated between abject dread and a certain savage joy as I met her. For I believed that to her I showed no sign of suffering. Of course my history gradually became known to my friends, and as it did so I observed a certain shifting of sympathy from her to me. I had had none while the affair remained a mystery. Now, people began to think I was being excessively punished. She became known as 'Barrington's ghost,' and the slur in the name was for her, not for me. All this gave me courage. I thought with joy that I should really, in time, become wholly indifferent. I might, perhaps, even enjoy a certain happiness.

"Now, if a man is in misery, there is always some woman who will love him, and her love will be measured not by his deserts, but by his suffering. I met such a woman, — a girl whose pure beauty, whose exquisite goodness, whose

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

great courage seemed to make a brightness round about her. I loved her, and I dared to tell her so. She knew, I said, what shadow haunted me: could she, in spite of that, dare to marry me? 'When this unhappy woman,' she answered, 'sees you married, happy, indifferent, surely she will know she is defeated and will cease to trouble you.' Although I knew I should see my shadow when I left the house that night, I allowed myself to believe her. Why not? I knew my recent indifference had been manifest; I knew she knew her revenge was failing. Would not such a new proof as my marriage show her that I was secure against her? As a matter of fact, I had put a new weapon into her hands.

"But, full of these hopes, I married. The Shadow was present when we left the church; the Shadow, in her black gown and with her white face, stood a little apart from the crowd in the railway station when we returned from our wedding trip. I afterwards learned that illness alone had prevented her following where we went. She never left us after our return. At first my wife never seemed to notice, she never complained, she never even mentioned the Shadow; she lived her life with a gay courage; but when the Shadow stood with us by the grave of our baby, born only to die — Well, I think I said my wife has gone South for the winter? The reason? She is a complete nervous wreck, — health, beauty, youth, all gone!

"Did I never make any appeal to that woman? Once. When, after the death of our child, I saw that my wife grew afraid, when I saw that her health began to fail, I did try. I went to her house, but I could not gain admission. I wrote, but without result. Then, much as I dreaded a scene in the streets, I determined to speak to her. That evening I went to a political dinner. At its close I saw her, and, for the first time in six years, I spoke to her. I begged her to let me say a few words. She turned. and by a gesture permitted me to walk up the street at her side. For a block, while men who knew the story stared in wonder, I poured forth remonstrance, denunciation, entreaty. Through it all, her even pace never changed, her cold face never altered, she spoke no word, made no gesture of assent or of dissent. At the end of the block was her carriage. Into this she stepped, and left me — without a word. She must enjoy the memory of that hour!

"Come," added Barrington, breaking off abruptly. "I've finished my story. It's late. We must go. For fourteen years I've endured this misery. Don't say anything — I know," and then, half under his breath, he added, "Poor Eleanor! her beauty is quite gone, too."

Out of doors, a drizzling rain was falling. The reflected light of the street lamps shimmered on the damp pavements. It was two o'clock in the morning; the strange odor of streets on a warm wet night filled the air; it was very still. Then, suddenly, the roar of an elevated train on Sixth Avenue, a block away, broke the silence. We turned down the street, and there, standing on the edge of the sidewalk, was an apparition at which I stared with instinctive, certain recognition. The woman was in black; she was very pale; her eyes were feverish and had deep shadows under them; her cheeks were hollow. As Barrington had said, her beauty had gone in these fourteen years, but her unconquerable will had not gone. A glance satisfied me of that. She was his fate, and could not leave him. She did not speak or move, but, as we passed, the expression of her eyes as she regarded Barrington — for she raised her eyes the second he had passed — was one I shall never forget. Then, turning, I saw her beckon to a waiting carriage. This she entered, and was driven rapidly away, the wet top of the vehicle flashing as it passed under successive electric lights.

Charles Miner Thompson.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PART OF A MAN'S LIFE.

"The uttered part of a man's life, let us always repeat, bears to the unuttered, unconscious part a small unknown proportion. He himself never knows it, much less do others." — *Carlyle's Essay on Scott.*

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN COUSINS.

I HEARD on board ship, a few years ago, a discussion as to the comparative number of Americans visiting England and of Englishmen visiting America. None rated the proportion of the former class as less than ten to one; but the most experienced traveler among us laughed at this low estimate, and declared that five hundred to one would be much nearer. Be the difference less or more, it shows the utterly unequal ground on which the two national bodies meet, as to mutual acquaintance. Traveling on the Continent of Europe, soon after, with a party of young Americans, I was witness of their dismay at being assailed from time to time by friendly English fellow travelers with such questions as these: "Is it not very lonely in America? Are there any singing birds there? Any wild flowers? Any bishops? Are there booths in the streets of New York? Do people read English books there? Have they heard of Ruskin; and how?" These were from the rank and file of questioners, while a very cultivated clergyman lost caste somewhat with our young people by asking confidently, "Are Harvard and Yale both in Boston?" a question which seemed to them as hopelessly benighted as the remark of a lady, just returned from the wonders of the New World, who had been impressed, like all visitors, with the novelties offered in the way of food at the Baltimore dinner-tables, but still sighed with regret at having been obliged to come away without eating "a canvas-backed clam."

One needs to know but little of large families of collateral kindred to recognize that the nearer the cousinship, the closer the criticism. Theodore Hook profanely declares the phrase "a friend that sticketh closer than a brother" to designate a cousin, and Lord Bacon comes near enough to the same thought to point out that we are bidden by the highest authority to forgive our enemies, but are nowhere bidden to forgive our friends. It may be wise, therefore, for Americans to draw their compliments, not from their own newspapers, but from the verdicts of such English critics as Lord Lyons, who, as recorded in the delightful Letters from a Diplomat's Diary, declared on his return from a long residence in Washington that he "had never yet met a stupid American woman," or Mr. Froude, who, during his voyage around the world, records, "Let me say that nowhere in America have I met with vulgarity in its proper sense." These two compliments are undoubtedly so sweeping that perhaps no American citizen would think it quite safe to apply them to the people who live in the adjoining street; but they are at least worth a thousand vague newspaper libels. Even Matthew Arnold, who certainly cannot be said to have loved America much, or to have known much about it, — for what can a man be said to know about America who describes a Virginia mob as fortifying its courage with fish balls and ice water?[1] — was led, while making a comparison with those whom he had left at home, to say, "Our [English] countrymen, with a thousand good qualities, are really, perhaps, a good deal wanting in lucidity and flexibility."

In the same way, Americans might

[1] The Nineteenth Century, May, 1887, p. 317.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

borrow their criticisms on England from those writing in that country. Thus, Mr. H. G. Wells, a novelist and scientist in one, but not himself a university man, writes in the Fortnightly Review of "the ordinary Oxford, Cambridge, or London B. A.:" "He has a useless smattering of Greek; he cannot read Latin with any comfort, much less write or speak that tongue; he knows a few unedifying facts round and about the classical literature; he cannot speak or read French with any comfort; he has an imperfect knowledge of the English language, insufficient to write it clearly, and none of German; he has a queer, old-fashioned, and quite useless knowledge of certain rudimentary sections of mathematics, and an odd little bite out of history. He knows practically nothing of the world of thought embodied in English literature, and absolutely nothing of contemporary thought; he is totally ignorant of modern political or social science. If he knows anything of evolutionary science and heredity it is probably matter picked up in a casual way from the magazines, and art is a sealed book to him."

And lest it be said that Mr. Wells, with all his knowledge and brilliancy, is not himself a graduate of any English university, it is fair to cite the opinion of Mr. Rudolph C. Lehmann (Trinity College, Cambridge, M. A.), who, after spending much time in America, where he was familiar with our university life, makes the following remark as to the English and American schoolboy. He writes: —

"There can be no comparison between the two. The English public schoolboy is one of the most profoundly ignorant creatures on the face of the earth. Of geography he knows only as much as he may have gathered by collecting postage stamps. With English literature he is not even on terms of distant politeness. The style and composition of his letters would make a housemaid smile. and modern history, whether of his own country or of the world in general, is a sealed book to him."

No criticism from Americans is more common than that as to the greater slowness of the English mind as compared with the American; and Professor Tyndall, when lecturing in this country, was amused to find, as he told me, that whereas in making experiments before a London audience he had to repeat his explanation three times, — once to make his hearers comprehend what he was about to do, then to show what he was doing, and then to explain what he had done, — he could after his first lecture in America omit the final explanation, and latterly the middle one as well. He also told a story to the same effect about an English manager of a "minstrel" troupe, traveling in America, who was accustomed to prolong his jokes by the aid of two end men, each bringing out a part of the joke, but who found with indignation that every American audience "caught on" without waiting for the second end man. Yet the careful American observer soon finds that the standard of quickness is to be determined in England, as everywhere else, by the point of view. People who go slowly on new ground may turn out to be quick enough when wholly at home with any particular line of thought.

How odious and complicated, for instance, seems to an American observer the computation of pounds, shillings, and pence! It seems strange that any nation should consent for a day to employ anything but a decimal currency; yet with what lightning rapidity does a London bookkeeper make his computations! Again, what a life of tedious formality seems that of an English house servant; yet there was no slowness of intellect in that footman, in an earl's family, who, when his young lord fell over the banister, and his younger brother called to ask if the elder boy was hurt, answered promptly, "Killed, my lord!" thus pro-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

moting the second son to the peerage while the elder was falling over the banister. Even in the House of Commons, the difference from an American deliberative body is found to vary according to the point from which you look at the discussion. The Englishman begins with a curious air of hesitation, whereas the American glides into his speech at once; but the difference is that the Englishman suddenly surprises you by coming to his point with clearness and decision, after which he amazes you yet more by sitting down; whereas the American, after his first good hit, is apt to seem intoxicated by his own success, and feels bound to keep on indefinitely, waiting for another. You are left under the impression that an ideal speech in any debating body would be achieved by having an American to begin it and an Englishman to end it.

Such plain facts as these show the injustice of attributing to our cousins any deliberate unfairness to ourselves, and any conscious spirit of boastfulness. We have only to read the newspapers to see that party spirit rises, on the whole, higher in England than here; and certainly it is impossible for our cousins to criticise us with more formidable frankness than that which they apply to one another. No man who ever lived was more universally claimed as a typical Englishman than Walter Savage Landor, and yet he wrote to Lady Blessington, "I would not live in London the six winter months for £1000 a week. No, not even with the privilege of hanging a Tory on every lamp arm to the right, and a Whig on every one to the left, the whole extent of Piccadilly."

It must be remembered that the progress of events is in one respect, at least, distinctly drawing the two nations into closer connection. The advance of colonization undoubtedly tends to democratize England, while the same development has the opposite effect in America. Froude, in his travels, found the British colonists, here and there, thinking that Tennyson must have lost his wits to accept a peerage, and it is well remembered that at least one of those who came to the Queen's Jubilee to represent different regions of the globe refused a proffered knighthood on the ground that his constituents would not endure it. Anglo-Indian life, to be sure, shows no such results, the conditions there being wholly different; but I speak of the self-governing colonies like Canada and Australia; and no one can have stayed any time under the same roof with such colonists in England, or paced the quarter-deck with them on board ship, without feeling them to be nearer to Americans than to Englishmen in their general mental attitude. Both would probably be criticised by Englishmen as having that combination, which a high educational authority once selected as the quality most frequently produced by the great English public schools, — "a certain shy bumptiousness."

Perhaps the best single key to the lingering difference between English and American temperament is to be found in that precept brought to the front in almost any text-book of morals or manners one can open in England, bidding each man to be faithful to that station of life to which he is called. For the American upon whom has always been imposed the duty of creating for himself his own station, this seems to explain all the vast and unsatisfactory results which seem to follow from the English method. Is the calling equally providential and even sacred, no matter from whom the voice proceeds? The first glance at the history of the English peerage shows us six peerages created to ennoble the offspring of Charles II, who left no legitimate child. Seven more were created by William IV for his illegitimate sons; and his two illegitimate daughters were the wives of peers. All these families are entitled to use the royal liveries. Next to this lineage of degrada-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tion come the peerages and other grades of rank founded primarily on wealth, — a process naturally beginning with the lower grades. Hume tells us that James I created the order of Baronets in 1611 by selling two hundred of those titles for a thousand pounds each. Mr. Pitt went so far as to say that all men whose income was rated at more than twelve thousand pounds should be in the House of Lords. How systematically this method has been carried on to this day may be seen in the following passage from the Spectator of May 23, 1896: —

"The Birthday Honors published on May 20 hardly call for comment. Lord Salisbury does not distribute them eccentrically, but according to the regular custom, taking wealthy squires like Mr. E. Heneage and Colonel Malcolm of Poltalloch for his peerages; and giving baronetcies to Mr. R. U. P. Fitzgerald, Mr. W. O. Dalgleish, Mr. Lewis McIver, Mr. J. Verdin, and Mr. C. Cave, because they are wealthy men who have done service to the party."

If it be said that this process does not vary essentially from the method by which social rank is created in America, the reply is plain enough. Grant that the two forms of aristocracy have much in common, both in their sense of power, and in that comforting fact which Lady Eastlake so finely pointed out, that both of them often "return to the simplest tastes; they have everything that man can make, and therefore they turn to what only God can make." Nevertheless there is this further difference, that, as Mr. Howells has so well shown, though the rich man may look down as distinctly as the lord can, the poor man does not equally look up. Note, too, that in the next place, the prestige of the rich American vanishes with his wealth, and in case he dies poor, his children inherit nothing; whereas inherited rank in England goes by blood only, and is not impaired by the fact that it passes afterwards into the hands of a bankrupt or a scoundrel. The same limitation applies to the riches of the brain, which may also refuse to be hereditary. One can hardly cast so much as a glance at the United States Senate in session, and then at the English House of Lords in session, without recognizing the American elective body to have a far more intellectual aspect than the other assemblage; or without further observing that nine tenths of the visible intellect in the British House is to be seen in the faces and foreheads of the Bench of Bishops, or the so-called Law Lords, whose origin may have been of the humblest. "Why noble Earls should be so ugly," wrote one English observer of some note in his day, "is a problem in nature;" but the question is not that of mere beauty or ugliness; it is of visible mental power.

Even so far as a possible heredity goes, it must be recognized that a republican life is what makes grandparents most truly interesting. Free from the technical whims of an organized peerage, — such, for instance, as primogeniture, — one is left free to trace for good or for evil his inheritance from the various lines of ancestry. Those lines may be drawn with especial interest from public service or social prominence; from pursuits, or education, or even wealth. Whittier's Quaker inheritance was as important to him as Longfellow's parentage of judges and landed proprietors was to him. I knew an American radical, who, on going to England, paid some one at the Heralds' College to look up his ancestry. Coming back to London some months later, he found that the inquirer had gone back no farther, as yet, than to reach one of his name who was hanged as a rebel under the Tudors. "Just as I expected," said the American in delight; "do not follow it any further. I am perfectly satisfied."

Fifty years ago, so far as mere traveling was concerned, the distinctions of rank in the mother country did not intrude themselves on the American cousin.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It was the frequent habit of traveling Americans, visiting England for the first time, to assume that their hosts would be ungracious, and that they themselves must necessarily wear a hedgehog suit. As a matter of fact, however, even then, the American traveler usually laid aside his prickles on the second day, finding that there was no use for them in those small railway carriages. Traveling Englishmen of all conditions, at least on their own soil, turned out quite as ready to offer a railway guide, or a bit of advice, as in this country. It is to be remembered, moreover, that the whole system of traveling habits in England — railways, hotels, and all — has greatly expanded and liberalized within that time. No doubt much of the former American injustice was due to the example of Englishmen of the last generation in doing injustice to one another. Horace Walpole said that he should love his country very much if it were not for his countrymen. "I hate Englishmen," said Keats, "for they are the only men I know." Heinrich Heine, that Parisian German, said that he was firmly convinced that a blaspheming Frenchman was regarded with more favor by the Almighty than a praying Englishman, and one might find, even among Englishmen themselves, almost equally piquant self-reproaching.

On the other hand, the sense of truthfulness, of national rectitude, of a certain solid quality, comes over you like a whiff of English air in the very tone of voice of the first railway porter you meet. I recall vividly, as a type of this trait, a certain little English sergeant, with hair as fiery as his uniform, whom I met in an Irish post office in 1870. I had landed at Cork the day before, on my first trans-Atlantic trip, soon after the civil war; and having been lately familiar with our own troops, felt a great desire to see those of the mother country. Having readily obtained information from him as to the barracks near by, we carried the conversation a little further. My new acquaintance seemed pleased at hearing that I had taken a modest part in the civil war, and rather disappointed to find that I had been on what he evidently regarded as the wrong side. He told me in return that although now a sergeant of the Guards, he had previously served in another regiment. Leaving him presently, I went to purchase some stamps at the office, where I was somewhat delayed by other applicants, and also by a natural inexperience in handling British money. During this time I observed that my friend of the brilliant coloring was lingering and keeping his eye on me, as if waiting for some further interview; and as I went toward the door he approached me, and begged my pardon for saying something more. "I told you, sir," he said, "that I was a sergeant of the Guards, which is true. But I wish to explain that I was not originally a member of that regiment, but was transferred to it after the battle of the Alma, where I was severely wounded. I give you my word of honor, sir, that I am the very shortest man in the corps!" I could only think of the phrase attributed to the Duke of Wellington, "The Guard dies, but never surrenders!"

The name of the Guards suggests to me a striking instance where an English friend and distant kinsman of mine, then in command of the Grenadier Guards, found himself under the need of testing very suddenly the essential manhood of a body of Englishmen on the dangerous verge of what seemed for the moment an insurrection. It was on that well-remembered night when the London mob tore down the fences of Hyde Park, to be used either as bonfires or as barricades, as the case might be. On that perilous evening, this officer was dining at a friend's house, all unconscious of impending danger, when he received a summons from the War Department, telling him that his regiment was ordered out to deal with a mob. Hurrying

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

back to his own house, and calling for his man servant to saddle his horse, he found that the man had gone by permission for the evening, and had the key of the stable in his pocket; so that the officer, after hastily donning his uniform, must proceed on foot to the Guards' Armory, which lay on the other side of Hyde Park. Walking hastily in that direction, he came out unexpectedly at the very headquarters of the mob, where they were piling up the fences. Already his uniform had been recognized, and angry shouts began to rise. It must have seemed for the moment to the mob that the Lord had delivered their worst enemy into their hands. There was but one thing to be done. Making his way straight toward the centre of action, he called to a man mounted on the pile, the apparent leader of the tumult, "I say, my good fellow, my regiment has been called out by Her Majesty's orders. Will you give me a hand over this pile?" The man hesitated for an instant, and then said with decision, "Boys, the gentleman is right! He is doing his duty, and we have no quarrel with him. Lend a hand, and help him over." This was promptly done, with entire respect, and the officer, in his brilliant uniform, went hastily on his way amid three cheers from the mob, which then returned to its work, to be completed before he whom they had aided should come back at the head of his regiment, and, if needful, order them to be shot down.

Surely the most travel-worn American, one would think, when recalling such scenes, can never revisit London without being reminded of the noble description of that great capital in Milton's Areopagitica, written in 1644: "Behold now this vast city, a city of refuge, the mansion house of liberty, encompassed and surrounded with his protection; the shop of war hath not there more anvils and hammers working, to fashion out the plates and instruments of armed justice in defence of beleaguered truth, than there be pens and heads there sitting by their studious lamps, musing, searching, revolving new notions and ideas wherewith to present, as with their homage and fealty, the approaching reformation; others as fast reading, trying all things, assenting to the force of reason and convincement. . . . Under these fantastic terrors of sect and schism, we wrong the earnest and jealous thirst after knowledge and understanding which God hath stirred up in this city."

When it comes to the use of their common language, the English and American cousins have no doubt those variations which habitually mark kindred families, even in adjacent houses; and, as between those families, there are always arguments on both sides, and many dictionaries and even lexicons need to be turned over before coming to a decision. In the same way, when a New England farmer says, "I don't know nothin' about it," we are apt to forget that this double negative was a matter of course in the Anglo-Saxon (see Hickes's Thesaurus), as it still is in the French; and it may be found abundantly in Chaucer and in Shakespeare, as in Romeo and Juliet (act iii, scene v), —

> "a sudden day of joy,
> That thou expect'st not nor I look'd not for."

In the same way, when our country people say "learn me," instead of "teach me," they have behind them the authority of the English Bible, "learn me true understanding," and also of Chaucer, Spenser, and Shakespeare, the latter, curiously enough, sometimes employing both words in the same sentence, as in The Tempest (act i, scene ii) where Caliban says, —

> "You taught me language; . . .
> . . . The red plague rid you
> For learning me your language!"

The French *apprendre* combines the meaning of the two words in the same way.

All the cousins must admit that such phrases are everywhere better preserved in rustic communities than elsewhere.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Even in America, we get nearer the Chaucerian and Shakespearean dialect in the country than in the city. Old people are also necessarily nearer to it than the young, whatever the language. Thus M. Pasquier, who died in France in 1615 at the age of eighty-seven, remembered that in his youth the French word *honnête* had still an *s* in it, as in the English "honest," and complained that he lived to see the *s* dropped and a circumflex accent substituted. It is to be noted, also, that in a new country all changes, when once introduced, make their way much faster than in an older one. We still see English critics laying the whole responsibility for the dropping of the *u* in "honor," "favor," and the like, on Webster's Dictionary, when it really originated in England long before the publication of that work. It is stated in The Gentleman's Magazine for 1803 (No. lxxiii, part i, p. 146) that there was at that time in the library of St. John's College, Cambridge, a copy of Middleton's Life of Cicero printed with the omission of the *u* in such words, — a volume in which some pious student had taken the pains to reinsert them all. It would, at that time, have been thought an equal outrage to drop the closing *k* from physick, musick, publick, and the like, the only difference being that the *u* has thus far held its own, and the *k* has not. The English language simply changes faster in America than in England; and in this respect, as in some others, we are more like the French in our qualities. Vaugelas, an old French translator of Quintus Curtius, after devoting thirty years to the work, had to correct the language and spelling of the earlier part to make it conform to that of the latter pages; so that the critic Voiture applied to his case the Latin epigram of Martial on a barber who did his work so slowly that the hair began to grow again upon one half the face, while he was shaving the other.

When we pass from the comparative dialects of the English and American cousins to their respective intonations, we find that, as Mr. William Archer has admirably pointed out in the Pall Mall Magazine, there are so many whims and inconsistencies to be counted up in each family that it is hardly worth while to strike the balance. In colloquial utterance it is a curious fact that the nation which uses the more even and uninflected tone is the more impetuous and impulsive of the two, namely, the American; while the Englishman, slower and more staid, has yet a far more varied intonation. The most patriotic American, after a stay of some months in England, is struck by a certain flatness and monotony in the prevailing utterance of his fellow countrymen, on the quarter-deck of the returning steamer. Here, as in most things, there is a middle ground, and the two families are much less distinguishable in this respect than formerly. The American nasality is also toned down, and it is more and more common for two English-speaking strangers to meet and try in vain to guess the national origin of each other. When it comes to the actual pronunciation, it is a curious fact to notice, that special variations of speech in the English lower class have ceased to be accidental and unconscious, if they ever were so, but are more deliberate and, so to speak, premeditated, than those of the corresponding class — so far as there is such a class — in America. I heard with interest, for the first time, in a third-class railway carriage in London an evidently conscientious and careful mother impressing on her child as a duty that extraordinary transformation of the letter *a* into *i* or *y*, of which the best manual is to be found in Mr. Whiteing's inexhaustible tale, No. 5 John Street. His neighbors on that street usually transformed "paper" into "piper," "lady" into "lidy," and "always" into "alwize." In my own case, when a sudden shower came up, the little boy called attention to it, in what would seem to us a natural enough dialect, "Mother,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

it's rainin'!" "You should n't say rainin'," said the anxious mother; "you should say rynin'!" It brought home to me a similar attempt, on the part of an Irish-American orator, to correct Senator Lodge's habitual and very proper pronunciation of the place of his summer residence, Nahant. "Mr. Lodge of Nahant," said the orator, with a contemptuous prolongation of the last two vowels. He then paused for a sympathetic response from a Cambridge audience, but receiving none, he repeated, "Mr. Lodge of Nahant; that's the way he calls it. Common people call it Năhănt."

The conclusive statement as to the future relation of English and American cousins may perhaps be found in that quiet sentence in which Emerson's volume called English Traits sums up (in 1856) its whole contents: "It is noticeable that England is beginning to interest us a little less." Toward this tends the whole discussion of that in which the mother country differs from her still formidable rival, France, on the one side, and from her gigantic child, the American Republic, on the other. As against both of these, England still clings to the toy of royalty and all which it implies. Against countries where aspiring intellect finds nothing too high for it to aim at, there still remains in England the absolute precedence of the House of Lords. I knew a young American girl, who, going to England under the care of an ambassador's family, and attending her first large dinner party, selected, upon looking about her, as the most interesting guest in the room, one man of distinguished aspect, whom she resolved to watch. When the guests were ushered into the dining-hall according to the laws of precedence, she found herself at the very end of the brilliant procession, as one of two untitled plebeians, in company with the very man who had interested her, and who proved to be Samuel Rogers, the poet and patron of art, and the recognized head of literary society in London. She always said that she secured two things at that entertainment, namely, the most delightful companion that she ever had at a dinner party, and, moreover, a lesson in the outcome of mere hereditary rank that would last a lifetime. Rogers's poems are not now read so much as formerly, but at that time the highest attention a literary American visitor could receive in London was to dine with him. He was also one of the richest bankers in that city, and was very possibly the only person in the room who had won for himself a reputation outside of his own little island; but he was next to nobody in that company, and the little American girl was the nobody.

Max O'Rell points out that the Frenchman who takes no notice of a duke will turn to take a second look at a great literary man or savant. No doubt the English aristocracy, as is always the case with aristocracies, often goes out of its way to do honor to literature and art in the form of courtesy or patronage; but this, too, has its limits. It is easy enough for a literary man in England to dine with a lord who shares his own tastes; it is only when he is asked to dine with a stupid lord that the attention can be counted as a social recognition. Even in this case it may be in the hope of finding the barbaric guest amusing; and it was said that the immediate cause of the artist Haydon's suicide was his despair at being hopelessly eclipsed in polite society by Tom Thumb. If this is true, what fatal instances of self-destruction may not have taken place among American artists and authors who found themselves equally outshone in the English fashionable life by Buffalo Bill!

But let us turn from these trifles and go deeper. No American could possibly have passed through England during the anxious days of President McKinley's final ordeal and death, without being profoundly impressed with the inalienable tie between the two nations

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

whose cousinship never before was so strikingly visible. I happened to be at Exeter, a city as marked, perhaps, as any in England for all that is non-American in church and state. All through that fatal Sunday the telegrams conveying the latest returns were put out, from time to time, at the windows of the office, and all day long one might see groups or single observers coming, going, and pausing to inspect; even children eagerly transmitting the successive items of news from one to another. There was no religious service held in the city, from the most conservative to the most liberal, where there was not some reference made to the incident. In all of these there was reported — and as to three or four I can personally testify — a fullness of feeling such as touched the heart of every American. On the next morning, whole pages of the country newspapers, usually so barren of American items, were crowded with reports of Sunday services in various towns and villages. Driving through the country, in any direction, during those sorrowful days, one saw mourning flags here and there, on the streets, on public buildings, and before private houses. In London the very omnibus drivers sometimes carried them. We were constantly told that no European sovereign's death had ever brought forth so much testimonial of grief, and we could well believe it. No American who happened to be in England during that experience can ever again doubt the depth and reality of English and American cousinship.

Thomas Wentworth Higginson.

VERSES TO COLONEL THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON

ON HIS EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY.

PREACHER of a liberal creed,
Pioneer in Freedom's cause;
Ever prompt to take the lead
In behalf of saner laws,
Still your speech persuasive flows
As the brooks of Helicon.
You have earned a fair repose,
Thomas Wentworth Higginson!

You have never stooped to fear
Taunt of opulence or place,
Smug convention's frosty sneer,
Fashion's elegant grimace.
In your youthful vision pure
Truth a constellation shone.
Truth is still your cynosure,
Thomas Wentworth Higginson.

Throbbing with indignant zeal,
Lawlessly you sought to save
From the law's relentless seal
Burns the fugitive, a slave.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Your indictment came to naught,
For some flaw was hit upon.
Time is an enshrining court,
Thomas Wentworth Higginson.

Wounded where the bravest fell
To redeem your fellow men;
Working by the double spell
Of your eloquence and pen:
Now that eighty years are scored,
Busy souls may pause to con.
'T was the service of the Lord,
Thomas Wentworth Higginson.

You have printed many lines
To inspire an eager age.
Counsel wholesome as our pines,
Timely essays keen and sage.
Memories of "Oldport Days"
Which we love to dwell upon,
With your "Cheerful Yesterdays,"
Thomas Wentworth Higginson.

Eighty years are but a crown
When the soul is true and kind,
And sparse locks of grizzled brown
Grace a vigorous active mind.
Soldier, patriot, and seer,
Writer, scholar, gentleman,
To the native heart more dear
For the gauntlet which you ran
In pursuit of many a goal
Which the creeping world condemned;
Aspiration kept your soul,
And you feared not to offend.
Lo! amid your autumn leaves
What men scorned now truth appears,
And your dreams are bearing sheaves
In the harvest of your years.

Preacher of a liberal creed,
Pioneer in Freedom's cause;
Ever prompt to take the lead
In behalf of saner laws,
Still your speech persuasive flows
As the brooks of Helicon.
You have earned a fair repose,
Thomas Wentworth Higginson!

Robert Grant.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

IS COMMERCIALISM IN DISGRACE?

It must be admitted that a certain ignominy rests upon "Commercialism" as that term is commonly used. It is not merely that, in the recent months, we have witnessed something like a national outburst of mingled indignation and cynicism because the poker mask has been torn from certain giddy schemes of the "high finance." Such obloquy as exists dates from days older than Christianity. Neither Plato nor Cicero conceals his scorn of the trader. So long as the heroic energies of the race were given to war, it was inevitable that some odium should be associated with mercantile pursuits. These obscure callings then brought no splendor of social distinction. They were honestly believed to be squalid occupations. Every enlarged privilege of the trader had to be gained by cunning, by bribes, or by slavish importunities. There is quite enough humiliating economic history in our own civil war to make this clear. A man of science in the employ of the Government went to Mr. Lincoln, in 1863, to tell him how the large contractors were debauching our politicians and fleecing the Government. Mr. Lincoln heard his story, but at its end surprised the visitor by saying, "Mr. ——, I know all that and a good deal more, but to stop this thieving would stop the war."

Every gluttonous passion for gain had so instantly allied itself with the desperate practical needs to which war gives rise, that to stop the looting was to imperil the work of the army in the field. The financial orgies connected with modern wars in Russia, France, and England are well known. Even of the German war of 1870, a Berlin banker has said that the secret history of supplying the army at that time would, if allowed to be published, shock the whole Fatherland. If this be true to-day, it is easy to understand how business methods must have suffered in ages that were prevailingly military.

It is less clear why the reproach should appear among the scholastic economists who had come to disapprove of war and to recognize the social service of trade. Yet a world of proof is at hand that the trader had a sorry task to account for himself morally. The ethical censure was severest against those whose main occupation it was to take interest on moneys, and it was long before usury was distinguished from interest. In spite of civil laws, as late as the fourteenth century the church prohibited usury on moral grounds. Aquinas condemns it as against nature and all precepts of religion, while Dante in the Inferno has the usurers in his low seventh circle of Hell. One might charge interest to an enemy as a means of punishing him, —

> "If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not
> As to thy friend, — for when did friendship take
> A breed of barren metal of his friend?
> But lend it rather to thine enemy."

If the military era be thought to characterize race effort until the modern industrial régime fairly begins, this would go far to account for these earlier disgraces of money-getting as a primary occupation. It is the soldier in Napoleon that taunts England with being a nation of shopkeepers. It was meant in derision, and was taken in the polite world as an insult. Even Ruskin delights to hold up the soldier as a gallant figure, in comparison with which the trader is but a shabby creature.

Yet this conflict between military and industrial ideals but partially explains the aversion to commercialism. Other hostilities have arisen which, in their origin, are quite apart from this tradition of war *versus* peace. Three terms are

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

now in current use: "industrialism," "capitalism," "commercialism." While a literature of vituperation has appeared against capitalism and commercialism, there is rarely a word of abuse for industrialism, probably because it stands popularly for the quieter and better behaved processes of wealth production. This inoffensive term represents, however, the principles applicable to industry as now organized and carried on. Yet it goes scot free, while capitalism and commercialism take their scathing. As the one term is taken at its best, the other two are taken at their worst.

One could fill an encyclopædia with picturesque and vehement denunciation of commercialism from the pulpit, from men of letters, from social and political reformers, and especially from the whole world of art. We hear a great deal about the commercializing of the church; the exclusion of the poor by the money standard of high pew rents, and the undue influence there of rich men. From political reformers we hear no less incessantly about the impudent disregard of every civic decency, if only franchises or legislative immunities are required. It is against these dangers to our political health and well-being that the moral revolt culminates. Yet neck to neck in this tilt against commercialism, everywhere may be found the artist. It is the artist in Morris, in Zola, in Ibsen, that flames out against "the sordidness of our huckster age." In Carlyle, in Ruskin, in Tolstoi, one is uncertain whether the anger springs first from the moralist or first from the artist.

The moral reproach is directed largely against the passion for gain when it becomes an end in itself. Once the amplest competence has been won, why, it is asked, should the fever and the strain go on until the victim has no other joy left but this accumulating for its own sake? In one of his later essays Max Müller maintained that this disease was under our control. His remedy took the form of an appeal, to those who had gained this competence, to quit work, not merely for their own sake, but to open the way for younger men. There appears to be no eagerness to take this counsel so long as the "disease" is there. It is precisely this unnatural stimulus to mass unnecessary gains which has brought against our competitive system the most convincing ethical reproach. Commercialism, in its current bad sense, has come to stand for all this abnormal overdoing, as well as for the incidental frauds that may accompany it.

It was Ruskin's opinion that we should not become a civilized people until men went into business to serve their fellows. Men with genuine spiritual elevation go into the church under the influence of this motive. Why, asks Ruskin, should we not take up business with the express object of doing good? I once heard this view stated before a group of business men of the better sort. It was taken first as a sally of humor. When the speaker grew serious about it, the audience still regarded it as food for merriment. It was like telling a soldier that he was in the army for the purpose of forgiving his enemies. Men go to business with the very distinct aim of making money. Multitudes of them have high and unselfish motives about the use to which the money shall be put when gained. First, and most general, is the support and education of the family. The affections which centre there are the spring of much of the hardest work men do in business. Nor is money ever used to better purpose. Others, obviously in considerable numbers, are moved by the hope of enriching the community life by gifts. For beauty, health, recreation, educational opportunity, several hundred millions have been given to our people in the last generation.

To say that men go to business solely for money conceals more truth than it discloses. It is true that the first object is not to do good, but to get money, and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

it is this primary and engrossing aim which brings it into conflict with those who are striving first for other ideals. An architect, if he have the serious passion of the artist, insists first upon the fitness, symmetry, and beauty of his design. To say that he thinks first of money is to say that he is not first an artist. To the business man who employs the architect, the controlling aim is likely to be the return upon his investment. "Fitness" to him and to the designer is not the same word. Symmetry and beauty must take their chances. They are subservient and secondary to other purposes. There is no sphere of art, science, politics, or religion in which this conflict is not felt. So long as the money motive acts on its own plane, it is without offense; but let it once invade the field of other arts, conflict arises so far as it essays to dominate there. It is this attempted domination against which all those who are loyal to other ideals enter protest.

The very existence of the Arts and Crafts Societies is owing to the rude ascendency of commercialism in a sphere where it should serve and not rule. Quantity, and not quality, will be the business aim; specialization will separate the designer from the craftsman, and every art value will become accidental. The heroic effort of these associations to keep the designer and craftsman together, to give the conditions and leisure for perfect workmanship, to safeguard the utmost freedom of the artistic impulse, is a valiant attempt to keep the enemy at bay. The more definite form which the enemy takes in this special field is the machine. It is the body, of which commercialism may be called the soul.

The embittered diatribes of Ruskin against this monster are now seen to be whimsical in their extravagance. In its place the machine, like commercialism, is as much a part of civilization as a statue, a symphony, or the Stones of Venice. It is only when machinery is allowed to enslave us, or is set to tasks for which its automatic character forever unfits it, that objection is raised. The artist must have structure and raw material on which to work. The imprint which the pliant spirit of his genius leaves on this material is art. Those who deserve the name of artist fret and are jealous when the machine is out of place. They feel, and feel rightly, that, out of place, its results are mischievous. In no sphere better than that of the artist can one see that the contest is not against the proper service of the machine, or the business spirit that works through it, but against specific perversities traceable to man's ignorance and greed. The artists are, however, not alone in this crusade.

Three men of such splendid equipment as John Stuart Mill, Professor F. A. Lange, and Herbert Spencer would class awkwardly as artists, yet each writes himself down among the sharpest censors of commercialism. Though the displeasure of the socialist is primarily against *capitalism*, because the world's machinery is so narrowly owned that it turns interest, rent, and profits into the private purse, rather than into the common treasury, yet socialists never weary of defaming the mercantile spirit. To make things for profit and gain, rather than for use, is a sin they never allow us to forget. We read, without surprise, in Belfort Bax: "In the commercial relation, as such, the moral relation is abolished. . . . Conscience, which has its ground in social union, can have no part nor lot with commerce which has its ground in anti-social greed." No one, indeed, quite matches the thorough-going socialist in damnatory phrases. Yet if our social destinies ever fall under collectivist control, trade and commerce, with political management, would still go on. They assure us that capitalism would cease, as the mechanism of production — railways, banks, mills, mines — slowly passes to public ownership.

The formidable task that socialism

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sets itself is to do the world's work directly by the community, without the help of the individual money lender and profit maker. The community, *as* community, is to furnish the capital and the management, and is, therefore, to retain the fruits of both. If only the community (city and state) could do this effectively, capitalism, as now understood, would cease. Commercialism in some sense must go on. The socialist's easy answer to a hard question helps us in this inquiry. He assures us that every fang of commercialism would be drawn if it were once freed from certain abuses. With this the sturdiest individualist agrees, only he would fix upon another order of abuses as the chief source of danger. To him, the first and supreme difficulty is neither in the "incubus of the three rents," nor in the private control of machinery. So far as these are evil, they are secondary and not primary. Thus, when Spencer, the "High Priest of individualism," criticises trade, he is of more help to us than Mr. Bax.

It is Spencer who has made the great plea of our time in favor of industrialism as against the military spirit. He is the doughtiest individualist in the arena, yet in his Morals of Trade he writes: "On all sides we have found the result of long personal experience to be the conviction that trade is essentially corrupt. . . . To live in the commercial world it appears necessary to adopt its ethical code: neither exceeding nor falling short of it, — neither being less honest nor more honest. Those who sink below its standard are expelled; while those who rise above it are either pulled down to it or ruined. As, in self-defense, the civilized man becomes savage among savages; so, it seems that, in self-defense, the scrupulous trader is obliged to become as little scrupulous as his competitors. It has been said that the law of the animal creation is — Eat and be eaten; and of our trading community it may similarly be said that its law is — Cheat or be cheated. A system of keen competition, carried on, as it is, without adequate moral restraint, is very much a system of commercial cannibalism. Its alternatives are — Use the same weapons as your antagonists, or be conquered and devoured."

This essay was written nearly a half century ago, when the position of a tradesman in England was something better than that of a lackey. No son of the great Argyle yet sold tea, nor had the scions of stately houses begun to flock to city markets with the express object of making money in trade. They do not thus far take gayly to retailing useful commodities, but they take almost greedily to various forms of money lending; though, in the hands of Jews, this was thought by Christians, for centuries, to be but a scurvy pursuit. This knightly approval of the hitherto vulgar has much to encourage us, though it may not wholly rescue the higgling of the market from its knaveries.

Of the tart comments of Lange and Mill on commercial practices, it may be said confidently that their own writings show that they were dealing with the abuses of trade, and not with its uses. The cheating and the buccaneering connected with trade sting Spencer into indiscriminate protests that seem an impeachment of the entire industrial and trade process, which *is* commercialism, unless we choose arbitrarily to apply this word to whatever is evil in our industrial life. The products which constitute wealth must in some way be exchanged, and the methods of these exchanges must be organized. What names shall we give to those trade functions? Shall we invent a new word, or shall we retain commercialism, with the knowledge that it must, like other race forces, include the evil with the good?

After writing the words "trade is essentially corrupt," Spencer shows us that he does n't quite mean it. He not

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

only speaks of "the large amount of honest dealing," but adds, "There is no good reason for believing that the trading classes are intrinsically worse than other classes." He then straightway exposes with much skill the frailties in other professions. Nor does he fall into the error of many socialists, who would have us believe that, if it were not for our present business régime, all other callings, like medicine, letters, law, and politics would forthwith be clean and disinterested.

By no torturing of the word can commercialism be made to bear so heavy a burden. Average human nature, with its undisciplined hungers, underlies this and all other ways of winning power. It has come about that no symbol of what man desires has quite the fascination that attaches to money. With neither question nor delay, it exchanges for all other forms of wealth. As no other, it opens the way to every satisfaction, save the rarest and highest, for which ordinary folk do not agonize. To possess this medium of exchange a part of the race will sacrifice most other values.

Because the most dazzling prizes in this kind are connected with the market and trade, ambitious men flock thither and play the game according to their character, as they play all other games, — love, war, or politics. Even in the excesses of these "men of the market," they usually act with the consent of the community in which they live. A corporation wants a franchise for a street railway, and it wants it at the earliest possible date. The bolder officials say plainly, that, if it is to be done in business fashion, legislatures or city councils must be manipulated.

Now it happens that the whole community wants quickness, as the business man wants it. Society is impatient for speedy and imposing results. This is the atmosphere in which our hardiest business men live in common with most of their neighbors. If there is a twist in the character of the petty retailer, he plays the game just as disreputably as the most rakish millionaire. Blood sister to these is the woman who, with more or less indirection, lies her pretty things through the Custom House in known violation of the law of her own land. Of the same kin is that multitude of those whose delight is in extremes of cheapness that are a direct premium on dishonesty, or inconsistent with a living wage to the workers, as in the sweat-shop, or in the many uses of child labor.

While low-priced commodities are as much a boon to people of small resources as are higher wages, there are countless forms of cheapness under which dishonesty is organized with deliberate intent to trick the public. They may take shape in arbitrary rebates to favored persons, or in a "cut-price" drug store, where articles known for their genuineness and excellence are advertised at cost. If one asks in these jugglers' shops for the honest article, the main occupation behind the counter is to persuade the customer that some adulterated article, at half the price, is quite as good. This succeeds often enough to make the imposition profitable. Necessity, ignorance, or greed on the part of the customer gives enormous scope to these humbug wiles.

It is again the very essence of the whole gambling spirit, and the protean shapes it takes in the community, to get an advantage without an equivalent. Yet from top to bottom, this temper permeates society. It may be nearly as common among factory operatives as in a club of the idle rich. Newsboys, miners, and dagos may do far more gambling in proportion to their means than any class of the well-to-do, as it is almost a primary occupation among many primitive peoples who have no commercialism whatever.

Admitting, then, to the full the dreary list of sinister facts that are a part of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

trade, there is no namable class among us that has not its deliberate share in a common guilt. Most of us directly or indirectly are "in it," and give continuance to the ills by our own easy acquiescence in accepting the fruits.

I have often heard a literary man in a fine frenzy of resentment against commercialism, although at regular intervals he went into deliberate partnership with the object of his scorn. I have heard a clergyman very eloquent against trade abuses upon which much of his church and charitable work directly depended, and still more indirectly depended. I have known an Arts and Crafts Society many of whose members were very superior in their belief that commercialism was the best synonym for general degeneracy, yet this admirable association, as it got to work, became definitely commercial. One of the leaders told me, "The truth is, we can't do any work as an organization, without adopting trade principles."

This was said apologetically and with regret, yet the society was justified from its own point of view. It was in no sense primarily a money-making institution. This would have been its defeat. Its controlling aim was the artistic education of the community. That a market had to be organized, and trade relations established to connect the worker and the buyer; that the society came to act as middleman, taking a profit on articles sold, was commercial, but it was this wholly freed from abuses.

I have known a society to fail and close its doors because it would not compromise even to this extent, and its failure was deserved. It was trying to meet a problem by running away from it. Trade alliances may be formed that are as honorable as any of life's activities. Our first plain duty is to stop telling lies about trade as a whole. By far the larger part of business is carried on in decent and uneventful ways, with open competition on every hand. Innumerable shops, mills, stores, — even the department caravansaries, — are so pitted against one another in unfenced fields, that their very existence is conditioned on serving the public with better and cheaper products. They rest solidly upon a credit system that *assumes* the competence and general integrity of those in control. Much more than three fourths of our wealth-making and distributing is of this character.

The so-called trust touches hardly ten per cent of our commodities. No class that can be named has, upon the whole, more readiness and ability for good citizenship than that of those who have gained their moral strength by carrying business burdens. Proofs of this are at hand in most communities where hard and unpaid service to the public is given by business men. It is as unfair to say that the trade activities which engage these men are in disgrace, as to say that religion, education, or law is in disgrace. There are men who direct science and invention to evil objects. To this degree, such persons are, or ought to be, under ban. In no other sense should commercialism be under condemnation. The use of its mechanism to further huge schemes has set its ugly stamp on so many shady ventures, that we confuse this occasional use with the incalculably greater service which organized industry renders.

It is these excesses of the "dramatic tenth of business" which justly excite our pessimistic humors. The winners in this game often have the gamblers' vices. They riot in showy expenditures. Their pleasures must have the glare and spice of extravagance. Order and restraint become as intolerable to them as to a prostitute. Yet the very glitter and loudness of their lives fix upon them a degree of attention grotesquely out of proportion to their real share in our national life. They are as exceptional as purposed fraud is exceptional in the entire volume of business. Seen upon the background of the whole, it is partial

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and occasional, rather than uniform and organic.

The world's first and most imperious concern is to get its living. The methods through which this is accomplished cannot always bear the seal of the later and the higher virtues. Practical exigencies are first in order, and will long remain so. Though, for the most part, bereft of beauty, they are not necessarily immoral. The exchange of commodities by the help of money, or by primitive swapping, may carry, and usually does carry, an advantage to both parties. If it were not generally so it could not go on.

Ills enough are here, as in every walk of life, but they are evils to be distinguished from things not evil. Immense energy is devoted to the art of healing, but shameless quackeries are practiced every day by armies of men and women who play upon the elemental fears and superstitions of the race. To this extent an excellent profession is in disgrace. Except by a belated theologian here and there, we no longer hear science anathematized. The dignity and universality of its service are conceded, yet it, too, is in disgrace precisely as commercialism is in disgrace. As electricity may light either a brothel or a village library, science may have many perverse uses. It enables trained men to use their skill in adulterating foods, medicines, drinks, knowing that lying labels will be attached with express intent to deceive the buyer. A stigma so far rests upon science, or, more strictly, upon the men who use it basely. In no other sense can commercialism be brought to judgment. There is this large difference. Into trade and commerce the main energies of our people are poured. It is overwhelmingly the occupation of the many and of the strong. In bulk and intensity it is supreme. In proportion to this mass of effort, has it more abuses than chemistry? Has the average business man more or subtler temptations than the doctor, the lawyer, or the clergyman? I do not believe it, different as the temptations may be. It is, moreover, by this yielding to temptation that the case is to be judged in every calling. It is in each case the *man* we are criticising, and not the field in which he works. We do not say that electricity is good or bad, farther than men direct it to social hurt or to social welfare. Politics is in disgrace enough, yet no jot or tittle farther than men demean themselves in working it. In the hand of the gamester, commercialism may turn to piracy or petty pilfering, but it is against him and his kind that the gravamen always holds.

Nor is much bettering likely to come, faster than the intellectual and moral recognition of this fact. President Hadley is right when he asks that business turpitude be met by social ostracism. It must be met, too, not by easy and safe abstractions, but definitely and personally. In a social club, I once saw a man not only refuse to shake the proffered hand of a well-known financier, but deliberately turn his back upon him. The reason was given to me thus: "He gives regularly the largest amounts in my ward to corrupt members of the city government. He has done it systematically for years, because he wants to break certain ordinances, or get an extension of franchises for a corporation in which he is a heavy owner. When I charged him with this, he got mad and said, 'Well, do you think me fool enough to want what you call honest men there?' I cut him for that, and shall never recognize him socially or personally again."

This gentleman had large interests of his own, and ran some risks because of this uncompromising act. Yet the strongholds of ill-doing are never taken, and the area of social morality extended, by any other means. A hundred men in that club knew this freebooter's character as well as the man who cut him. Most of them would have been very lofty and severe with a rogue in fustian, but before this well-groomed financier, with

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

power, a palace, and costly toys, there was general and smiling deference. There is no knavish ruse in trade so dangerous as this humiliating fact of our common cowardice. Nor is there any cure apart from its cure in ourselves. As long as the fleshpots of utmost attainable wealth are desired above all things, we shall be speciously busy in framing excuses why we should not show the mettle of this gentleman at the club.

Given in any community men and women enough of his moral valor, and the most scandalous practices of commercialism would begin to diminish. It is true, they would have to be scandalous in the sense of being conspicuously and provably evil, — an evil as definite and heinous as that of using company funds to purchase walking delegates; of promoting combinations known from the start to be fraudulent, or, as in the case just cited, in which dignified officials permit the use of corporation resources to strengthen the political party from which it expects to get lawless privileges.

We are very squeamish about such unpleasant words as boycott. It is associated with insolent perversities, yet there is about as much social morality in any community as there is boycotting of persons definitely known to be evil. The eminent and telling service which a small group of plucky men has rendered to cleaner politics in Chicago has been through the boycotting of men found on examination to be personally unfit for office. It is to a Philadelphian that we owe the sentence, "Until we get moral stamina enough to begin to boycott certain very influential persons in our city and state, we shall retain our distinction of being the worst governed city in the country."

This by no means denies the need of many legal and administrative reforms: some approach to equity in taxation; an extension of community power over the franchises and values that are distinctly social in their origin, and the utmost furtherance of the non-partisan conception of municipal politics. These, and many other practical duties, are still undone. They are measures, every one, that strike at private privilege in its most dangerous form. Many outer changes must go hand in hand with the transformation of our inner temper, purpose, and aim in life. There is, nevertheless, no darker delusion from which we suffer than this: that we are abject and helpless until the external and administrative reforms have been effected.

It would be but the fool's paradise to cozen ourselves with the hope that the evils of commercialism will much abate until we desire other objects more eagerly than we desire what the overdoing of commercialism gives us, — that is, the too long list of our materialistic excesses; the unnatural lust for bigness, glare, intensity, display, strain, and needless complication. In coming days, when the national heart, perhaps from very surfeit, sickens of all this, and looks for peace and health in simpler and less distracted ways, it may then be that our span can be lived out with new capacity for achievement more consistent with serenity, repose, and gladness.

John Graham Brooks.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE COMMON LOT.[1]

IV.

THE next morning Jackson Hart was at work once more on the plans for the Denver hotel. Now that he knew his fate, the draughting-room under the great skylights of the Dearborn Building seemed like a prison. The men in the office, he felt sure, had read all about the will, and had had their say upon his affairs before he had come in. He could tell that from the additional nonchalance in the manner of the head draughtsman, Cook. Early in the afternoon a welcome interruption came to him in the shape of an urgent call from the electricians working on the Canostota apartment house on the South Side. The head of the office asked Hart to go to the Canostota and straighten the men out, as Harmon, their engineer, was at home ill.

As Jackson crossed the street to take the elevated he met his cousin. They walked together to the station, and as Wheeler was turning away, the architect broke out: —

"I 've been thinking over uncle's will. I can't say I think it was fair — to treat me like that after — after all these years."

The lawyer smiled coldly.

"We both got the same deal," he remarked.

"Well, that don't make it any better; besides, you have had as good as money from him long ago. Your position and mine are n't just the same."

"No, that 's so," the lawyer admitted. "But what are you going to do about it?"

"I don't know yet. I want to think it over. How long" — he started to ask.

"How long have you to give notice you want to contest? About three weeks," Wheeler replied coolly. "Of course, you know that if you fight, you 'll put your mother's legacy in danger. And I guess Hollister and the judge would fight."

"And you?"

Wheeler shrugged his shoulders.

"Oh, I suppose I should stick with the others."

Then Wheeler nodded and was off down the street. He was as much disturbed as if his cousin had told him it was going to rain on the morrow. Hart continued on his way to the Canostota. There he found the foreman for the electrical contractor, and spent a busy hour explaining to the man the intricacies of the office blue prints. Then the steam-fitter got hold of him, and it was nearly five o'clock before he had time to think of himself or his own affairs. As he emerged from the basement by a hole left in the floor for the plumbers and steam-fitters to run their pipes through, he noticed a section of the fireproof partition which had been accidentally knocked out. Through this hole he could see one of the steel I-beams that supported the flooring above, where it had been drilled to admit the passing of a steam pipe. Something unusual in the thickness of the metal caught his eye, and he paused where he was, halfway out of the basement, to look at it again. The I-beam seemed unaccountably thin. He was not quite familiar, even yet, with the material side of building in America; but he knew in a general way the weights of steel beams that were ordinarily specified in Wright's office for buildings of this size.

"How 's this, Davidson?" he asked the steam-fitter, who was close at his heels. "Is n't that a pretty light fifteen-inch I-beam?"

The workman looked absolutely blank.

"I dunno. I expect it 's what 's called for."

[1] Copyright, 1903, by ROBERT HERRICK.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Even if the man had known all about it, he would have said nothing. It was silly to ask a subcontractor to give evidence damaging to his employer. The architect stooped, and asked the man to hand him his rule. As he was trying to measure the section of steel, he saw a man's face looking down at him from the floor above. Presently a burly form appeared in the opening. It was Graves, who was the general contractor for the building.

"We have n't begun to patch up the tile yet," the contractor observed, nodding to the architect. "We thought we 'd leave it open here and there until Mr. Harmon could get around and look into things. I 'm expecting Mr. Wright will be out here the first of the week, too."

The contractor talked slowly, without taking his eyes from Hart. He was a large, full-bearded man, with a manner self-confident or assuming, as one chose to take it. Hart was always at a loss how to treat a man like Graves, — whether as a kind of upper workman to be ordered about, or as a social equal.

"Is that so?" he asked in a noncommittal tone. "Mr. Harmon has n't been out here much of late?"

"No, sir. It must be three weeks or more since Mr. Harmon was here last. He 's been sick that long, ain't he?"

The steam-fitter had slipped away. Hart had it on his lips to ask the contractor to show him the specifications for the steel work. Graves kept his cool gray eyes fastened on the young architect, while he said: —

"That 's why I 've been keeping things back, so as Mr. Wright could satisfy himself that everything was all right. A terribly particular man, that Mr. Wright. If you can please him!"

He was studying the young man before him, and very ably supplying answers to the architect's doubts before he could express them. The contractor did not pause to give Hart time to think, but kept a stream of his slow, confident words flowing over the architect.

"You fellows give us a lot of bother. Now take that tile. Mr. Wright specifies Caper's A1, which happens to be out of the market just now. To please him I sent to Cleveland and Buffalo for some odds and ends they had down there. But there are a dozen makes just as good!"

He spoke like a man who did always a little more than his duty. Although the architect was conscious of the skillful manner in which his attention was being switched from the steel beams, he felt inclined to trust the contractor.

Graves was not one of the larger contractors employed on the firm's buildings. He had worked up from small beginnings as a master mason. Wright had used him on several little commissions, and had always found him eager to do his best. This was the first job of any considerable size that Graves had done for the firm, and he had got this by underbidding considerably all the other general contractors who had been invited to bid on the work. These facts Hart did not happen to know.

"Are you going north, Mr. Hart?" Graves asked, as they turned to the street entrance. "My team is just outside. Shall be pleased to give you a lift."

Speaking thus he ushered the architect from the Canostota where the dusk was already falling.

The contractor's horse was a nervous, fast little beast. The light runabout whirled into the broad avenue of Grand Boulevard, and there Graves let the animal out for a couple of blocks. A thin smile of satisfaction wrinkled the contractor's bearded lips. Then he pulled on the reins, and turned in his seat to face the architect.

"I 'm glad of this chance to see you, Mr. Hart," he began pleasantly. "I have been thinking lately that we might be of some use to each other."

He paused to let his words sink into

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

his companion's mind. Then he resumed in a reflective manner: —

"I ain't content to build just for other folks. I want to put up something on my own account. Oh, nothing like as fine as that Canostota, but something pretty and attractive, and something that will pay. I've just the lot for it, out south alongside Washington Park. It's a peach! A corner and two hundred feet. Say! Why won't you come out right now and have a look at it? Can you spare the time? Good."

The little runabout whisked around, and they went speeding south over the hard boulevard.

"Now's about the time to build. I've owned the property ever since the slump in real estate right after the fair. Well, I want an architect on my own account! I suppose I could go to one of those Jews who sell their dinky little blue prints by the yard. Most of the flat buildings hereabouts come that way. But I want something *swell*. That's going to be a fine section of the city soon, and looks count in a building, as elsewhere."

Hart laughed at this cordial testimony to his art.

"There's your boss, Wright. But he's too high-toned for me, — would n't look at anything that toted up less than the six figures. And I guess he don't do much designing himself. He leaves that to you young fellows!"

Hart could see, now, the idea that was in the contractor's mind. They pulled up near the south corner of the Park, beside some vacant land. It was, as Graves said, a very favorable spot for a showy apartment building.

"I want something real handsome," the contractor continued. "It'll be a high-priced building. And I think *you* are the man to do it."

Graves brought this out like a shot.

"Why, I should like to think of it," the architect began conventionally, not sure what he ought to say.

"Yes, you're the man. I saw the plans for that Aurora church one day while I was waiting to talk with Mr. Wright, and I said to myself then, 'There's the man to draw *my* plans. That feller's got something out of the ordinary in him! He's got style!'"

Praise, even from the mob, is honey to the artist. Hart instinctively thought better of the self-confident contractor, and decided that he was a bluff, honest man, — common, but well meaning.

"Well, what do you say, Mr. Hart?"

It ended with Hart's practically agreeing to prepare a preliminary sketch. When it came to the matter of business, the young architect found that, notwithstanding the contractor's high consideration of his talent, he was willing to offer only the very lowest terms for his work. He told the contractor that he should have to leave Wright's office before undertaking the commission.

"But," he said with a sudden rush of will, "I was considering starting for myself very soon, anyway."

It was not until after the contractor had dropped him at his club in the down-town district that he remembered the steel beams in the Canostota. Then it occurred to him that possibly, had it not been for the accident which had brought Graves to that part of the building just as he was on his knees trying to measure the thickness of the metal, the contractor might not have discovered his great talent. As he entered the club washroom, the disagreeable thought came to him that, if the I-beams were not right, Graves had rather cleverly closed his mouth about the Canostota. In agreeing to do a piece of work for Wright's contractor, he had placed himself where he could not easily get that contractor into trouble with his present employer.

As he washed his hands, scrubbing them as if they had been wood to remove the afternoon's dirt, he felt that there was more than one kind of grime in the city.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

V.

There were very few men to be found in the club at this hour. The dingy library, buzzing like a beehive at noon with young men, was empty now except for a stranger who was whiling away his time before meeting a dinner engagement. The men that the architect met at this club were, like himself, younger members of the professions, struggling up in the crowded ranks of law, medicine, architecture. Others were in brokers' offices, or engaged in general business. Some of them had been his classmates in Cornell, or in the technological school, and these had welcomed him with a little dinner on his return from Paris.

After that cheerful reunion he had seen less of these old friends than he had hoped to, when he had contemplated Chicago from his Paris apartment. Perhaps there had been something of envy among them for Jackson Hart. Things had seemed very pleasantly shaped for him, and Chicago is yet a community that resents special favors.

Every one was driving himself at top speed. At noon the men fell together about the same table in the grill-room, — worried, fagged, preoccupied. As soon as the day's work was over, their natural instinct was to flee from the dirt and noise of the business street, where the club was situated, to the cleaner quarters north or south, or to the semi-rural suburbs. Thus the centrifugal force of the city was irresistible.

To-night there were a number of men in the cardroom, sitting over a game of poker, which, judging from the ash-trays about them, had been in progress since luncheon. Several other men with hats on and coats over their arms were standing about the table looking on.

"Well, Jackie, my boy!" one of the players called out, "where have you been hiding yourself this week?"

Ben Harris, the man who hailed the architect, had apparently been drinking a good deal. The other men at the table called out sharply, "Shut up, Ben. Play!"

But the voluble Harris, whose drink had made him more than usually impudent, remarked further: —

"Say, Jack! ain't you learned yet that we don't pattern after the German Emperor here in Chicago? Better comb out your mustache, or they 'll be taking you for some foreign guy."

Hart merely turned his back on Harris, and listened with exaggerated interest to what a large, heavy man, with a boy's smooth face, was saying: —

"He was of no special 'count in college, — a kind of second-rate hustler, you know. But, my heavens! Since he struck this town, he 's got in his work. I don't believe he knows enough law to last him over night. But he knows how to make the right men think he does. He started in to work for those Selinas Mills people, — damage suits and collecting. Here in less than five years he 's drawing the papers for the consolidation of all the paper mills in the country!"

"Who 's that, Billy?" Hart asked.

"Leverett, Joe Leverett. He was Yale '89, and at the law school with me."

"He must have the right stuff in him," commented one man.

"I don't know about that!" the first speaker retorted. "Some kind of stuff, of course. But I said he was no lawyer, and never will be, and I repeat it. And what 's more, half the men who are earning the big money in law here in Chicago don't know enough law to try a case properly."

"That 's so," assented one man.

"Same thing in medicine."

"Oh, it 's the same all over."

The men about the card-table launched out into a heated discussion of the one great topic — Success. The game of poker finally closed, and the players joined in the conversation. Fresh drinks

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

were ordered, and cigars were passed about. The topic caught the man most eager to go home, and fired the brain most fagged.

"The pity of it, too," said the large man called Billy, dominating the room with his deep voice and his deliberate speech, — "the pity of it is that it ruins the professions. You can see it right here in Chicago. Who cares for fine professional work, if it don't bring in the stuff? Look at our courts! Yes, look at our doctors! And look at our buildings! It 's money every time. The professions are commercialized."

"Oh, Billy!" exclaimed Ben Harris. "Is this a commencement oration you are giving us?"

A quiet voice broke in from behind the circle: —

"There 's much in what you say, Mr. Blount. Time has been when it meant something of honor for a man to be a member of one of the learned professions. Men were content to take part of their pay in honor and respect from the community. There 's no denying that 's all changed now. We measure everything by one yardstick, and that is money. So, the able lawyer and the able doctor have joined the race with the mob for the dollars. But" — his eye seemed to rest on the young architect, who was listening attentively — "that state of affairs can't go on. When we shake down in this modern world of ours, and have got used to our wealth, and have made the right adjustment between capital and labor, — the professions, the learned professions, will be elevated once more. Men are so made that they want to respect something. And in the long run they will respect learning, ideas, and devotion to the public weal."

"That 's all right, Pemberton," Harris retorted. "That 's first-class talk. But I guess I see about as much of human nature in my business as any man, and I tell you, it 's only human nature to get what you can out of the game. What men respect in this town is money, — first, last, and all the time. So it 's only natural for a man, whether he is a lawyer or anything else, to do as the other Romans do."

Harris brought his bony, lined hand down on the card-table with a thump, and leaned forward, thrusting out his long, unshaven chin at the older man who had spoken. His black hair, which was thin above the temples and across the middle of his head, was rumpled, his collar bent, and his cuffs blackened about the edges. Hart had known him as a boy twelve years before at the South Side High School. From the University of Michigan Harris had entered a broker's office, and had made money on the Board of Trade. Lately it had been reported that he was losing money in wheat.

"Yes, sir," he snarled on, having suppressed the others for the moment. "It don't make much difference, either, how you get your money so far as I can see. Whether you do a man in a corner in wheat, or run a pool room. All is, if you want to be in the game, you must have the price of admission about you. And the rest is talk for the ladies and the young."

The older man, Pemberton, said in a severe tone: —

"That is easy to say and easy to believe. But when I think of the magnificent gift to the public just made by one of these very men whom you would consider a mere money-grabber, I confess I am obliged to doubt your easy analysis of our modern life!"

Pemberton spoke with a kind of authority. He was one of the older men of the club, much respected in the city, and perfectly fearless. But the broker, also, feared no man's opinion.

"Gifts to education!" sneered Ben Harris. "That 's what they do to show off when they're through with their goods. Anyway, there 's too much education going around. It don't count.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The only thing that counts, to-day, here, now, is money. Can you make it or steal it or — inherit it!"

He looked at Jackson Hart and laughed. The architect disliked this vulgar reference to his own situation, but, on the whole, he was inclined to agree with the broker.

"I am sorry that such ideas should be expressed inside this club," Pemberton answered gravely. "If there is one place in this city where the old ideals of the professions should be reverenced, where men should deny that cheap philosophy of the street, by their acts as well as by their words, it should be here in this club."

Some of the other men nodded their approval of this speech. They said nothing, however; for the conversation had reached a point of delicacy that made men hesitate to say what they thought. Pemberton turned on his heel and walked away. The irrepressible Harris called after him belligerently: —

"Oh, I don't know about that, now, Mr. Pemberton. It takes all kinds of men to make a club, you know."

The little group broke up. Harris linked his arm in Hart's.

"I 've got something to say to you, Jackie," he said boisterously. "We 'll order some dinner, if you are free, and I 'll put you up to something that 's better than old Pemberton's talk. It just occurred to me while we were gassing here."

The young architect did not quite like Harris's style, but he had planned to dine at the club, and they went upstairs to the dining-room together. He was curious to hear what the broker might have to suggest to him.

Hart had agreed with Pemberton's ideas, naturally enough, in the abstract. But in the concrete, the force of circumstances, here in this roaring city where he found himself caught, was fast preparing him to accept the Harris view. He was neither an idealist nor a weak man: he was merely a young man, still, making up his character as he went along, and taking color more or less from the landscape he found himself in.

His aspirations for art, if not fine, were sufficiently earnest and sincere. He had thought of himself as luckily fortuned, so that he could devote himself to getting real distinction in his profession. So in Paris. Now, brought back from that pleasant world into this stern city, with all its striving, apparently, centred upon the one business of making money, then deprived by what seemed to him a harsh and unfair freak of fortune of all his pleasant expectations, he was trying to read the face of Destiny. And there he seemed to find written what this gritty broker had harshly expressed.

"Say, you 've got a good friend in Mrs. Will Phillips," Harris began bluntly when they were seated opposite each other.

Hart remembered that he had not followed the widow's invitation to call upon her, all thought of her having been driven out of his mind by the happenings of the last few days.

"How do you know?" he asked.

"Oh, I know all right. She 's a good customer of ours. I 've been talking to her half the afternoon about things."

His next remark had nothing to do with Mrs. Phillips.

"You fellows don't make much money building houses. Ain't that so? You need other jobs. Well, I am going to give you a pointer."

He stopped mysteriously, and then began again: —

"I happen to know that the C. R. & N. Road is going to put a lot of money into improvements this summer. Among other things they 're getting ready to build new stations all along the north line, — you know, up through the suburbs, — Forest Park, Shoreham, and so on. They 've got a lot of swell patronage out that way, and they are making ready for more."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Hart listened to the broker intently. He wondered why Harris should happen to know this news ahead of the general public, and he tried to think how it might help his fortune.

"That 's where they are going to put a lot of their surplus earnings. Now, those stations must be the top of the style, — real buildings, not sheds. I don't think they have any architect."

"Oh!" objected Hart, disappointed. "The president or one of the vice presidents will have a son, or nephew, or some one to work in. Or, perhaps, they will have a competitive trial for the plans."

"Perhaps they will, and perhaps they won't," Harris answered knowingly. "The man who will decide all that is their first vice president, — Raymond, Colonel Stevens P. Raymond, — know him?"

Hart shook his head.

"Well, Mrs. Phillips does. He lives out in Forest Park, where she 's thinking of building a big house."

"Is Mrs. Phillips thinking of building in Forest Park?" the architect asked.

Harris looked at him in a bored manner.

"Why, I thought you were going to draw the plans!"

"She asked me to come to see her," Hart admitted. "But that was all."

"Well, if a rich and good-looking woman asks you to call, I should n't take all year about making up my mind."

Hart could not help thinking that it would be harder to go to Mrs. Phillips now than if he had not had this talk with the broker. Their meeting in Paris had been pleasant, unalloyed with business. He remembered how he had rather patronized the ambitious young woman, who had desired to meet artists, to go to their studios, and to have little dinners where every one talked French but her stupid husband.

"The widow Phillips thinks a lot of your ability, Jackie, and old S. P. R. thinks a lot of the widow. Now do you see?"

The architect laughed nervously. He could see plainly enough what was meant, but he did not like it altogether.

"She can do what she likes with the old man. The job is as good as yours, if you do the proper thing. I 've given you the tip straight ahead of the whole field. Not a soul knows that the C. R. & N. is going in for this kind of thing."

"It will be a big chance," the architect replied. "It was good of you to think of me, Ben."

"That 's all right. It popped into my head when that ass Pemberton began his talk about your uncle's gift to the public. I must say, it seemed to me a dirty trick of the old man to cut you out the way he did. Are you going to fight the will, or is it so fixed that you can't?"

"I don't know, yet."

"To bring a fellow up as he did you, and then knock on him at the end, — it 's just low-down."

That was the view Jackson Hart was more and more inclined to take of his uncle's will, and he warmed to the coarse, outspoken broker, who had shown him real friendliness. Harris seemed to him to be warm-blooded and human. The young architect was beginning to feel that this was not a world for delicacy of motive and refinement. When Hart suggested diffidently that some large firm of architects would probably be chosen by the C. R. & N. people, Harris said: —

"Rats! Raymond won't hunt round for references, beyond what Mrs. Phillips will give him. You see her as quick as you can, and tell her you want the chance."

The opportunity which Harris had suggested would be given to him by a woman. Yet, however much he might dislike to go to a woman for such help, the chance began to loom large in his imagination. Here was something that Wright himself would be glad to have. He saw himself in his own office, having two

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

large commissions to start with, and possibly a third, — Mrs. Phillips's new house in Forest Park.

Perhaps Wright did know, after all, about the C. R. & N. matter. Hart's fighting blood rose: he would do his best to snatch the good thing from him, or from any other architect! He forgot his contempt for that American habit of pull, which he had much deplored in studio discussions. All that had been theory; this was personal and practical.

Within the day Fortune had smiled upon him twice. Neither time, to be sure, was the way to her favor quite what he would have chosen if he could have chosen. But one must not discriminate too nicely when one picks up the cards to play. . . .

Below, from the busy street, rose the piercing note of the city, — rattle, roar, and clang, scarcely less shrill at eight of an evening than at noon. From the bulkheads on the roof of the next building soared a drab-colored cloud of steam, eddying upwards even to the open windows of the club dining-room. The noise, the smell, the reek of the city touched the man, folded him in, swayed him like a subtle opiate. The thirst of the terrible game of living, the desire of things, the brute love of triumph filled his veins. Old Powers Jackson, contemptuously putting him to one side, had unconsciously worked this state of mind in him. He, Jackson Hart, would show the world that he could fight for himself, could snatch the prize that every one was fighting for, the prize of man's life, — a little pot of gold!

VI.

"How did young Mr. Hart take the news of the will?" Mrs. Phillips asked her brother-in-law the first time she saw him after the funeral.

"Why, all right, I guess," the judge answered slowly. "Why should n't he?"

"I hoped he would fight it," the widow replied, eyeing the judge calmly.

"I believe he is n't that much of a fool. Just because Powers looked after his mother, and fed him all these years, and gave him an expensive education, — why should he be obliged to leave the chap all his money, if he did n't want to?"

Mrs. Phillips avoided a direct reply, and continued to announce her opinions, — a method of conversation which she knew was highly irritating to the judge.

"Philanthropy! What 's the use of such philanthropy? The city has enough schools. It 's all foolishness to give your money to other people to eat up!"

"That is a matter of feeling," Judge Phillips answered dryly. "I should n't expect you to feel as Powers did about such things."

Harrison Phillips had few illusions concerning his sister-in-law, and she knew it. Years before they had reached the point where they dispensed with polite subterfuges. He had known her ever since she came to Chicago from a little Illinois town to study music. Indeed, he had first introduced his younger brother to her, he remembered unhappily. She was Louise Faunce, then, — a keen, brown-eyed country girl of eighteen. When Will Phillips wanted to marry her, the judge had already felt the girl's little claws, and had been foolish enough to warn his brother. Will Phillips was a dull young man, and had poor health. The older brother knew that Will was being married for his money, — a considerable fortune for a girl from Ottumwa, Illinois.

And the marriage had not been a happy one. The last years of his life Will Phillips had taken to drinking. The judge felt that the wife had driven his brother to his sodden end, and he hated her for it, with a proper and legal hatred. The last six months of her husband's life, Mrs. Phillips had spent in Europe with her two children. Why she had chosen to return to Chicago after her

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

husband's death was a mystery to the judge, who never gave Louise Phillips credit for half her character.

She told him that she had found Europe an unsuitable place in which to bring up the children, and proposed to build a new house, perhaps in Forest Park, — one of the older and more desirable suburbs to the north of the city.

"I must make a home for my children among their father's friends," she said to the judge with perfect propriety. "Venetia, especially, should have the right background."

Venetia, so named in one of the rare accesses of sentiment which came to Mrs. Phillips, as to all mortals, was now sixteen years old. Her brother Stanwood, a year younger, had been placed in a fashionable Eastern school, where he was preparing for Yale, and ultimately for the "career of diplomacy," as his mother called it.

The judge had been discussing to-day his sister-in-law's intentions in regard to the new house, and she had notified him that she should need presently a large amount of money.

"If you will wait," she remarked, having exhausted her opinion about philanthropy and Powers Jackson's will, "you might see my architect. I have asked Mr. Hart to call this afternoon."

"I don't pine to see him," the old man retorted testily. "So you have gone that far?"

"Yes! There is n't the slightest use of being disagreeable about it, you see. Nothing that you can say will change my mind. It never has. You would like to keep me from spending the money. But you can't without a row, a scandal. Besides, it 's a good investment for both the children."

"You were always pretty keen for a good investment!"

"You mean by that sarcasm that you think I was sharp when I married your brother, because I had nothing but my good looks. They were worth more than a husband — who — drank himself — to death."

"We won't go into that, please," the judge said, his bright blue eyes glittering. "I hope, Louise, to live to see the day when you get what you deserve, — just how I don't know."

"Thank you, Harrison," Mrs. Phillips replied unperturbed. "We all do get what we deserve, sooner or later, don't we?"

"Sometimes I give up hope!"

"There 's my young man now!" she exclaimed, looking out of the window. "If you want to know just what extravagances I am going into, you had better wait."

"I 'll know soon enough! Where 's Ven? I want to see her."

"She should be out riding with John."

Mrs. Phillips rose from her deep chair to greet the architect. All at once her face and manner seemed to change from the hard, cold surface that she had presented to the judge, the surface of a middle-aged, shrewd woman. Suddenly she expanded, opened herself graciously to the young man.

The old gentleman stalked out of the drawing-room, with a curt nod and a grunt for Hart. The architect looked to the widow for an explanation of the stormy atmosphere, but she smiled a warm welcome, ignoring the judge.

"So good of you to answer my note promptly," she murmured. "For I know how busy you are!"

"I had already promised myself the pleasure," Hart replied quickly, using a phrase he had thought up on his way into the room.

As he looked at her resting in her deep chair, he realized that it was a distinct pleasure to be there. In Chicago Mrs. Will Phillips was much more of a person than she had been in Paris. Still, the woman in her was the first and last fact. She was thirty-seven, and in the very best of health. To one who did not

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lay exclusive emphasis on mere youth, the first bloom of the fruit, she was much more beautiful than when she married Willie Phillips. Sensitive, nervous, in the full tide of her physical life, she had, what is euphemistically called today, temperament. To this instinctive side of the woman, the handsome, strong, young man had always appealed.

It is also true that she was clever, and had learned with great rapidity how to cover up the holes of a wretched education. At first, however, a man could think of but one thing in the presence of Mrs. Phillips: —

"You are a woman, and a very pretty one!"

Doubtless she meant that men should think that, and nothing more, at first. Those who had come through the fire, to whom she was cold and hard, like an inferior gem, might say with the judge: —

"Louise flings her sex at you from the first smile. The only thing to do is to run."

Jackson Hart had not yet reached this point of experience. He was but dimly aware that the woman opposite him troubled his mind, preoccupied, as it happened to be, with business, like a too pronounced perfume. Here, in the hard atmosphere of an American city, he was not inclined to remember the sentimentalities of his Paris days. Accordingly, Mrs. Phillips, with quick perception, dropped the reminiscential tone that she had been inclined to take. She came promptly to business: —

"Could you consider a small commission, Mr. Hart?" she asked with apparent hesitation.

The architect would have undertaken to build a doll's house. Nevertheless, his heart sank at the word "small."

"I so much want your advice, at any rate. I value your taste so highly. You taught me how to look at things over there. And we should agree, should n't we?"

Then she unfolded more plainly her purpose of building in Forest Park. She had thought of something Tudor. (She had been visiting at a Tudor house in the East.) But the architect, without debating the point, sketched on the back of an envelope the outline of an old French château, — a toy study in part of the famous château at Chenonceaux.

"What a lovely roof!" Mrs. Phillips exclaimed responsively. "And how the thing grows under your hand! It seems as if you must have had me in mind for a long time." She leaned over the little piece of paper, fascinated by the architect's facility.

As he drew in the façade, he noticed that the widow had very lovely hair, of a tone rarely found in America, between brown and black, dusky. He remembered that he had made the same observation before in Paris. The arch of her neck, which was strong and full, was also excellent. And her skin had a perfect pallor.

By the time he had made these observations and finished his rough little sketch, the Tudor period had been forgotten, and the question of the commission had been really decided. There remained to be debated the matter of cost. After one or two tactful feints the architect was forced to ask bluntly what the widow expected to spend on the house. At the mention of money Mrs. Phillips's brows contracted slightly. A trace of hardness, like fine enamel, stole across her features.

"What could you build it for?" she demanded brusquely.

"Why, on a thing like this you can spend what you like," he stammered. "Of course a house in Forest Park ought to be of a certain kind, — to be a good investment," he added politely.

"Of course. Would twenty-five thousand dollars do?"

The architect felt relieved on hearing the size of the figure, but he had had time to realize that this agreeable client might be close in money matters. It would be

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

well to have her mind keyed to a liberal figure at the start, and he said boldly: —

"You could do a good deal for that. But not a place like this. Such a one as you ought to have, Mrs. Phillips," he added, appealing to her vanity.

Once he had called her Louise, and they both were conscious of the fact. She eyed him keenly. She was quite well aware that he wanted to get all the freedom to develop his sketch that a good sum of money would give, and also had in mind the size of his fee, which would be a percentage of the cost. But this did not offend her. In this struggle, mental and polite, over the common topic of money, she expected him to do his best.

"It 's no use being small in such matters," she conceded at length. "Let us say fifty thousand!"

"That 's much more possible!" the architect replied buoyantly, with a vague idea already forming that his sketches might call for a house that would cost seventy or seventy-five thousand dollars to complete.

The money matter out of the way, the widow relapsed into her friendly manner.

"I hope you can begin right away! I am so anxious to get out of this old barn, and I want to unpack all the treasures I 've bought in Europe this last time."

Judge Phillips would have shuddered to hear his brother's large brick house, with its neat strip of encircling green lawn, in Chicago fashion, referred to as a barn. And the architect, on his side, knowing something of Louise Phillips's indiscriminate taste in antiquities, was resolved to cull the "treasures" before they found a place in his edifice.

"Why, I 'll begin on some sketches right away. If they please you, I could do the plans at once — just as soon as I get my own office," he added honestly. "You know I have been working for Walker, Post & Wright. But I am going to leave them very soon."

"Yes," Mrs. Phillips replied sympathetically. "I know it ought to have been so different. I think that will was disgraceful! I hope you can break it."

"I don't know that I shall try," he answered hastily, startled at the widow's cool comment on his uncle's purposes.

"Well, you know best, I suppose. But I should think a long time before I let them build that school."

"I shall see. At any rate, it looks now as if I should want all the work I can get," he said, looking into her eyes, and thinking of what Harris had told him of the C. R. & N. job. He had it on his lips to add, "Can't you say a word for me to your friend Colonel Raymond?" But he could not bring himself to the point of asking outright for business favors at a woman's hand.

However, she happily saved him from the crudity of open speech.

"Perhaps I can help you. There 's something — Well, we won't begin on that to-day. But you can rest assured that I am your friend, can't you?"

They understood each other thus easily. He knew that she was well aware of what was in his mind, and was disposed to help him to the full extent of her woman's power. In his struggle for money and place, — things that she appreciated, — she would be an able friend.

Having come to a complete agreement on many matters, in the manner of a man and a woman, they began to talk of Paris and of other days. Outside in the hall there was the sound of steps, and a laughing, vigorous girl's voice. The architect could see a thin, tall girl, as she threw her arms about Judge Phillips's plump neck and pulled his head to a level with her mouth. He noticed that Mrs. Phillips was also watching this scene with stealthy eyes. When the door had closed upon the judge, she called: —

"Venetia, will you come here, dear. I want you to meet Mr. Hart. You remember Mr. Hart?"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The girl crossed the drawing-room slowly, the fire in her strangely extinguished. She gave a bony little hand to the architect, and nodded her head, like a rebellious trick dog. Then she drew away from the two and stood beside the table, waiting for the next order.

She was dark like her mother, but her features lacked the widow's pleasant curves. They were firm and square, and a pair of dark eyes looked out moodily from under heavy eyebrows. The short red lips were full and curved, while the mother's lips were dangerously thin and straight. As the architect looked at the girl, standing tall and erect at the table, he felt that she was destined to be of some importance. It was also plain that she and her mother were not sympathetic. When her mother spoke, the daughter seemed to listen with the terrible criticism of youth lurking in her eyes.

A close observer would have seen, also, that the girl had in her a capacity for passion that the mother altogether lacked. The woman was mildly sensuous and physical in mood, but totally without the strong emotions that might sweep her to any act, mindless of fate. When the clash came between the two, the mother would be the one to retreat.

"Have you had your ride, dear?" Mrs. Phillips asked in soothing tones, carefully prepared for the public.

"No, mamma. Uncle Harry was here, you know."

"I am sorry not to have you take your ride every day, no matter what happens," the mother continued, as if she had not heard the girl's excuse.

"I had rather see uncle Harry. Besides, Frolic went lame yesterday."

"You can always take my horse," Mrs. Phillips persisted, her eyebrows contracting as they had over the money question.

A look of what some day might become contempt shadowed the girl's face. She bowed to the architect in a way that made him understand it was no recommendation to her favor that he was her mother's friend, and walked across the room with a dignity beyond the older woman's power.

"She is at the difficult age," the mother murmured.

"She is growing beautiful!" Hart exclaimed.

"I hope so," Mrs. Phillips answered composedly. "When can you let me see the sketches? Won't you dine with us next Wednesday?"

She seemed to have arranged every detail with accuracy and care.

VII.

The Spellmans lived on the other side of the city from Mrs. Phillips, on Maple Street, very near the lake. Their little stone-front, Gothic-faced house was pretty nearly all the tangible property that Mr. Spellman had to leave to his widow and child when he died, sixteen years before. There had been also his interest in Jackson's Bridge Works, an interest which at the time was largely speculative, but which had enabled Powers Jackson to pay the widow a liberal income without hurting her pride.

The house had remained very much what it had been during Mr. Spellman's lifetime, its bright Brussels carpets and black-walnut furniture having taken on the respectability of age and use. Here, in this homely eddy of the great city, mother and daughter were seated reading after their early dinner, as was their custom. Helen, having shown no aptitude for society, after one or two seasons of playing the wall-flower at the modest parties of their acquaintance, had resolutely sought her own interests in life. One of these was a very earnest attempt to get that vague thing called an education. Just at present, this consisted of much reading of a sociological character.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mrs. Spellman, who had been turning the leaves of a magazine, finally looked up from its pages and asked, "Have you seen Jackson since the funeral?"

Helen dropped her book into her lap and looked at her mother with startled eyes.

"No, mother. I suppose he is very busy."

She spoke as if she had already asked herself this question and answered it without satisfaction.

"I wonder what he means to do about the will," Mrs. Spellman continued. "It must have been a disappointment to him. I wonder if he had any idea how it would be?"

"What makes you think he would be disappointed?" the girl asked literally.

"Why, I saw Everett this morning, and he told me he thought his cousin might dispute the will. He said Jackson was feeling sore. It would be such a pity if there were any trouble about the will!"

Helen shut the book in her lap and laid it on the table very firmly.

"How can Everett say such things! You know Jackson would never think of anything so — mean, so ungrateful!"

"Some people might think he was justified. And it is a very large sum of money. If he expected" —

"Just because uncle Powers was always so good to him!" the girl interrupted hotly. "Was that any reason why he should give him a lot of money?"

"My dear, most people would think it was a sufficient reason for giving him more than he did."

"Then most people are very self-interested! Everett Wheeler might expect it. But Jackson has something else in life to do than worry over not getting his uncle's money."

Mrs. Spellman, who had known Jackson since he was a child, smiled wisely, but made no reply.

"What should he want more than he has, — the chance to do splendid things, to work for something better than money? That's the worst about Chicago, — you hear nothing but money, money, from morning to night. No one believes any man cares for any other thing. Everett does n't!"

"Poor Everett!" her mother said with quiet irony. "He is n't thinking of contesting the will, however."

"Nor is Jackson, I know," the girl answered positively.

She rose from her chair by the lamp, and walked to and fro in the room. When she stood she was a tall woman, almost large, showing the growth that the New England stock can assume in a favorable environment. While she read, her features had been quite dull. They were fired now with feeling, and the deep eyes burned.

Suddenly Mrs. Spellman remarked, "Why should n't we go away, to Europe? Would n't you like to spend a year abroad?"

"Why?" the girl demanded quickly, pausing opposite her mother. "What makes you say that?"

"There is n't much to keep us here," Mrs. Spellman explained.

The girl turned away her face, as she answered evasively, "Why should we go away? I don't want to leave."

She knew that her mother was thinking of what had occurred to her many times as these last days had gone by without their seeing the young architect. Possibly, now that he knew himself to be without fortune, he wished to show her that there could be no question of marriage between them. She rejected the idea haughtily. And even if it were so, she would not admit to herself the wound. It would be no pleasure for her to go away.

Could it be true that he was thinking of fighting the will? Her heart scorned the suggestion. She returned to her chair, resolutely picked up her book, and turned the pages with a methodical, unseeing regularity. As the clock tinkled

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

off nine strokes, Mrs. Spellman rose, kissed her daughter, silently pressing her fingers on the light folds of her hair, and went upstairs to her room. Another half hour went by; then, as the clock struck the hour, the doorbell rang. Helen, recollecting that the servants had probably left the kitchen, put down her book and stepped into the hall. She waited a moment there, but when the bell rang a second time she went resolutely to the door and opened it.

"Oh!" she exclaimed. "Jackson! I thought it might be a tramp."

"You are n't so far wrong," the architect answered with a laugh. "Is it too late to come in?"

For answer she held the door wide open.

"I have been dining with Mrs. Phillips; she has asked me to draw some plans for her," Hart explained. "I thought I would tell you and your mother about it."

"Mother has gone upstairs, but come in. You know I read late. And I am so glad to hear about the plans."

The strong night wind brushed boisterously through the open door, ruffling the girl's loosely coiled hair. She put her hands to her head to tighten the hairpins here and there. If the man could have read colors in the dark hall, he would have seen that the girl's face, usually too pale, had flushed. His ears were quick enough to detect the tremulous note in her voice, the touch of surprise and sudden feeling. It answered something electric in himself, something that had driven him across the city straightway from Mrs. Phillips's house.

He followed her into the circle of lamplight, and sat down heavily in the chair that she had been occupying.

"What 's this thing you are reading?" he asked in his usual tone of authority, picking up the bulky volume beneath the lamp. "Hobson's Social Problem. Where did you get hold of that? It 's a queer thing for a girl, is n't it?"

His tolerantly amused tone indicated the value he put on women's education.

"Professor Sturges recommended it."

"Um," he commented, turning over the leaves critically.

"But tell me about Mrs. Phillips and the plans."

There was an awkward constraint between them, not that the hour or the circumstance of their being alone made them self-conscious. There was nothing unusual in his coming late like this. But many things had happened since they had been together alone: the old man's death, the funeral, the will, — most of all the will!

He told her of the new house in Forest Park. It had been decided upon that evening, his plans having been received enthusiastically. But he lacked all interest in it. He was thinking how the week had changed everything between them. Because of that he had not been to see her before, and he felt guilty in being here now.

"Mother and I have just been talking of you. We have n't seen you since the funeral," Helen said, speaking what was in her mind.

Her words carried no reproach. Yet at once he felt that he was put on the defensive; he did not care to explain why he had avoided the Maple Street house.

"A lot has happened," he replied vaguely. "Things have changed pretty completely for me!"

A tone of bitterness crept into his voice in spite of himself. He wanted sympathy; for that, in part, he had come to her. At the same time he felt that it was a weak thing to do, that he should have gone almost anywhere but to her.

"It takes a man a few days to catch his breath," he continued, "when he finds he 's been cut off with a shilling, as they say in the play."

Her eyes dropped from his face, and her hands began to move restlessly over the folds of her skirt.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"I 've had a lot to think about — to look at the future in a new way. There 's no hope now of leaving this place, thanks to uncle!"

"Oh!" she exclaimed in a low voice. The coldness of her tone was not lost upon the man. He saw suddenly that it would not do to admit to her that he contemplated contesting his uncle's will.

"Of course," he hastened to add magnanimously, "uncle had a perfect right to do as he liked. It was his money. But what could he have had against me?"

"Why, nothing, I am sure!" she answered quickly.

"It looks as if he had!"

"Perhaps he thought it was better so, — better for you," she suggested gently. "He used to say that the men of his time had more in their lives than men have nowadays, because they had to make all the fight for themselves. Nowadays so many young men inherit capital. He thought there were two great gifts in life, — health and education. When a man had those, he could go out to meet the future bravely."

"Yes, I know all that," he hastened to say. "But the world is n't running on just the same lines it was when uncle Powers was working at the forge. It 's a longer road up these days."

"Is it?" the girl asked vaguely. Then they were silent once more.

There was nothing of reproof in her words, yet he felt the strange difference in the atmosphere of this faded little Maple Street house from the world he had been living in. He had told himself for the last ten days that now he could not marry this woman, that a great and perfectly obvious barrier had been raised by his disinheritance. It had all been so clear to him that he had not questioned the idea.

That very evening he had had more talk about the will with the clever Mrs. Phillips, and he had come away from her resolved to contest the instrument. On the morrow he intended to notify his cousin and take the preliminary steps. Yet, on the very heels of that decision, there had come an irresistible desire to see this other woman, the longing for the antithesis which so often besets the feeble human will. Nothing was more unlike Mrs. Phillips in his horizon than this direct, inexperienced girl, full of pure enthusiasms.

Now he saw very clearly that nothing would remove him farther from Helen than the act he was contemplating. If she but knew his intention, she would scorn him forever! He had lost her somehow, either way, he kept saying to himself, as he sat there trying to think calmly. He put another black mark against his uncle's memory!

He had never cared to be near her so much as now. Every soreness and weakness of his spirit seemed to call out for her strong, capable hand. Even the sensuous Mrs. Phillips, by some subtle crossing of the psychological wires, had driven him to this plain girl, with the honest eyes and unimpassioned bosom. So also had the contractor and the men at his club. In fact, his world had conspired to set him down here, before the one who alone knew nothing of its logic!

"You have n't said anything about the school," Helen remarked after a time. "Are n't you glad!" she exclaimed, in the need of her spirit to know him to be as generous as she thought him. "It was so big, so large-hearted of him! Especially after all the bitter things the papers had said about him, — to give everything he had made, the whole work of his life, to help the people and the very ones who had so often misunderstood him and tried to hurt him. He was great enough to forget the strikes and the riots, and their shooting at him! He forgave them. He saw why they erred, and he wanted to lift them out of their hate and their ignorance. He wanted to make their lives happier and better! Were n't

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

you glad? Was n't it a splendid answer to his enemies?"

The warmth of her feeling lent her quiet face glow and beauty. She spoke fast, but in a distinct, low voice. It had a note of appeal in it, coming from her desire to rouse the man. For the moment she succeeded. He was ashamed to be unworthy in her eyes.

"Why, yes," he admitted; "as you put it, it seems fine. But I don't feel sure that I admire an old man's philanthropies, though. He does n't want the money any longer, — that 's a sure thing! So he chucks it into one big scheme or another that 's likely to bring him a lot of fame. Uncle Powers was sharp enough in gathering his dollars, and in keeping 'em too" —

"Oh! How can you say that! Don't," the girl implored, looking at him with troubled eyes.

If she had had much experience of men and things, she would have understood the architect's attitude long before this. But added to her inexperience was her persistent need of soul to see those she loved large and generous.

"Well," Hart resumed, less confidently, "I did n't mean any disrespect to the old man. It 's only the oldest law of life that he lived up to. And I guess he meant to have me learn that law as fast as I can. You 've got to fight for what you want in this world, and fight hard, and fight all the time. And there is n't much room for sentiment and fine ideas and philanthropy until you are old, and have earned your pile, and done your neighbor out of his in the process."

She was silent, and he continued, willing to let her see some of the harder, baser reaches of his mind: —

"It 's just the same way with art. It 's only good when it succeeds. It does n't live unless it can succeed. I see that now! Chicago has taught me that in two years. I 'm going to open my own shop pretty soon and look for trade. That 's what uncle wanted. If I get some big commissions, and put up a lot of skyscrapers or mills, why, I shall have won out. What does any one care for the kind of work you do? It 's the price it brings every time!"

"Don't say that! Please, please don't talk that way, so bitterly."

There was real pain in her voice, and her eyes were filmed with incipient tears. He leaned forward in his low chair and asked impetuously, "Why do you say that? Why do you care what I say?"

Her lips trembled; she looked at him piteously for a moment, as if to beg him not to force her to confess more openly how he had hurt her, how much she could be hurt by seeing in him the least touch of baseness. She rose, without knowing what she did, with an unconscious instinct of flight. She twisted her hands nervously, facing him, as he rose, too, with her misty, honest eyes.

"Tell me!" he whispered. "Do you care?"

"Don't," she moaned inarticulately, seeking in her whirling brain for some defense against the man.

They hung there, like this, for the space of several seconds, their hearts beating furiously, caught in a sudden wave of emotion, which drew them inexorably closer, against their reason and their will; which mastered their natures without regard for their feeble human purpose. . . .

He drew her to him and kissed her. She murmured in the same weak, defenseless tone as before. — "Don't, not yet."

But she gave herself quite unreservedly to his strong arms. She gave herself with all the perfect self-forgetfulness of an absolutely pure woman who loves and is glad. The little thoughts of self were forgotten, the preconceptions of her training. She was glad to give, to give all in the joy of giving to him!

The man, having thus done what his reason had counseled him for the past

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

week not to do, what he would have said an hour before was impossible for him to do, came out of the great whelming wave of feeling, and found himself alone upon the dark city street under the tranquil canopy of the city smoke. His whole being was at rest with the purification of strong passion, at rest and at peace, with that wonderful sense of poise, of rightness about one's self, which comes when passion is perfect and touches the whole soul. The fret about his affairs and his uncle's will, in which he had lived for the past week, had vanished with the touch of her lips.

He had committed himself to a very difficult future by engaging himself to a poor woman and struggling upwards in real poverty, instead of taking the decencies of a comfortable bachelorhood. But there was something inspiring in what had happened, something strangely electrifying to his nerves. He had stooped and caught the masculine burden of the race, but he felt his feet a-tingle for the road before him. And, best of all, in his heart there was reverence for that unknown woman who had kissed him and taken him to her — for always.

Robert Herrick.

(*To be continued.*)

CANDLEMAS.

THE hedge-rows cast a shallow shade
  Upon the frozen grass,
But skies at evensong are soft,
  And comes the Candlemas.

Each day a little later now
  Lingers the westering sun;
Far out of sight the miracles
  Of April are begun.

O barren bough! O frozen field!
  Hopeless ye wait no more.
Life keeps her dearest promises —
  The Spring is at the door!

Arthur Ketchum.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A BASKET OF CHIPS.

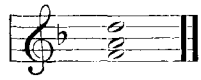
In the season when trees are bare and grass is brown the varied blossoms and bird songs are but a memory, or, if the mind be prophetic rather than retrospective, an anticipation. True, a few days of unusual mildness may induce a modest chickweed or veronica to open a sleepy eye here and there, particularly in the more protected park or lawn of the city, or a song sparrow or Carolina wren, or perhaps a tufted titmouse, meadow lark, or even a cardinal, to try its voice; but these are straggling and incidental occurrences that merely serve to accentuate the general emptiness of winter.

Still, though the musical spirit may be dormant or fled to another clime, the woods and fields are not absolutely silent. For the birds are not limited vocally to those æsthetic utterances that bring us so much delight. Many are the notes at their command, expressive of other emotions than the pure love of music, which so palpably governs them in their singing. Surprise, anxiety, alarm, contentment, happiness,—these and other states, doubtless, have their appropriate utterances. Mere chattering, for companionship's sake, may be heard, too. Often, as it seems, a mere habit — as though a human were to hum unconsciously to himself without reference to mental state or occupation — is the only cause of some of the little notes or phrases that thinly clothe the wintry woods.

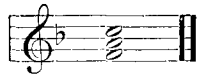
It is, therefore, worth while sometimes to take a winter's walk and gather a few of these "chips," as most of them are called. They may be drier and colder than the full-clad tree of song from which they are cut, but they have much power for warmth to the spirit, and the pursuit is full of interest.

Strictly speaking, such birds as kinglets, chickadees, and wrens do not *chip;* but then, very strictly speaking, neither do sparrows, — not even *chipping* sparrows, — so we need not balk at the term.

It must be confessed, too, that if we listen very closely, the chickadee[1] does not utter his name as he roves singly or in a merry band through the trees, gleaning such sustenance as the season permits. His common phrase, which has been thus anglicized, consists of two kinds of utterances, — a high note of a somewhat thick soprano quality, and a series of low notes, often very musical in tone. These low notes are very peculiar. They vary in pitch, apparently with the varying stress with which they are uttered, but by breaks, instead of gradually. The first I ever listened to attentively were confined to the three notes of the first inversion of the chord of D minor,



passing irregularly from each to the next above or below. For a while I heard these same notes in the *dee* part of each *chick-a-dee* that I noted closely, and concluded that it was likely that all the *dee* notes were similarly constructed, and that this probably accounted for the mournful tinge that attaches to this utterance despite its sprightliness. But I subsequently heard tones of other pitch that upset my supposed fact and its corollary, the major triad of F



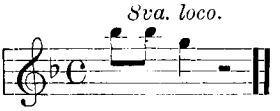
being among the chords represented.

Chickadee has also a very high, fine note, which he has, perhaps, borrowed from, or lent to, the kinglet, and which

[1] The chickadee referred to in this article is the Carolina chickadee, which is very abundant about Washington, particularly in winter.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

may often be heard from the trees through which he is passing. This note, which is much higher than his *chick* note, he commonly uses as a preface to the clear notes of his song. He is also fond of introducing his *dee* note into his songs, giving an effect somewhat suggestive of the vocal efforts of the red-winged blackbird. Only last Christmas eve I heard this incongruous mixture as a chickadee flitted over a partly frozen stream. I also heard from the same bird a very clear, pretty song consisting of treble B flat, a second B flat an octave higher (the kinglet note), and treble G. This song



really has no more place in the present article than a flower would have had in the basket of Christmas greens I was gathering at the time; still, had I met with a flower during my quest it would probably have gone into my basket.

Our bright little friend with attractive garb and unfailing good spirits is a sociable youngster, fearless of man, and on excellent terms with his avian neighbors, through constant association with which he has become a very good linguist, and so is able to express himself to several of his associates in their own languages. Sometimes he utters a quacking *chip* like that of the English sparrow; certain of his notes suggest a speaking acquaintance with the house wren; and very frequently he may be heard reproducing the phœbe's song, though without the phœbe's silvery quality of voice. Anent the last a word of explanation is necessary. When Thoreau wrote of the "phœbe note" of the chickadee he probably had in mind the two long, clear whistles often uttered by the Northern chickadee; and these two tones have been referred to by other writers since as the phœbe note of the chickadee. But the chickadee of the South has another utterance, one of his various calls — not a song — in which he imitates almost perfectly, though with coarser, harsher tone, the *phœ-be!* which announces the spring arrival of the earliest flycatcher. This is more properly entitled to be called his phœbe note. Sometimes he mixes this with his *chick-a-dee*, producing a combination somewhat like *chick-er-a-be!*.

I cannot interpret these varied fragments of sounds other than as notes of content, sociable chattering, or semi-conscious utterances of habit, with a secondary object — or maybe it is primary — of serving to keep united the jolly little bands that go a-roving through the woods. That none are expressive of disagreeable emotions I am confident; for never have I seen the chickadee disturbed by fear or anger.

The tufted titmouse, in passing like the chickadee through the woods in a foraging band, makes his presence manifest by notes that are very suggestive of the *chick-a-dee* of his cousin, — that is, when the band is in a noisy mood, for frequently only the first of the dual notes is heard. The full utterance usually consists of a high note, followed by several slightly upward gliding chest notes, bringing to mind a brood of young pigs.

A lively crew it is that goes by, — flitting from tree to tree by a route laid out by some avian geographer or surveyor. Each voyager hastily snatches a bit from a limb, and hurries on with it to join his companions, fearful lest the strenuous pace (quite as needless in their case as in that of humanity) should cause it to be left behind, should it linger to select or enjoy a choice morsel; and each, all the while, calls to his mates his *tse-day-day-day*. As they pass they fill the trees before us with life, and for some distance the stir of their presence is yet to be perceived. When, however, as often occurs, the chest notes are omitted, there is merely an unobtrusive sound of icy tinkles, as though a few minute icicles were suspended and lightly clinked together.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

This double-register utterance constitutes the characteristic conversational or call note of the tufted titmice, by means of which, probably, they come or keep together, but it does not exhaust their vocabulary. Indeed, I am strongly inclined to believe that if any species of bird be studied carefully, it will be found to have many unsuspected little quips and quirks of conversation. The fact that it is impossible to write *the* song of any species, because of individual variety, is becoming well known; and it seems probable that much of the same individuality is to be found in the chips and calls. And why should not the wild birds have something of the variety of articulations possessed by domestic fowls, — a slighter, earlier manifestation of man's articulatory powers? It never surprises me when I hear a familiar bird utter a strange note; nor am I inclined to question another's record of a song or call that has no correspondence with my own recorded experience.

Hence, when on a day of mid-May I heard a peculiar cry, which may be interpreted (as well as syllables will permit) *ts-yănh'*, the last syllable very nasal and with a metallic ring, and traced the unusual woodland sound to a tufted titmouse in a neighboring tree, it seemed quite natural that I should thus have stumbled upon a word of the titmouse language that I had not happened to hear before.

Nor was I surprised at another time, early in spring, to hear from a tufted titmouse another utterance that was new to me. This could hardly be called a word or call, but was probably intended for a musical performance designed to form an important factor in the courtship then in progress. The bird — doubtless a male — perched on a twig in some brush, was stooping with elevated and rapidly quivering wings, uttering a high-pitched, bell-like, vibratory note, very attractive to my ear, as, I have no doubt, it was also to that of his lady-love.

The usual note of the white-breasted nuthatch has been written *yank* and *hank*. My own observation would lead me to adopt the second of these terms as most closely representing the sound, but with the substitution of an *h* for the *k*, and with the explanation that the *n* represents nearly the sound of the French nasal, so that the call is a close rhyme for *vin*. When I first heard the call it suggested to my mind an old woman saying querulously, "Hanh, hanh?" But whether the tone of the first nuthatch I met was particularly light and uncertain, or whether the first impression has been altered by familiarity, there is now to my ears a sturdier ring to the note. It has a muffled quality, also, as though the bird were carrying in its mouth the nut it is designing to hatch. Sometimes it suggests one of the notes of a distant crow or the subdued *chimp* of a song sparrow. Again I imagine it to resemble a note from a far-off bluebird. There is a ventriloquial effect to it that seems to separate it from that little bluish bird that is so carefully inspecting the bark of the tree in the foreground.

Much has been said of the propensity of the nuthatch to progress head up or down indifferently, but his tendency is generally upward, though he does not hesitate to reverse his position for convenience' sake. Nor is he peculiar in the latter regard, as is supposed by many observers. I have seen the brown creeper move a short distance down a tree trunk with his tail pointed toward the zenith, and I am a competent witness to a somewhat related feat on the part of a downy woodpecker that was on the under side of a horizontal limb, and dropped off with his back toward the ground, but righted himself by an aerial somersault before he had fallen a foot.

The mention of the downy woodpecker floods my mind with memories. I never before fully realized how thoroughly the little elf is identified with my rambles through the separate domains of Nature,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

— how many doors of my storehouse are ready to fly open at the sound of his strident voice. A sturdy, solitary, independent descendant of Thor, pursuing his own way up or down the tree trunk, hammering persistently at the end of a broken limb, or resting quietly after meals composedly making his toilet, — all the while utterly unmoved by the many alarms that perhaps send composite bands of tree and song sparrows, juncos, goldfinches, and other birds, from the field where they are feeding to seek shelter in his tree. I admire his isolation and independence as I admire the chickadee's good-fellowship and sociability; and though the harsh call that tells of his presence, and the clattering, scrambling descent of the gamut, his nearest approach to a song, have little of musical beauty, they are such sounds as properly harmonize with his cynical philosophy. How many days of solitary, undisturbed commingling with Nature are bound up in those jagged-edged tones! — Days spent in the heart of the wilderness, though but a few minutes' walk from my home in the suburbs of Washington; for the wilderness is not measured by miles, and he who seeks it in the right spirit will always find its heart. It needs not a railroad journey across a continent to enjoy the charm of the primeval forest. It often requires but the briefest walk to step into a domain where epoch and race no longer exist, — another world where a spell of enchantment seizes and enthralls us. We belong to no country, no age. Our identity falls from us like a discarded mantle, and we blend with our environment.

> "I steal
> From all I may be, or have been before,
> To mingle with the universe."

In the world we have left we are tied by a million bonds to a particular spot on the earth's surface, to a particular point in the earth's history, but here, in the land of woodpeckers and titmice, there is no such bondage, and we roam free and untrammeled. This little purling brook, this lichen-covered rock, these massive oaks and beeches, these dark, quiet pools may belong to any one of many ages or climes: they own no special master. Amid their unchanged beauties might meet on equal terms, as tenants, the savage of a prehistoric era and one of that noble race that shall inherit the earth when the present era shall have passed into the dark gloom of barbarism. We are in the presence of an eternal Now, and for the hour are one with it. Our occupation, even though it be but the gathering of chips, is transformed by its touch into a pursuit of prime importance, to which we may lend ourselves zealously without compromise of dignity. In fact, it must be confessed, the little local issues of ephemeral politics, shifting commercial and industrial systems, fluctuating empires, varying religions, which have such prominence in that remote world we have left, seem petty and ignoble objects of thought and attention in the majestic presence of this world of immutability we have entered.

To return to our birds, — the white-breasted nuthatch has a Canadian cousin that spends the winter with us, whose breast is red, instead of white; a trim little sprite, that seems designed for a perpetual example of staccato. He darts about in a series of quick, short jerks, uttering all the while a little *pit-pit-pit-pit-pit*, of very light notes, suggestive of dripping water. These notes he sometimes expands into a *hanh-hanh* closely resembling that uttered by his cousin, but distinguished by a brassier sound, that recalls the tones of the tiny toy trumpet whose music used to delight our childish ears for a full hour of a Christmas morning.

The first red-breasted nuthatch of my acquaintance gave me a surprise: he flew down to a stream to drink, and, as he lifted his bill skyward and *chewed* the water, after the peculiar manner of birds,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

he uttered a funny little series of faint, spueaky notes that suggested the thought that the delicate machinery of his throat needed oiling. The purpose, if any, of these notes was not apparent.

One would think that the nuthatch method of earning a living would cause nearsightedness. Constantly and actively moving up or down the trunks and limbs of trees, with the focus of the gaze only an inch or two from the eyes, these birds might well be excused if objects a few feet away were but a blurred mass. Yet I have seen the red-breasted nuthatch dart out twenty feet from the limb on which he sat preening his feathers and capture a flying insect. The eyesight of birds and other creatures, however, teaches us to be cautious in judging others by ourselves. To say nothing of the eagle gazing at the sun without blinking, or the hawk on the top of a tall tree descrying the grasshopper in the meadow grass, we must remember that the eyes of birds are set so far back in the head that they cannot come to a focus; they must either see double or use only one eye at a time. Still further are we removed from the certain and proved ground of experience if we descend to the fish, whose eyes stare simultaneously in opposite directions. And when, as in the case of the flounder and others, each eye can be projected slightly and turned backward and forward independently of what, according to our experience, ought to be its mate, we can but focus our own interdependent eyes upon the peculiar creature in a helpless stare.

The brown creeper, like the nuthatches, looks at his food at close range. Clinging even more closely than they to the tree trunk, he progresses upward in the same jerky fashion, seeking his prey in the crevices of the bark, and uttering the while faint, high-pitched, and elusive notes. Usually his presence in the vicinity is indicated by a constantly repeated note that should be marked on a miniature staff with the point of a needle; though this is often replaced by a silvery, tremulous trill that might be a section cut from the reduced song of a chipping sparrow. Again, when flying from the upper part of one tree trunk to the base of another, he frequently transmits to the bird world a musical telegram, in which only such characters are used as c, e, h, i, and others that are represented solely by dots.

The chips thus far collected have been gathered in the woods, the usual place to pick up chips, it is true, but by no means the only one, particularly in the case of birds. Out in the brown meadow or idle winter field, where grasses and weeds furnish a full supply of provender to those birds whose bills are adapted to the fare they offer, are many more, blown about by the wind, perhaps, but easy to gather for our basket.

Here, close to protecting cover, — a bushy brook, or the edge of a wood, or, perhaps, a tangle of blackberry and brier, — we shall find many a motley throng of birds banded together by the gregarious spirit, rather than by community of interest, busily attacking the crop that the farmer can best spare. There may have been a heavy fall of snow, and only the tallest of the plants that retain their seeds through the season, such as amaranth and broom-sedge, are within reach; yet bountiful meals may still be had, and the enforced diet but gives greater zest to the variety attainable when the white cover has been removed.

But howsoever limited the choice of food, there is abundant variety in the notes that besprinkle the frosty air. There are the long-drawn, tremulous *tseets* of the white-throated sparrows; the dry *chips* of the song sparrows, replaced by louder, more resonant *chimps* when danger seems nigh; the goldfinches' light, staccato notes, uttered in groups of four or five with a tendency to rise at the end, and once in a while giving way to a sweet, sympathetic *ah-ee*, that suggests the idea of a most musical yawn;

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and, perhaps, an occasional note from one or two big, overgrown fox sparrows that have lingered thus far north, either a high, chirpy *chip* or a *tseet* very much like that of the whitethroats. And underlying all, leaving no interstices, are the many bits of sound contributed to the general chorus by the loquacious tree sparrows and juncos. The former fill the air with liquid splinters, each of which sounds like a nasal *e-lick!*, and which have been aptly likened to the clink of a tiny stone chisel; the juncos, true genii of winter in this latitude, are a well-equipped battery of wintry notes, — icy tinklings, electric snappings, and peculiar muffled tones, such as accompany a stone skipping over a frozen pond.

It may be that in the cover to which these birds are making frequent trips *en masse* to escape a real or more often imaginary hawk, or other bugaboo, there is a cardinal. If so, it is easy to detect his loud, commanding *clink* above the twittering uproar of the frightened mob. Or we may hear from him a peculiar utterance, — a series of percussive notes, *to-to-to-to-to*, followed by a whirring sound that recalls the drum roll sometimes made by a horse with his lips.

It is, perhaps, from frequent association with the cardinal that the juncos have acquired a *to-to-to* that is the cardinal's own on a smaller scale, and that is often used by them as the expression of some emotion incident to their winter's sojourn in the South. Their commonest note, however, is the little crystalline tinkle. This bit of frosty music characterizes every winter ramble; for the juncos have appropriated our season of bare woods and fields and made it their own. Go where you will, the juncos, with their clean, neutral wintry colors, are there before you. That walk must indeed be barren of birds that does not yield sight or sound of at least one of these spirits of snow and ice. Sometimes I have come upon an immense flock of them in a corner of a pine wood, — for they are ubiquitous, and are as likely to be found in dense woods as in the open, — splitting its silence into tiny slivers with their multitudinous snappings and tinklings.

What trim little birds they are! And how demure their Quaker garb! They seem to have been colored by the same artist that painted the field of snow and the gray sky that meets it at the horizon. I am glad we do not have them with us in summer, for they belong so wholly to the winter.

But this last supply of chips has quite filled our small basket, and we must defer the gathering of more to that future day that may or may not dawn. A pleasant and profitable expedition it has been, for we have filled our souls as we have filled our basket, and have breathed the tonic air of purity and peace. Our spiritual lungs will be better able to resist the miasmatic atmosphere of the world to which we must return, — a world whose responsibilities and duties we cannot shirk, if we would, but can only leave behind for a brief respite.

Yet, as we make our way from world to world, let us linger a moment to note this band of cedar birds resting motionless in the top of a tall tree, and seemingly all unconscious of the whining tone of a single pitch that oozes from their many throats. We have not yet passed the confines of this land of loitering, and may stop to listen and see without fear of reproach.

How still they are! Has not some whimsical taxidermist passed this way and filled the tree with samples of his skill? It is hard to believe that these sleek, fawn-colored bodies, rigid and upright, and that penetrating tone of complaint, are in any way related. The sound seems like a dog's whine, disembodied, and hovering for the moment above our heads. Only for the moment, for at some imperceptible signal the entire flock has suddenly risen with a single movement, and is on its way to a distant

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tree to hold another solemn meeting in a different part of the field.

And now we, too, must be going. Bidding farewell to this land of eternity, we must step across the boundaries into the region where time and locality govern, and resume our trivial duties, temporarily abandoned, of guiding the Ship of State and making a living.

Henry Oldys.

FRA PAOLO SARPI.

II.

THE Venetian Republic showed itself duly grateful to Sarpi. The Senate offered him splendid presents and entitled him "Theologian of Venice." The presents he refused, but the title with its duty, which was mainly to guard the Republic against the encroachments of the Vatican, he accepted, and his life in the monastery of Santa Fosca went on quietly, simply, laboriously, as before. The hatred now felt for him at Rome was unbounded. It corresponded to the gratitude at Venice. Every one saw his danger, and he well knew it. Potentates were then wont to send assassins on long errands, and the arm of the Vatican was especially far-reaching and merciless. It was the period when Pius V, the Pope whom the Church afterwards proclaimed a saint, commissioned an assassin to murder Queen Elizabeth.[1]

But there was in Father Paul a trust in Providence akin to fatalism. Again and again he was warned, and among those who are said to have advised him to be on his guard against papal assassins was no less a personage than his greatest controversial enemy, — Cardinal Bellarmine. It was believed by Sarpi's friends that Bellarmine's Scotch ideas of duty to humanity prevailed over his Roman ideas of fealty to the Vatican, and we may rejoice in the hope that his nobler qualities did really assert themselves against the casuistry of his brother prelates which sanctioned assassination.

These warnings were soon seen to be well founded. On a pleasant evening in October, 1607, a carefully laid trap was sprung. Returning from his day's work at the Ducal Palace, Father Paul, just as he had crossed the little bridge of Santa Fosca before reaching his convent, was met by five assassins. Two of his usual attendants had been drawn off by the outburst of a fire in the neighborhood; the other two were old men who proved useless. The place was well chosen. The descent from the bridge was so narrow that all three were obliged to march in single file, and just at this point these ruffians from Rome sprang upon him in the dusk, separated him from his companions, and gave him, in a moment, fifteen dagger thrusts, two in his throat and one — a fearful gash — on the side of his head, and then, convinced that they had killed him, escaped to their boats, only a few paces distant.

The victim lingered long in the hospital, but his sound constitution and

[1] This statement formerly led to violent denials by ultramontane champions; but in 1870 it was made by Lord Acton, a Roman Catholic, one of the most learned of modern historians, and when it was angrily denied, he quietly cited the official life of Pope Pius in the Acta Sanctorum, published by the highest church authority. This was final; denial ceased, and the statement is no longer questioned. For other proofs in the line of Lord Acton's citation, see Bellarmine's Selbstbiographie, cited in a previous article, pp. 306, *et seq.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

abstemious habits stood him in good stead. Very important among the qualities which restored him to health were his optimism and cheerfulness. An early manifestation of the first of these was seen when, on regaining consciousness, he called for the stiletto which had been drawn from the main wound and, running his fingers along the blade, said cheerily to his friends, "It is not filed." What this meant, any one knows who has seen in various European collections the daggers dating from the "ages of faith" cunningly filed or grooved to hold poison.[1]

As an example of the second of these qualities, we may take his well-known reply when, to the surgeon dressing the wound made by the "style" or stiletto, — who spoke of its "extravagance," rudeness, and yet ineffectiveness, — Fra Paolo quietly answered that in these characteristics could be recognized the *style* of the Roman Curia.

Meantime the assassins had found their way back to Rome, and were welcomed with open arms; but it is some comfort to know that later, when such conscience as there was throughout Italy and Europe showed intense disgust at the proceeding, the Roman Court treated them coldly and even severely.

The Republic continued in every way to show Sarpi its sympathy and gratitude. It made him many splendid offers which he refused; but two gifts he accepted. One was full permission to explore the Venetian archives, and the other was a little doorway, cut through the garden wall of his monastery, enabling him to reach his gondola without going through the narrow and tortuous path he had formerly taken on his daily journey to the public offices. This humble portal still remains. Beneath few triumphal arches has there ever passed as great or as noble a conqueror.[2]

Efforts were also made to cajole him, — to induce him to visit Rome, with fine promises of recognition and honor, and with solemn assurances that no harm should come to him; but he was too wise to yield. Only a few years previously he had seen Giordano Bruno lured to Rome and burned alive on the Campo dei Fiori. He had seen his friend and correspondent, Fra Fulgentio Manfredi, yield to similar allurements and accept a safe conduct to Rome, which, though it solemnly guaranteed him against harm, proved as worthless as that of John Huss at the Council of Constance; the Inquisition torturing him to death on the spot where, six years earlier, it had burned Bruno. He had seen his friend, the Archdeacon Ribetti, drawn within the clutch of the Vatican, only to die of "a most painful colic" immediately after dining with a confidential chamberlain of the Pope, and, had he lived a few months longer, he would have seen his friend and confidant, Antonio de Dominis, Archbishop of Spalato, to whom he had entrusted a copy of his most important work, enticed to Rome and put to death by the Inquisition. Though the Vatican exercised a strong fascination over its enemies, against Father Paul it was powerless; he never yielded to it, but kept the even tenor of his way.[3]

In the dispatches which now passed, comedy was mingled with tragedy. Very unctuous was the expression by His Holiness of his apprehensions regarding "dangers to the salvation" and of his "fears for the souls" of the

[1] There is a remarkable example of a beautiful dagger, grooved to contain poison, in the imperial collection of arms at Vienna.

[2] The present writer has examined with care the spot where the attack was made, and found that never was a scoundrelly plot better conceived or more fiendishly executed. He also visited what was remaining of the convent in April, 1902, and found the little door as serviceable as when it was made.

[3] A copy of Manfredi's "safe conduct" is given by Castellani, Lettere Inedite di F. P. S., p. 12, note. Nothing could be more explicit.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Venetian Senators, if they persisted in asserting their own control of their own state. Hardly less touching were the fears expressed by the good Oratorian, Cardinal Baronius, that "a judgment might be brought upon the Republic" if it declined to let the Vatican have its way. But these expressions were not likely to prevail with men who had dealt with Machiavelli.

Uncompromising as ever, Father Paul continued to write letters and publish treatises which clenched more and more firmly into the mind of Venice and of Europe the political doctrine of which he was the apostle, — the doctrine that the State is rightfully independent of the Church, — and throughout the Christian world he was recognized as victor.

Nothing could exceed the bitterness of the attacks upon him, though some of them, at this day, provoke a smile. While efforts were made to discredit him among scholars by spurious writings or by interpolations in genuine writings, efforts equally ingenious were made to arouse popular hostility. One of these was a painting which represented him writhing amid the flames of hell, with a legend stating, as a reason for his punishment, that he had opposed the Holy Father.

Now it was indeed, in the midst of ferocious attacks upon his reputation and cunning attempts upon his life, that he entered a new and most effective period of activity. For years, as the adviser of Venice, he had studied, both as a historian and as a statesman, the greatest questions which concerned his country, and especially those which related to the persistent efforts of the Vatican to encroach upon Venetian self-government. The results of these studies he had embodied in reports which had shaped the course of the Republic; and now, his learning and powers of thought being brought to bear upon the policy of Europe in general, as affected by similar papal encroachments, he began publishing a series of treatises, which at once attracted general attention.[1]

First of these, in 1608, came his work on the Interdict. Clearly and concisely it revealed the nature of the recent struggle, the baselessness of the Vatican claims, and the solidarity of interest between Venice and all other European states regarding the question therein settled. This work of his as a historian clenched his work as a statesman; from that day forward no nation has even been seriously threatened with an interdict.

Subsidiary works followed rapidly from his pen, strengthening the civil power against the clerical; but in 1610 came a treatise, which marked an epoch, — his History of Ecclesiastical Benefices.[2] In this he dealt with a problem which had become very serious, not only in Venice, but in every European state, showed the process by which vast treasures had been taken from the control of the civil power and heaped up for ecclesiastical pomp and intrigue, pointed out special wrongs done by the system to the Church as well as the State, and advocated a reform which should restore this wealth to better uses. His arguments spread widely and sank deep, not only in Italy, but throughout Europe, and the nineteenth century has seen them applied effectively in every European country within the Roman obedience.

In 1611 he published his work on the Inquisition at Venice, presenting historical arguments against the uses which ecclesiasticism, under papal guidance, had made of that tribunal.

[1] For the extent to which these attacks were carried, see the large number in the Sarpi collection at the Cornell University Library, especially volume ix.

[2] The old English translation of this book, published in 1736 at Westminster, is by no means a very rare book, and it affords the general reader perhaps the most accessible means of understanding Fra Paolo's simplicity, thoroughness, and vigor.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

These arguments spread far, and developed throughout Europe those views of the Inquisition which finally led to its destruction. Minor treatises followed, dealing with state questions arising between the Vatican and Venice, each treatise — thoroughly well reasoned and convincing — having a strong effect on the discussion of similar public questions in every other European nation.

In 1613 came two books of a high order, each marking an epoch. The first of these was upon the Right of Sanctuary, and in it Sarpi led the way, which all modern states have followed, out of the old, vicious system of sanctioning crime by sheltering criminals. The cogency of his argument and the value of its application gained for him an especial tribute by the best authority on such questions whom Europe had seen, — Hugo Grotius.

Closely connected with this work was that upon the Immunity of the Clergy. Both this and the previous work were in the same order of ideas, and the second fastened into the European mind the reasons why no state can depend upon the Church for the punishment of clerical criminals. His argument was a triumphant vindication of Venice in her struggle with Paul V on this point; but it was more than that. It became the practical guide of all modern states. Its arguments dissipated the last efforts throughout Europe to make a distinction, in criminal matters, between the priestly caste and the world in general.

Among lesser treatises which followed is one which has done much to shape modern policy regarding public instruction. This was his book upon the Education given by the Jesuits. One idea which it enforced sank deep into the minds of all thoughtful men, — his statement that Jesuit maxims develop "sons disobedient to their parents, citizens unfaithful to their country, and subjects undutiful to their sovereign." Jesuit education has indeed been maintained, and evidences of it may be seen in various European countries. The traveler in Italy constantly sees in the larger Italian towns long lines of young men and boys, sallow, thin, and listless, walking two and two, with priests at each end of the coffle. These are students taking their exercise, and an American or Englishman marvels as he remembers the playing fields of his own country. Youth are thus brought up as milksops, to be graduated as scapegraces. The strong men who control public affairs, who lead men and originate measures in the open, are not bred in Jesuit forcing-houses. Even the Jesuits themselves have acknowledged this, and perhaps the strongest of all arguments supplementary to those given by Father Paul were uttered by Padre Curci, eminent in his day as a Jesuit gladiator, but who realized finally the impossibility of accomplishing great things with men moulded by Jesuit methods.

All these works took strong hold upon European thought. Leading men in all parts of Europe recognized Sarpi as both a great statesman and a great historian. Among his English friends were such men as Lord Bacon and Sir Henry Wotton; and his praises have been sounded by Grotius, by Gibbon, by Hallam, and by Macaulay. Strong, lucid, these works of Father Paul have always been especially attractive to those who rejoice in the leadership of a master mind.

But in 1619 came the most important of all, — a service to humanity hardly less striking than that which he had rendered in his battle against the Interdict, — his history of the Council of Trent.

His close relations to so many of the foremost men of his day and his long study in public archives and private libraries bore fruit in this work, which takes rank among the few great, enduring historical treatises of the world. Throughout, it is vigorous and witty, but at the same time profound; every-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

where it bears evidences of truthfulness and is pervaded by sobriety of judgment. Its pictures of the efforts or threats by representatives of various great powers to break away from the papacy and establish national churches; its presentation of the arguments of anti-papal orators on one side and of Laynez and his satellites on the other; its display of acts and revelations of pretexts; its penetration into the whole network of intrigue, and its thorough discussion of underlying principles, — all are masterly.

Though the name of the author was concealed in an anagram, the book was felt, by the Vatican party, to be a blow which only one man could have dealt, and the worst blow which the party had received since its author had defeated the Interdict at Venice. Efforts were made, by outcries and calumnies, to discredit the work, and they have been continued from that day to this, but in vain. That there must be some gaps and many imperfections in it is certain; but its general character is beyond the reach of ultramontane weapons. The blow was felt to be so heavy that the Jesuit Pallavicini was empowered to write a history of the Council to counterbalance it, and his work was well done; but Ranke, the most unprejudiced of judges, comparing the two, assigns the palm to Father Paul. His book was immediately spread throughout Europe; but of all the translations, perhaps the most noteworthy was the English. Sarpi had entrusted a copy of the original to his friend, Antonio de Dominis, Archbishop of Spalato, and he, having taken refuge in England, had it translated there, the authorship being ascribed on the title-page to "Pietro Soave Polano." This English translation was, in vigor and pith, worthy of the original. In it can be discerned, as clearly as in the original, that atmosphere of intrigue and brutal assertion of power by which the Roman Curia, after packing the Council with petty Italian bishops, bade defiance to the Catholic world. This translation, more than all else, has enabled the English-speaking peoples to understand what was meant by the Italian historian when he said that Father Paul "taught the world how the Holy Spirit guides the Great Councils of the Church." It remains cogent down to this day; after reading it one feels that such guidance might equally be claimed for Tammany Hall.

Although Father Paul never acknowledged the authorship of the history of the Council of Trent, and although his original copy, prepared for the press, with his latest corrections, still remains buried in the archives at Venice, the whole world knew that he alone could have written it.

But during all these years, while elaborating opinions on the weightiest matters of state for the Venetian Senate, and sending out this series of books which so powerfully influenced the attitude of his own and after generations toward the Vatican, he was working with great effect in yet another field. With the possible exception of Voltaire, he was the most vigorous and influential letter-writer during the three hundred years which separated Erasmus from Thomas Jefferson. Voltaire certainly spread his work over a larger field, lighted it with more wit, and gained by it more brilliant victories; but as regards accurate historical knowledge, close acquaintance with statesmen, familiarity with the best and worst which statesmen could do, sober judgment and cogent argument, the great Venetian was his superior. Curiously enough, Sarpi resembles the American statesman more closely than either of the Europeans. Both he and Jefferson had the intense practical interest of statesmen, not only in the welfare of their own countries, but in all the political and religious problems of their times. Both were keenly alive to progress in the physical sciences,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

wherever made. Both were wont to throw a light veil of humor over very serious discussions. Both could use, with great effect, curt, caustic description: Jefferson's letter to Governor Langdon satirizing the crowned heads of Europe, as he had seen them, has a worthy pendant in Fra Paolo's pictures of sundry representatives of the Vatican. In both these writers was a deep earnestness which, at times, showed itself in prophetic utterances. The amazing prophecy of Jefferson against American slavery, beginning with the words, "I tremble when I remember that God is just," which, in the light of our civil war, seems divinely inspired, is paralleled by some of Sarpi's utterances against the unmoral tendencies of Jesuitism and Ultramontanism; and these too seem divinely inspired as one reads them in the light of what has happened since in Spain, in Sicily, in Naples, in Poland, in Ireland, and in sundry South American republics.

The range of Sarpi's friendly relations was amazing. They embraced statesmen, churchmen, scholars, scientific investigators, diplomatists in every part of Europe, and among these Galileo and Lord Bacon, Grotius and Mornay, Salmasius and Casaubon, De Thou and Sir Henry Wotton, Bishop Bedell and Vossius, with a great number of others of nearly equal rank. Unfortunately the greater part of his correspondence has perished. In the two small volumes collected by Polidori, and in the small additional volume of letters to Simon Contarini, Venetian Ambassador at Rome, unearthed a few years since in the Venetian archives by Castellani, we have all that is known. It is but a small fraction of his epistolary work, but it enables us to form a clear opinion. The letters are well worthy of the man who wrote the history of the Council of Trent and the protest of Venice against the Interdict.

It is true that there has been derived from these letters, by his open enemies on one side and his defenders of a rather sickly conscientious sort on the other, one charge against him: this is based on his famous declaration, "I utter falsehood never, but the truth not to every one." ("La falsità non dico mai mai, ma la verità non a ogniuno.")[1] Considering his vast responsibilities as a statesman and the terrible dangers which beset him as a theologian; that in the first of these capacities the least misstep might wreck the great cause which he supported, and that in the second such a misstep might easily bring him to the torture chamber and the stake, normally healthful minds will doubtless agree that the criticism upon these words is more Pharisaic than wholesome.

Sarpi was now spoken of, more than ever, both among friends and foes, as the "*terribile frate.*" Terrible to the main enemies of Venice he indeed was, and the machinations of his opponents grew more and more serious. Efforts to assassinate him, to poison him, to discredit him, to lure him to Rome, or at least within reach of the Inquisition, became almost frantic; but all in vain. He still continued his quiet life at the monastery of Santa Fosca, publishing from time to time discussions of questions important for Venice and for Europe, working steadily in the public service until his last hours. In spite of his excommunication and of his friendships with many of the most earnest Protestants of Europe, he remained a son of the church in which he was born. His life was shaped in accordance with its general precepts, and every day he heard mass. So his career quietly ran on until, in 1623, he met death calmly, without fear, in full reliance upon the

[1] For this famous utterance, see notes of conversations given by Christoph, Burggraf von Dohna, in July, 1608, in Briefe und Acten zur Geschichte des Dreissigjährigen Krieges, München, 1874, p. 79.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

divine justice and mercy. His last words were a prayer for Venice.

He had fought the good fight. He had won it for Venice and for humanity. For all this, the Republic had, in his later years, tried to show her gratitude, and he had quietly and firmly refused the main gifts proposed to him. But now came a new outburst of grateful feeling. The Republic sent notice of his death to other powers of Europe through its Ambassadors in the terms usual at the death of royal personages; in every way, it showed its appreciation of his character and services, and it crowned all by voting him a public monument.

Hardly was the decree known, when the Vatican authorities sent notice that, should any monument be erected to Sarpi, they would anew and publicly declare him excommunicate as a heretic. At this, the Venetian Senate hesitated, waited, delayed. Whenever afterwards the idea of carrying out the decree for the monument was revived, there set in a storm of opposition from Rome. Hatred of the terrible friar's memory seemed to grow more and more bitter. Even rest in the grave was denied him. The church where he was buried having been demolished, the question arose as to the disposition of his bones. To bury them in sacred ground outside the old convent would arouse a storm of ecclesiastical hostility, with the certainty of their dispersion and desecration; it seemed impossible to secure them from priestly hatred: therefore it was that his friends took them from place to place, sometimes concealing them in the wall of a church here, sometimes beneath the pavement of a church there, and for a time keeping them in a simple wooden box at the Ducal Library. The place where his remains rested became, to most Venetians, unknown. All that remained to remind the world of his work was his portrait in the Ducal Library, showing the great gash made by the Vatican assassins.

Time went on, and generations came which seemed to forget him. Still worse, generation after generation came, carefully trained by clerical teachers to misunderstand and hate him. But these teachers went too far; for, in 1771, nearly one hundred and fifty years after his death, the monk Vaerini gathered together, in a pretended biography, all the scurrilities which could be imagined, and endeavored to bury the memory of the great patriot beneath them. This was too much. The old Venetian spirit, which had so long lain dormant, now asserted itself: Vaerini was imprisoned and his book suppressed.

A quarter of a century later the Republic fell under the rule of Austria, and Austria's most time-honored agency in keeping down subject populations has always been the priesthood. Again Father Paul's memory was virtually proscribed, and in 1803 another desperate attempt was made to cover him with infamy. In that year appeared a book entitled The Secret History of the Life of Fra Paolo Sarpi, and it contained not only his pretended biography, but what claimed to be Sarpi's own letters and other documents showing him to be an adept in scoundrelism and hypocrisy. Its editor was the archpriest Ferrara of Mantua; but on the title-page appeared, as the name of its author, Fontanini, Archbishop of Ancira, a greatly respected prelate who had died nearly seventy years before, and there was also stamped, not only upon the preliminary, but upon the final page of the work, the approval of the Austrian government. To this was added a pious motto from St. Augustine, and the approval of Pius VII was distinctly implied, since the work was never placed upon the Index, and could not have been published at Venice, stamped as it was and registered with the privileges of the University, without the consent of the Vatican.

The memory of Father Paul seemed likely now to be overwhelmed. There was no longer a Republic of Venice to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

guard the noble traditions of his life and service. The book was recommended and spread far and wide by preachers and confessors.

But at last came a day of judgment. The director of the Venetian archives discovered and had the courage to announce that the work was a pious fraud of the vilest type; that it was never written by Fontanini, but that it was simply made up out of the old scurrilous work of Vaerini, suppressed over thirty years before. As to the correspondence served up as supplementary to the biography, it was concocted from letters already published, with the addition of Jesuitical interpolations and of forgeries.[1] Now came the inevitable reaction, and with it the inevitable increase of hatred for Austrian rule and the inevitable question, how, if the Pope is the infallible teacher of the world in all matters pertaining to faith and morals, could he virtually approve this book, and why did he not, by virtue of his divine inerrancy, detect the fraud and place its condemnation upon the Index. The only lasting effect of the book, then, was to revive the memory of Father Paul's great deeds and to arouse Venetian pride in them. The fearful scar on his face in the portrait spoke more eloquently than ever, and so it was that, early in the nineteenth century, many men of influence joined in proposing a suitable and final interment for the poor bones, which had seven times been buried and reburied, and which had so long been kept in the sordid box at the Ducal Library. The one fitting place of burial was the cemetery of San Michele. To that beautiful island, so near the heart of Venice, had, for many years, been borne the remains of leading Venetians. There, too, in more recent days, have been laid to rest many of other lands widely respected and beloved.

But the same persistent hatred which, in our own day, grudged and delayed due honors at the tombs of Copernicus and Galileo among Catholics, and of Humboldt among Protestants, was still bitter against the great Venetian scholar and statesman. It could not be forgotten that he had wrested from the Vatican the most terrible of its weapons. But patriotic pride was strong, and finally a compromise was made: it was arranged that Sarpi should be buried and honored at his burial as an eminent man of science, and that no word should be spoken of his main services to the Republic and to the world. On this condition he was buried with simple honors.

Soon, however, began another chapter of hatred. There came a pope who added personal to official hostility. Gregory XVI, who in his earlier days had been abbot of the monastery of San Michele, was indignant that the friar who had thwarted the papacy should lie buried in the convent which he himself had formerly ruled, and this feeling took shape, first, in violent speeches at Rome, and next, in brutal acts at Venice. The monks broke and removed the simple stone placed over the remains of Father Paul, and when it was replaced, they persisted in defacing and breaking it, and were only prevented from dragging out his bones, dishonoring them and casting them into the lagoon, by the weight of the massive, strong, well-anchored sarcophagus, which the wise foresight of his admirers had provided for them. At three different visits to Venice, the present writer sought the spot where they were laid, and in vain. At the second of these visits, he found the Patriarch of Venice, under whose rule various outrages upon Sarpi's memory had been perpetrated, pontificating gorgeously about the Grand Piazza; but at his next visit there had come a change.

[1] For a full and fair statement of the researches which exposed this pious fraud, see Castellani, Prefect of the Library of St. Mark, preface to his Lettere Inedite di F. P. S., p. xvii. For methods used in interpolating or modifying passages in Sarpi's writings, see Bianchi Giovini, Biografia di Sarpi, Zurigo, 1847, vol. ii. pp. 135, *et seq.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The monks had disappeared. Their insults to the illustrious dead had been stopped by laws which expelled them from their convent, and there, little removed from each other in the vestibule and aisle of the great church, were the tombs of Father Paul and of the late Patriarch side by side; the great patriot's simple gravestone was now allowed to rest unbroken.

Better even than this was the reaction provoked by these outbursts of ecclesiastical hatred. It was felt, in Venice, throughout Italy, and indeed throughout the world, that the old decree for a monument should now be made good. The first steps were hesitating. First, a bust of Father Paul was placed among those of great Venetians in the court of the Ducal Palace; but the inscription upon it was timid and double-tongued. Another bust was placed on the Pincian Hill at Rome, among those of the most renowned sons of Italy. This was not enough: a suitable monument must be erected. Yet it was delayed, timid men deprecating the hostility of the Roman Court. At last, under the new Italian monarchy, the patriotic movement became irresistible, and the same impulse which erected the splendid statue to Giordano Bruno on the Piazza dei Fiori at Rome, — on the very spot where he was burned, — and which adorned it with the medallions of eight other martyrs to ecclesiastical hatred, erected in 1892, two hundred and seventy years after it had been decreed, a statue, hardly less imposing, to Paolo Sarpi, on the Piazza Santa Fosca at Venice, where he had been left for dead by the Vatican assassins. There it stands, noble and serene, — a monument of patriotism and right reason, a worthy tribute to one who, among intellectual prostitutes and solemnly constituted impostors, stood forth as a true man, the greatest of his time, — one of the greatest of all times, — an honor to Venice, to Italy, and to humanity.

Andrew D. White.

TIMEO DANAOS.

Art proud, my country, that these mighty ones,
  Wearing the jeweled splendor of old days,
  Come bringing prodigality of praise
To thee amid thy light of westering suns;
Bidding their blaring trumpets and their guns
  Salute thee, late into their crooked ways
  Now fallen, to their sorrow and amaze,
Blood of whose hearts the ancient honor runs?

Nay, fear them rather, for they cry with glee,
  "She has become as one of us, who gave
All that she had to set a people free:
  She wears our image — she that loved the slave!"
Fear them, for there is blood upon their hands,
And on their heads the curse of ruined lands.

John White Chadwick.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TIMOTHEOS AND THE PERSIANS.

For a dead language Greek betrays a shameless vivacity. Not content with putting forth new shoots and fruits, — and Athens to-day is said to turn out more books and periodicals per capita than any other community on the globe, — the old trunk must needs revive at the roots. Dead, it may be, in the snap judgments of a little hour; yet the Philistine woodman may well be warned to spare this sacred olive, whose very stump gives promise of immortal aftergrowth.

The voluminous literature of contemporary Greece does not concern us here; but the "bursting forth of genius from the dust" is brought home to us once more in the recovery of Timotheos. It is hardly six years since we were welcoming back a far sweeter singer in Bacchylides; yet few may remember how this new lead was opened well-nigh fifty years ago by the finding of Alkman's maiden-song, — a song that admits us to the very dance of that Laconian herd of girls, with the radiant Hagesichora and Agido at their head. Since then every mummy-case is become a possible casket of hid treasure for the Hellenist, for even the embalmed crocodile is often wrapped in old Greek texts; and to such safe-keeping we are already indebted for not a few precious works long lost to the world, — among them considerable volumes of Aristotle, Bacchylides, and Herondas, and important fragments of Archilochos, Sappho, and Menander.

The earliest and latest of these finds come from the same neighborhood, that of old Memphis; and each restores an else lost form of Greek melic, — the parthenion, all the more precious because of Alkman's unchallenged mastery in that kind, and the nome in which Timotheos won his chief laurels.

This last recovery we owe to a German spade, as we owe its *editio princeps* to that prince of German humanists, von Wilamowitz-Möllendorf. While conducting excavations in February, 1902, at Abousir (ancient Busiris, a suburb of Memphis), Ludwig Borchardt struck an old Egyptian mummy-case tenanted (at second hand) by a stalwart Greek, whose well-kept anatomy shows once more how fully the Greeks in the Nile country had adopted Egyptian burial customs. From lesions in the skull it would seem that this strapping Greek had come to a violent end; and, indeed, he may have fought and fallen in that Egyptian campaign of Agesilaus and Chabrias (circa 358 B. C.). For his last long campaign in the undiscovered country, his outfit is slight enough, — chiefly, an empty leather purse, a pair of sandals, and a poet! Happily, in this instance, the poet had signed his work; and no sooner was the papyrus unrolled than it was seen to be the long lost Persians of Timotheos, and that in a copy well-nigh old enough to have come from the author's own hand.[1]

A volume that Demosthenes and Aristotle might have thumbed must stir even

[1] The papyrus measures some 42 inches in length, divided into five columns of about 26 lines each, and is written in clear-cut capitals, such as mark the lapidary inscriptions of the fourth century, — thus confirming the other archæological data, which fix the interment about 350 B. C., and so make this by far the oldest Greek book yet known to us. Strictly speaking, it is but half a book. The papyrus had been cut clean in two, leaving no margin, not to say fly-leaf, for our first column; and Wilamowitz judges from the text that more than half the whole poem is missing. Apparently, a stingy heir grudged our mummied Greek a full libretto; and, inasmuch as the roll always opened from the title-column, it is the first part (possibly including other pieces) that is lopped off, — leaving us, luckily, the poet's seal and signature.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a sluggish imagination. And, quite apart from that, Wilamowitz is not without warrant, in holding that these two hundred and fifty verses of Timotheos are historically worth a hundredfold more than as many new verses of Pindar or Sophocles, no matter how inferior in intrinsic value. On the other hand, some good Hellenists — regarding the Pindaric rule that "each ungodded thing is none the worse for being quenched in silence" — might be glad to give our poet another millennial lease of sleep. Certainly, no Hellenic god in his sober spells could have taken pure delight in a performance so un-Hellenic as The Persians, — as un-Hellenic, at first blush, as the "Artimis by Ephesus," on whom our sputtering Phrygian relies. Still, as no artist can pass quite unheeded that outlandish alabaster-bronze Diana of the Ephesians in the Naples Museum, so no student of literature can quite shut his eyes to a work, however unclassical, of this master-singer of his time.

In that conviction, I have had the temerity — in the face of the *editor princeps*, who declares it untranslatable — to undertake a transcript of The Persians, and, indeed, to try to hit off "the very turn of each phrase in as Greek a fashion as English will bear." How much of that fashion English will bear, now that the man in the street is our schoolmaster, it may not be easy to measure. Certainly, were he to-day asked for glosses on his great Pindaric ode, Gray could hardly plead again "too much respect for the understanding of his readers to take such a liberty." At all events, the present reader will hardly resent the liberty taken in some slight prolegomena, intended mainly to clear his way through a jungle of metaphor, and to set him in touch with the old singer and his audience.

If Timotheos was "the detestation of the old Athens, the darling of the new," we must remember that he was not Athenian born. "The town that nursed him," as he tells us in The Persians, was Miletus; and Milesian manners — Ionian crossed with Carian on the distaff side from the very start — would have somewhat of an Oriental cast even when the place ceased for a while to be a Persian outpost under the Peace of Kallias, concluded about the time of the poet's birth (circa 450 B. C.). And we know what strange fruits its proper breeding could yield, — fruits which Athens was even then proving, with no great relish, in the person of Aspasia.

To the young Milesian sane fifth-century Athens would be but a slow old town; and, when he bestirred him to set the pace anew, no wonder she detested him. In The Persians, indeed, the apology for his art may impress the reader as a bit abject, but then he is pleading to a Spartan bench. Contrast this frank avowal (Fragment 12), doubtless flung in the face of Athenian censors, who hardly went with Euripides in hailing Timotheos as the poet of the future: —

> "Nay, I sing no more the old songs,
> For our new ones are the better.
> Newly Zeus our king now reigneth,
> But of old was Kronos ruler.
> Get thee gone, then, thou antique Muse."

Of the new Muse's quality, the extant fragments — some thirty lines all told — had left us in small doubt. Notably, the first from the Hymn to Artemis, which Ephesian taste rated at a thousand gold pieces, and the Ephesian budget provided for accordingly, but which must have set Athenian teeth on edge. Its sole fragment is just a string of epithets,

θυιάδα φοιβάδα μαινάδα λυσσάδα

(as who should say, —

antical frantical mantical rant-ical!),

singularly suggestive of the Naples enormity; and we can but sympathize with lank old Kinesias, — something of a "song-twister" himself, — who, on the poet's repeating them at Athens, rose in the theatre and sang out, "May you get a daughter of your own like that!"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In one instance, happily, we can confront the new Muse with the old, and measure the celestial diameter that divides them; for we have the Milesian's "Wine of Ismaros" and its Homeric original. Here is the good old vintage (Odyssey ix, 208 f.): —

"Oft as they drank that red wine honey-sweet,
One cup he 'd fill and then on twenty parts of water
Pour it, and a sweet smell from the mixer smelled
And marvellous. Then, truly, 't were no pleasure to refrain."

And here is the Milesian brew (Fragment 3): —

"He filled one ivy-cup of the dark
ambrosial drop, with foam a-bubbling,
and that on twenty measures poured and blended
Bacchus' blood with Nymphs' fresh-flowing tears."

Shades of Byron and his "Chinese nymph of tears, green tea!" The ratio is Homeric, but the bouquet is fled; and for honest wine and water who could choose this drench of blood and tears!

From these bits we get a fair foretaste of the longer poem. Timotheos is nothing if not metaphorical. He cannot call a spade a spade. It is no plain javelin, but Ares himself, whose ether-borne body we see shot from men's hands, and lighting on limbs (of ships?), where it still quivers; the sword is a cutthroat minister ("ye murthering ministers"); and *hors de combat* is orphaned of battles. His ships have no gunwales and rowlocks, but mouths and teeth, — which are, to be sure, the children of the mouth; no oars, but hands or feet, — now fir-tree hands, and now long-neck-floating mountain-grown feet; no hulls, but limbs; no ram, but an iron skull or a side-assailing flash. They are not simply stripped of their oars, they are "disglorified," and, in lieu of keeling over, they just "toss up their manes." Quite the caper, this, for a sea-horse, and even Pindar sings "swift Argo's bridle," and makes Viking Poseidon Master of the Horse (ἵππαρχος), as he was, in fact, the primal Horseman; or it may be a concession to the "emerald-haired sea," which swallows many a wretch from "Mysia's tree-maned glens" before the "ship-drops" incarnadine it. As these ship-drops may be either flying brands or spurts of blood, my "ships' red rain" follows the poet in leaving the reader his choice. The bay of Salamis is "Amphitrite's fish-enwreathèd marble-girt bosom;" and to one who has watched the play of a glancing school of many-tinted fishes that were no bad posy for the sea-dame's breast. From his throne on Ægaleos the Great King "hems in with errant eyes" these floating plains (one thinks of the Lotus-Eaters' "wandering fields of barren foam"), — that is to say, he sweeps the battle scene with imperious glance. But he has already "built a solid roof o'er floating Helle," and "yoked down her haughty neck in a hemp-bound collar," — both variations on the familiar bridge of boats. Yet this protean sea fairly outdoes herself, when upon the Phrygian landlubber she rains "a foaming flood unbacchic," and plumps into — not his stomach, but — his bread-basket (τρόφιμον ἄγγος). But this sea-water cure is *sui generis;* and we can almost hear the roar of the groundlings, to whom, here and again flagrantly in the broken Greek of the Kelainæan, the poet is playing.

Still, there are redeeming touches: "the woven beauty of the limbs;" "Fire's lurid sprite with its fierce body burning up" the flower of Persia's youth; and "the Mountain-Mother's dark-leaf-kirtled queenly knees" and "fair-elbowed arms." There we can yet see, as the wretched suppliant saw in his mind's eye, the sculptured form of his far-away Phrygian goddess, with her embroidered drapery, like that of the kindred Mistress of Lykasoura now in the Athens Museum, and her bare forearms gleaming white, as we know them in many an old Greek marble.

But we must not anticipate too much,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

needful as these glosses are to the apprehension of a poet who has so far abused the coining privilege and overworked the metaphor that the "dressing" bids fair to oust the dinner. Still, we may not forget that these multiple Massilian compounds, with their ringing numbers, were addressed not so much to the understanding as to the ear. It is no longer, as in the great Lyric Age, "music married to immortal verse," but verse harnessed in the triumphal car of music. The Queen of the Lyre is become its creature, the poet lost in the composer; and The Persians is an opera. But only its bare words have come down to us; for the old Greek who fell on sleep at Busiris was no singer, and so had not provided himself with the score. Justly to appreciate it, we must put ourselves in the place of its first hearers: we must take our seats in the great gathering of the twelve Ionian cities at Poseidon's sacred grove on the north slope of Mount Mykale in or about the year 396 before Christ.[1]

On this bold headland one vividly recalls that well-aimed blow at Persian power delivered here not so many years past, and one may even fancy that the Milesian singer in his new Persians is to celebrate that day and this scene. But not so. It is the scene and day of Salamis, already immortalized by a greater singer in a greater Persians, — by a poet who was there, and who is telling the story to his comrades in the Athenian theatre, whose upper benches, at least, look out on the strait where he and they pulled stroke for stroke, and fought shoulder to shoulder, only eight years before. If there be on Mykale to-day a centenarian who was in that fight and at that play, and who is looking for somewhat to stir his old Athenian blood, he is doomed to sore disillusion. For Athens the times are out of joint, and Sparta is in the saddle, — ay, in the front seats here at the Panionia. Even the Persian has more to do him reverence now than the City, — the Persian who in three short years is again to sit as satrap in Miletus itself, while Konon restores the Long Walls with the King's gold. And so in all our opera, a thinly veiled plea for an aggressive Eastern policy under Sparta's lead, we do not catch the name of Athens. But then it is all a story without a name, — even Salamis and Xerxes are nameless; and, indeed, the only persons named in the body of the piece are deities. How unlike our Æschylus's bristling bead-roll of Iranian grandees, his stately muster of the streams and isles of Hellas!

As the musician-poet enters in his singing robes, with the garland on his brow, and, smiting the lyre, leads off in the noble hexameter, —

> "Liberty's great and glorious jewel for Hellas achieving," —

our old Athenian may well think of Themistocles, but all eyes are upon Agesilaus,[2] as they are again when he portrays the strenuous Spartan's very features in the line, —

> "Revere ye spear-embattled Valor's helpmate, Modesty;"

and again, upon this ringing challenge, —

> "Ares is lord, but Hellas dreads not Gold."

For this Spartan Agamemnon of a new Iliad has turned the tables on the Persian, and satraps are learning to cool their heels on his doorsteps; while herds of Asiatics, spoil of his triumphant raids, are stripped and paraded in their soft, white limbs for athletic Greeks to crow over, and then — particularly the Phrygians — driven off to glut Ionian slave marts.

[1] Such, with good reason, Wilamowitz takes to be the time, place, and occasion of bringing out the piece.

[2] Anyway, it was so with Philopœmen some two centuries later, when, at the head of the stalwart, well set-up men whom he had recently led to victory at Mantinea (207 B. C.), he entered the theatre at Nemea just as Pylades, the first kitharoides of the age, was singing the same verse. We owe to Polybius this proof that the Persians held the stage so long.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Timotheos has caught the cue; and, having once set his battle in array, he passes to a series of scenes well chosen to heighten Hellenic scorn without too far outraging Hellenic taste.

There is, to begin with, the Phrygian landlubber afloat and — with all comic circumstance — swallowing the sea, which takes his tongue-lashing, and then swallows him in turn. Then the shivering wretches on the rocks, the pathos of whose appeal to their far-off fatherland and the Phrygian goddess strikes a true tragic note. Again, to split the ears of the groundlings, another Phrygian, haled by the hair of his head, grovels at his captor's knees, and in painfully broken Greek sues for life, in which suit a chorus of Asiatics join, as in a fugue. And, finally, we look upon the utter rout, and listen to the Great King's simple and not undignified lament.

If we have not perused a battle history, we have witnessed a battle drama; and we feel how fully the poet must have placed the scenes before his own eyes, and acted the parts in his own mind, before he could bring them, thus throbbing, home to us. He does not stay to celebrate the victory; but, with brief allusion to trophy, pæan, and dance, he drops the theme. Indeed, to compare slight things with sublime, he has just touched the theme "in points of light," as the Theban singer signals us from peak to peak in his Quest of the Golden Fleece.[1]

It remains to seal the performance with the poet's apology addressed to the Spartan who has flouted him and his muse, but who should now be mollified by the subtle flattery of his new song. It is a rather pedestrian "Progress of Poesy:" first, Orpheus; next, your own Terpander; now, Timotheos, — come not to pervert, but to perfect. And then, with his best bow to mother Miletus and the Panionian community, invoking on their heads Apollo's gift of Peace, with her mate Good Government, the singer quits the thymele (not Dionysos' altar, here, but Poseidon's), leaving us content with the sweet and insinuating music of his eleven strings, even if somewhat surfeited with his superfine metaphors and his coarse fun. All but our old Athenian: now that he has assisted at the great Persians and the small, he must be taking the true measure of his century as he muses grimly on the descent from Æschylus to Timotheos; from Salamis to Ægospotami; from that

> "Radiant, violet-crownèd, exalted in song,
> Bulwark of Hellas, glorious Athens,
> City of walls divine,"

to the flute-girl frolic in which the starved and stricken City has but lately seen those walls pulled down. And it is a son of Miletus, her eldest and best loved daughter, who can sing the song of Salamis without once remembering that Athens was! Between this lyre and those flutes our veteran surely has his fill of a music fit "to untune the sky."

But it is high time to let the poet speak for himself, albeit in broken numbers. With all the resources of free coinage, wherein German asks little or no odds of Greek, Wilamowitz pronounces The Persians untranslatable; and the reader may presently agree with him. But what follows is Timotheos unadulterated, with his metaphors gone mad, his long, loose-jointed epithets, his dithyrambic diction, — half riddle, half jargon, — in short, treading his own measure, so far as I dare let him, without leaving the reader quite in the dark. Something has been sacrificed to keep the prevailing iambic movement, while quite neglecting the lyric variations; for the transcript makes no claim to be anything but modulated prose, and the lining is merely for convenience in referring to the Greek text.

Of the first half of the poem, we have only the three random lines already quoted which it may be well to reset in their probable connection. The first col-

[1] Pindar's Fourth Pythian.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

umn of the papyrus yields hardly one complete word, to say nothing of connected sense. In the second, though somewhat mutilated, the drift is clear. The battle is on, the ram is rampant. We get a glimpse of ships, "with cornice-lanced frame of teeth set round for the feet," — that is to say, red gunwales, with white rowlocks for the oars; and of rams, "with arched heads beset, that sweep aside the fir-tree hands." And now, from verse 8 of the editio princeps, we may take the plunge with the poet.

THE LIBRETTO.

Liberty's great and glorious jewel for Hellas
achieving . . .

(*The overture would align the great antagonists, Greek and Barbarian, and must have sounded a note of genuine national feeling. Then comes the contrast with Eastern swagger or Athenian hybris:*)

Revere ye spear-embattled Valor's helpmate,
Modesty!

(*And, now that the King's gold is again opening Greek city-gates, this defiance:*)

Ares is lord, but Hellas dreads not Gold.
. . . . . .
And oft as thence was dealt
the unforewarnèd blow,
10 thwart-breaking, all rushed upon
the foeman front to front.
And if upon the sides the lightning leapt,
with sweep of quick-stroke pine
the ships bore back again.
And some, with timbers riven all apart,
laid bare their linen-girthèd ribs;
some, 'neath the plunging *leaden* shaft,
tossed up their manes *and sank;*
and some on beam-ends lay,
20 of all their bravery shorn
by the iron skull.
Now, like to Fire, man-quelling
Ares loop-enleashèd
shot from hands and fell on limbs,
through all his ether-coursing frame
a-quiver still.
The hard-packed murderous *leaden bolts*
sped on their course, and on sped pitchy balls
on galling ox-goads set and all aflame with fire.
And life innumerous was sacrificed
30 to slender feathery bronze-tipt *flights*
from bow-string tense.
And, lo! the emerald-tressèd sea
in furrows 'neath the ships' *red* rain
incarnadined;
and shriek and shout commingled rose.

And now anear the ships' array
barbaric, pell-mell, bore down again
in Amphitrite's fish-enwreathèd bosom
marble-girt; where, sooth to say,
40 a Phrygian landsman,
lord of demense a day's run round,
plowing with his legs the showery plain
and paddling with his hands, an islesman floated now,
lashed by winds and billow-buffeted,
still vainly seeking thoroughfare.

(*But there is no thoroughfare; and the next 25 lines are in as desperate case as the spent swimmer who meets us again as soon as the text closes up in Column III.*)

70 . . . When here the winds went down,
there in upon him rained
a foaming flood unbacchic
and down his gullet poured;
but when the upheaved
brine surged o'er his lips,
in shrill-pitched
voice and frenzied
mood of mind
thus, loathful, on that ruin of his life,
80 the sea, he railed
and gnashed his teeth
in mimic wise:

"Erewhile, bold brute,
thy furious neck thou got'st
yoked down in linen-lashèd bond;
and now my master, mine,
shall rouse thee up
with mountain-gendered pines
and hem in thy fields of flood with errant eyes —
90 thou oestrus-maddened ancient hate
and fickle leman
of the whelming wind!"

He said, with spent breath strangling,
and the loathly gorge outcast,
withal upbelching
at the mouth the deep-sea brine.

Anon, in flight back sped the Persian
host barbaric in hot haste.
And swirl on swirl of galleys crashed;
100 and out of hand they flung
the long lithe-plying highland
feet o' the ship, while from ship's mouth,
outleapt its marble-gleaming
offspring in the shock.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

As sown with stars, with bodies now
bereft of life and breath
the deep sea swarmed
and laden were the shores.

Or on the sea-cliffs
110 stranded, naked-freezing,
with cry and moan and trickling tear,
breast-beating wailers
urged the mournful plaint
and called, the while, upon their fatherland:

"O Mysia's tree-maned glens,
rescue me hence, where we by blasts
are borne; else nevermore
shall earth receive my frame,
now that my hand hath touched the old-nymph-
breeding grot untrodden
. . . goal deeper than the sea.
O, have me hence, where once o'er
Helle's flood a solid roof —
a pathway far and firm —
my master builded me. Else Tmolos
I had not quitted, — nay, nor Sardes' Lydian town,
nor come to ward this Hellene Ares off.
130 And now how shall we win — of refuge all forlorn —
a refuge sweet from doom?
She that fares to Ilion sole deliverer
from woes might prove,
if haply at the Mountain-Mother's
dark-leaf-kirtled queenly knees
't were mine to fall
and I might clasp her fair white arms.
Deliver, golden-tressèd goddess
Mother, I implore,
140 my life, mine own — of refuge all forlorn;
for that right now
and here with cutthroat minister of steel
they shall make way with me,
or wave-dissolving ship-destroying
blasts, with nightly freezing Boreas leagued,
to pieces dash me. For round about
the billow wild hath broken all
the woven beauty of my limbs
and I shall lie here, pitiful,
150 for carrion crew of birds to batten on."

So made they moan and wept.
But oft as iron-hafted Hellene
took and haled
some denizen of many-flocked Kelainai —
now orphaned of the fight —
by the hair he 'd clutch and hale him;
while round about his knees the wretch would twine
and supplicate, Hellenic speech with Asian
intertwining and shrilly
160 shattering his lips' close seal,
the while he hunted out Ionian utterance:

"I — thee — me — how — and what to do?
Never would I come back again!
Even now my master 't was
that hither fetched me here.
Henceforth, no more, O sire,
no more to battle back here am I coming
but to home I keep.
I — thee — hither — nay — I
170 yonder by Sardis, by Sousa,
by Agbatana abiding.
Artimis, my great god,
by Ephesus shall guard me."

Now, when back-faring flight
they took, swift faring,
straightway two-edged darts
from out their hands they flung,
and face by nail was torn,
and Persian robe fine-spun
180 about the breast they rent,
and tense attunèd was
the Asian wail.
And then with many a groan and blow on breast
the King's whole muster fell
on panic fear, envisaging the doom to come.
And as the King beheld
that motley host urge on
the backward faring flight,
then on his knees he fell and marred his flesh
190 and in the flood-tide of his troubles spake:

"Alas! the ruin of my house
and scorching ships of Hellas —
ye that utterly destroyed my mated prime
of youth — full many a man;
and our ships . . .
shall bear them home again no more,
but Fire's lurid sprite
with its fierce body burn them up,
while groans and anguish
200 wait on Persia's land.
O heavy lot
that into Hellas led me!
Nay, go — no more delay — yoke ye here
the four-horse chariot,
and the uncounted treasure
bear ye yonder on the wains,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and fire the tents,
and may they get
no comfort of our wealth."

210 And so they raised their trophy, Zeus'
holiest shrine; Paian
hailed they loud, Iëian king;
and in full choir beat time
with flying feet.

O thou, who dost exalt the golden lyre's
new-fashioned strain,
come helper to my hymns,
Iëian Paian.
For Sparta's mighty leader-folk,
220 high-born, longeval,
yet swelling in youth's bloom,
with fiery blame upflaring
doth vex and drive me out —
for that with new-spun hymns
I put the elder Muse to shame.
But none, or young or old
or my co-eval,
from any hymns would I bar out.
Only the ancient-Muse-debasers —
230 them I ward away,
manglers of song
that quite outstrain
the shrill-loud-lungèd heralds' cry.

First, the shell of varied note
our Orpheus fathered,
Kalliope's Pierian son.
And next with ten chords
Terpander yoked the Muse —
him Aiolian Lesbos bred,
240 Antissa's boast.
And last Timotheos
ushers in his lyre
with measured rhythm of eleven beats,
thus opening a many-hymnèd store
of the Muses garnered.
The town that nursed him is Miletus,
that graces our twelve-castled commonwealth —
prime offshoot of the Achaian stock.

And now, far-darting Pythian, come
250 with blessing to this holy town;
and aye to this inviolate commonwealth
send Peace
that blooms as Order's mate.

J. Irving Manatt.

BY CATALOGUE.

THE Doctor lifted the old lady out of his buggy, and carried her carefully into the hospital hall.

The transit would have been more dignified and less dangerous if she had not insisted on clinging to an uncommonly large bandbox, which, being of a light-hearted and irresponsible character, blew about in the fresh breeze, now banging the Doctor on the knee, now threatening to knock off his hat, now caroming lightly against the gate-post, and, finally, narrowly escaping its own destruction by getting underneath the old lady herself just as the Doctor put her down in the big chair.

"Now we 've got you where we can take care of you, Mrs. Parrish," he said cheerfully, as he wiped his brow with an expansive and immaculate handkerchief, and inwardly gave devout thanks that the goal was reached; for the hospital was directly opposite a house where lived a certain young woman with a sense of humor, and the Doctor, being similarly endowed, realized fully that it would not have been possible to view his tortuous course from the buggy to the hospital door without an outburst of mirth.

Mrs. Parrish looked about her in judicial criticism and qualified disapproval.

Her dingy gown refused to yield to the friendly advances of the chair, and had the appearance of holding itself gingerly aloof; a still dingier bonnet of mixed architecture sat upon her sparsely haired head with a questioning air; and her careworn face, seamed with the long war between inherent energy and discouraged resignation, turned restlessly as the sharp black eyes scrutinized that spotless hall in search of a vantage-point for unfavorable criticism.

"Well, I 'm here, right enough," she

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

said rather grimly. "I hope you did n't hurt that bunnit-box any, comin' in. You acted kind of keerless. Sounded to me 's if it hit that fence-post pritty hard.

"Won't you ketch cold in that calico dress?" she inquired sharply of the nurse who came toward her. "This 's as drafty a hall 's I ever see."

"Then you 'd like to go to your room at once, I 'm sure," responded the nurse pleasantly. "I hope you 'll like the view from the window as well as I do. You can see every one who goes down town. It 's like having callers all the time without the trouble of entertaining them."

Katherine Gray, Nurse, was one of those people whom you like instinctively at first sight.

Even Mrs. Parrish's time-battered face relaxed before the pleasant, sympathetic smile, which seemed to comprehend, in some occult way, the exact mental attitude of the person to whom it was given.

The Doctor sometimes wondered if Nurse Gray was as understandingly sympathetic as she looked, and, if so, why she was still alive.

One of the first signs of her conquest in the present instance was Mrs. Parrish's graciously accorded permission to carry the bandbox upstairs to the little room overlooking the main thoroughfare.

"I don't know what she has in it," said the Doctor to Nurse Gray later, in the corridor, "but from the way she guarded it coming down, I should suspect that it held the crown jewels, at least. You have n't heard that any of the crowned heads have been advertising that they 've lost theirs? — No? — Have her ready for the operation at eight to-morrow morning. Yes. Major operation, — pretty serious. McShane 's coming to help me. She has a fair chance if the heart behaves all right. Good-morning, Miss Gray."

It was a bright, cheery little room: the white-painted furniture, the white iron bed, the crisp white muslin curtain at the window, and the cool, fresh feeling of the bed linen gave Mrs. Parrish an unaccustomed sense of well-being; and her tired muscles, tense with the struggle of coping with the exigencies of life, permitted themselves the pleasure of a gentle relaxation.

Nevertheless, when Nurse Gray came into the room, Mrs. Parrish's eyes closed in apparent slumber; while beneath those deceptive lids the keen old eyes watched the nurse's every movement.

By accident, or design, the nurse kept her back to the bed as she deftly lowered the window shade just enough to shut out a sunbeam that was growing a trifle intrusive, and *not* enough to shut out the sight of the passers-by.

But when she turned and placed on the bedside table a perfect pink, hothouse rose, in a slender, clear, glass vase, Mrs. Parrish, suddenly wide-eyed, gave a gasp of surprise.

"'T ain't fur me," she said incredulously.

"Certainly it is," smiled the nurse; "the lady across the hall sent it to you with her kind regards. She is just sitting up after an operation much like yours, and she was interested in you at once. She is coming in to see you when she can."

A tear coursed its uncertain way down the furrowed cheek.

"It 's proper kind of her," said Mrs. Parrish, her mouth working at the corners.

Nurse Gray went quietly out of the room.

It was evening, and Mrs. Parrish sat up in bed, with a dull red spot on each cheek.

"You 're a good girl," she said to the nurse, "'n' I 'm goin' to tell you about it. It 's an even chance I don't git through that operation to-morrow, 'n' I want it off my mind anyway. Hand me my bunnit-box. I hed to bring it with me. I wa'n't goin' to have folks a-peekin' an'

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pryin' round while I wuz gone, 'n' spec'-latin' on it. You see," she went on, working at the knot with trembling fingers, "I ain't got any too much money. I guess you could see that. But I 've tried awful hard to keep up 'pearances, 'n' to do the best I could. 'N' I 've paid my debts, 'n' hed a new bunnit once a year, 'n' kep' my mouth shet about half starvin' myself to git it. 'N' I expect I talked bigger 'n I spent, to the neighbors; but you know how 't is: you 've *got* to keep up some in talk when you can't keep up much in spendin'."

"I know," said Nurse Gray gently.

"'N' I allus sent fur Morton 'n' Hurd's catalogue, — you kin buy anything on airth there, — 'n' picked out my bunnit from the pictures, 'n' ordered it by number; 'n' I mus' say they was allus jus' like it, 'n' give me good satisfaction.

"Well, this spring I saved 'n' scrimped, 'n' I picked out a proper bunnit. It hed a feather 'n' a velvet bow; 'n' 't was three seventy-five. The catalogue man hed printed under it, '*Really worth five dollars.*' I s'pose probably 't was. I wrote 'em jus' as I allus hed, 'n' ordered by number, 'n' sent the money. 'N' this," said Mrs. Parrish solemnly, "this is what come."

With the air of a priestess placing a sacrificial offering upon the altar, she took from her box, and presented to Nurse Gray's astonished eyes, a child's hat.

And such a hat! Coarse leghorn, decked out with ribbon whose blue parodied the Mediterranean, and a wreath of roses whose garish color and patent artificiality constituted a grotesque caricature which would have caused the Queen of Flowers to win in a libel suit.

"Well?" gasped Katherine Gray, for once nonplused.

"I 'd ordered from an old fall catalogue," answered Mrs. Parrish wearily. "This was the number in the new spring one."

"But would n't they exchange it?" The nurse was catching at straws now.

"I wrote 'em," said Mrs. Parrish, giving the touch of finality to the tragedy, "'n' they wrote back that they regretted that they could n't break their invariable rule not to exchange trimmed hats, 'n' they was sincerely mine. So was this hat," she added grimly.

"That 's all," she said, lying back on the pillows again, "except that I ain't got any money to git another; 'n' I don't much keer *how* that operation comes out to-morrow. I 'd 'bout as soon die 's wear my ol' bunnit all summer. It 's easy enough to talk about not keerin' fur the things of this world, but the folks that does is mostly the folks that has 'em, I 've noticed."

From disaster to its remedy, Nurse Gray's mind took its usual logical course, — surmounted several obstacles to find itself in a blind alley, and came back, finally, to take, not at all to her surprise, the way which led to a personal sacrifice on her part.

For there were reasons why even three seventy-five looked a sizable sum to Nurse Gray just then.

"We must find some child whose mother will buy it," she said cheerfully. "Of course, if you paid three seventy-five for it, it is worth that. And I think if you will trust me with it, I can sell it for you."

"I guess I kin trust you, right enough," said Mrs. Parrish, with a grim smile. "I ain't a mite afraid you 'll wear it yourself; 'n' if you could sell it" — The light of hope came back into her eyes.

Up in her own room, Nurse Gray extracted the sum in question from a pocket-book whose extreme emaciation suggested long lack of proper nourishment, and she laughed a little unsteadily as she did so.

The Things of This World are also desirable when one is twenty-four.

Then she fell upon the offending band-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

box with superfluous energy, and jammed it, with its contents, on her brightly burning grate fire.

"You shall disfigure no human head," she said gayly, shaking her finger at the last rose as it burned to a crisp on its supposedly parent stem, "and you deserved death anyway."

Mrs. Parrish's eyes questioned her.

"Yes, it's sold," she said.

"Was the party responsible?" quavered Mrs. Parrish.

"Entirely," laughed the nurse. "I'll have the money for you when you wake up. Now you must take the ether nicely."

"Breathe slowly and deeply, Mrs. Parrish," said the Doctor, "slowly and deeply — slowly — deeply — slowly — deep— "

It sounded like the ticking of a clock to her as she slipped away down — down — down — into a black stillness.

The little room was bright with the glory of the noonday sun; the Doctor stood beside her, smiling like a schoolboy, Nurse Gray was adjusting the pillow comfortably under her head, and on the dresser she saw a little pile of silver coins.

"You're a prize patient, Mrs. Parrish," said the Doctor exultantly, "and you are going to be a well woman. Now while you're lying here perfectly still, you must think of the thing you'd like most to have, first of all."

Mrs. Parrish looked at the nurse.

"If you'd send fur Morton 'n' Hurd's spring catalogue?" she said hesitatingly.

"The very latest one," said Nurse Gray gayly.

"Oh, you women!" said the Doctor; but he smiled as he said it.

Mrs. Parrish closed her eyes contentedly.

Beatrice Hanscom.

GEORGE BORROW.

In that hour of precocious senility which marks the passing of boyhood, when it seemed quite clear to me that everything was known and nothing worth knowing, I had the luck to fall into the company of George Borrow. He took me in hand somewhat brusquely, and showed me how to break a way through the sophomoric thickets in which I had got myself entangled. I had about decided against immortality, for one thing, and this seemed to leave me a little languid, temporarily, as to the business of the present world. For the rest, I had been growing sickly over sundry questions of current literary contrivance. I wished (as much as it was convenient to wish anything) to write like Maupassant and to talk like Meredith; I should not have minded producing a story as good as Tess of the D'Urbervilles. I also wrote sonnets, after Rossetti, on love and death, and on other themes of which I was as well qualified to speak. Doubtless, contact with any hardy nature might have set me right, but the honor happened to fall to Borrow. He was prompt to assure me, in his blunt way, that life is not a quibble, nor literature a trick; and so made a Borrovian of me for good and all.

Borrovians are not a sect; I believe there is no society. They are simply the people who belong to Borrow. No better excuse can be made for the present estimate than the one which was offered nearly ten years ago by an English critic: "I think that he should be written about occasionally, if only for the reason that,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

his name being so seldom heard, there is some danger of the right people going to their graves without encountering him,—a mischance that cannot be contemplated easily by any right-thinking man." It may be that the excuse is not so good as it was, for Borrow's work has been several times reprinted since then, and the little company of his friends has undoubtedly grown. Let us take refuge in the fact that his centenary is barely past; and that some fresh mention of him in these pages is therefore only a little overdue.

If Borrow opens a new world to the right people, it is not a world into which mere wandering led him. One finds little indication of his genius in the fact of those early roving experiences of his. The newspapers remind us daily how ordinary, as recorded fact, extraordinary conduct is. In his own time Borrow's exploits were barely a nine days' wonder; now they would not be thought worthy of remark. The slum, the dive, the hell, the joint, are among the popular exhibits of our Vanity Fair, and it is easy to get a respectable guide. Also, we have learned to fare forth, with notebooks, along the trail of the gypsy or the hobo, and to make a show-place of his most retired habitat. Borrow's motive differentiates him from us, to be sure. He was not a reporter or a student. He did not look forward to a Ph. D. in sociology, or to a display of higher journalism. His wayside studies in ethnology and philology were even less serious than he took them to be. The simple truth is that he had an instinct for vagabondage, and could not keep away from it. It was a part of him, and, as his talent was primarily autobiographical, it went far toward determining the substance of his work. But it is the world in Borrow which gives enchantment to the world through which he moved. If there are no new facts under the sun, there is, thank Heaven, no dearth of new personalities in the light of which the old facts continue to serve admirably.

George Borrow was born in July, 1803, of decent Cornish stock. His father was a captain of militia, a sturdy, simple-minded Briton, whose pride was to have been for one glorious day the conqueror of Big Ben, champion bruiser of all England. The son was also strong of frame and able with his fists, but there was nothing else about him for the father to understand. He bore, indeed, many of the marks of the ne'er-do-weel. He left undone many things which, from the parental point of view, he ought to have done, and did many things which he ought not to have done. He neglected his Greek for Irish, he neglected law for the company of law-breakers, and he preferred the acquaintances to be made in an inn or a stable to those which a respectable provincial drawing-room could afford. Yet there was much health in him. He went his own way not through viciousness, but through a hardy independence of nature. Unfortunately the world — and parents — have to make a rule of discountenancing irregularity and insubordination, because these are, in the ordinary instance, signs of moral and mental weakness. So, by this lamentable chance, it comes about that extraordinary exertions of force often look quite like the commonest laxities. It is easy enough to see now that Borrow was simply going about his business. He did not himself understand what that business was, and had even a quaint sympathy with the paternal disapproval. For whom shall we feel the greater sympathy as we listen to the last interview reported between Lavengro and the stout captain? —

"'I wish to ask you a few questions,' said he to me one day, after my mother had left the room.

"'I will answer anything you may please to ask me, my dear father.'

"'What have you been doing lately?'

"'I have been occupied, as usual, attending at the office at the appointed hours.'

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"'And what do you there?'

"'Whatever I am ordered.'

"'And nothing else?'

"'Oh, yes, I sometimes read a book.'

"'Connected with your profession?'

"'Not always; I have been lately reading Armenian.' . . .

"'What 's that?'

"'The language of a people whose country is a region on the other side of Asia Minor.'

"'Well!'

"'A region abounding in mountains.'

"'Well!'

"'Amongst which is Mount Ararat.'

"'Well!'

"'Upon which, as the Bible informs us, the ark rested.'

"'Well!'

"'It is the language of the people of those regions.'

"'So you told me.'

"'And I have been reading the Bible in their language.'

"'Well! . . . And what does it all amount to?'

"'Very little, father; indeed, there is very little known about the Armenians; their early history, in particular, is involved in considerable mystery.'

"'And if you knew all that it is possible to know about them, to what would it amount? To what earthly purpose could you turn it? Have you acquired any knowledge of your profession?'

"'Very little, father.'

"'Very little! Have you acquired all in your power?'

"'I can't say that I have, father.'"

Upon such terms they soon after parted.

It was not his unconventionality alone which gave the family of young Borrow cause for uneasiness. He was subject to fits of what I suppose we should call acute melancholia, — he called it "the Fear," or "the Horrors," and it led him more than once to the brink of suicide. He never quite outgrew these seizures, but in later life he learned to control them by a prompt application of ale or port, — a remedy which he recommends, with an air of discovery, to whomsoever it may concern.

The death of his father put an end to Borrow's law studies, and dispatched him to London, the forlorn spot in which, with the customary fatuity of English provincials, he fancied that a fortune lay waiting for him. For the next ten years he had a hard struggle to keep alive, by dint of the meanest literary hack-work. Beyond the compilation of records of criminal trials, and the probably mythical Life of Joseph Sell of which Lavengro tells us, we are ignorant as to what specific tasks may have occupied him. It is clear that his appointment in 1833 as agent of the British and Foreign Bible Society meant a rise in life. Thereupon followed the adventures in Spain, and, in 1840, his marriage to a widow of comfortable means. This brought an end to his struggles, and set him free to lead for the rest of his years (he died in 1881) a quiet and independent life in the country. By all accounts he was fonder to the last of his gypsies and his 'ostlers than, as he would have said scornfully, of "the genteel persons" of his vicinity.

Wild Wales is the only record of these later years, and the journey, made with the impedimenta of a wife and a stepdaughter, could not be expected to yield the most romantic episodes. It is by a lucky chance that we are not given the bill of fare at quite every meal. Yet the vintage, if milder, has the right bouquet, and the faithful Borrovian would sacrifice hardly a drop of it. Here, for example, is a little vignette (wife and stepdaughter being, it happens, some miles in the background): —

"The inn at Cerrig y Drudion was called the Lion, whether the white, black, red or green lion I do not know, though I am certain that it was a lion of some colour or other. It seemed as decent and respectable a hostelry as any traveller could wish, to refresh and compose

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

himself in, after a walk of twenty miles. I entered a well-lighted passage, and from thence a well-lighted bar-room, on the right hand, in which sat a stout, comely, elderly lady dressed in silks and satins, with a cambric coif on her head, in company with a thin, elderly man with a hat on his head, dressed in a rather prim and precise manner. 'Madam,' said I, bowing to the lady, 'as I suppose you are the mistress of this establishment, I beg leave to inform you that I am an Englishman walking through these regions in order fully to enjoy their beauties and wonders. I have this day come from Llangollen, and being somewhat hungry and fatigued, hope I can be accommodated here with a dinner and a bed.'

"'Sir,' said the lady, getting up and making me a profound curtsey, 'I am as you suppose the mistress of this establishment, and am happy to say that I shall be able to accommodate you — pray sit down, sir,' she continued, handing me a chair. 'You must indeed be tired, for Llangollen is a great way from here.'"

All of the writing which brought Borrow fame was done after his marriage. The Zincali (1841) lacked the vigor and discursiveness of the later books, but its theme was fresh, and its style had an odd tang of its own which caught not a few ears in Europe and elsewhere. The author was advised of his faults, and urged to do something better; and the something better which resulted was The Bible in Spain. A remarkable passage in one of his prefaces describes his manner of composing the book; it is in Borrow's characteristic style: —

"Mistos amande: *I am content*, I replied, and sitting down I commenced The Bible in Spain. At first I proceeded slowly, — sickness was in the land, and the face of nature was overcast, — heavy rain-clouds swam in the heavens, — the blast howled in the pines which nearly surround my lonely dwelling, and the waters of the lake which lies before it, so quiet in general and tranquil, were fearfully agitated. 'Bring lights hither, O Hazim Ben Attar, son of the miracle!' And the Jew of Fez brought in the lights, for though it was midday I could scarcely see in the little room where I was writing. . . . A dreary summer and autumn passed by and were succeeded by as gloomy a winter. I still proceeded with the Bible in Spain. The winter passed, and spring came with cold dry winds and occasional sunshine, whereupon I arose, shouted, and mounting my horse, even Sidi Habismilk, I scoured all the surrounding district, and thought but little of the Bible in Spain. . . .

"Then came the summer with much heat and sunshine, and then I would lie for hours in the sun and recall the sunny days I had spent in Andalusia, and my thoughts were continually reverting to Spain, and at last I remembered that the Bible in Spain was still unfinished; whereupon I arose and said, This loitering profiteth nothing, — and I hastened to my summer-house by the side of the lake, and there I thought and wrote, and every day I repaired to the same place, and thought and wrote until I had finished the Bible in Spain."

This is highly imaginative writing, though Borrow probably was conscious of giving nothing more than a simple autobiographical item. There is an odd reminder of Poe in it; the opening lines might almost be taken from The Fall of the House of Usher, — or is it "the dank tarn of Auber" of which this ominously agitated English lake reminds one?

The Bible in Spain was taken seriously by the English reviews. Borrow found himself compared to Le Sage, Bunyan, and Cervantes; the critic who pleased him most was the one who called the book "a Gil Blas in water colours." As a mere narrative of travels it would have gained a wider hearing than such

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

books can now hope for. It appeared during a dark age of English and American intelligence with regard to foreign lands and peoples. If we still manage to be reasonably ignorant of such matters, it is not because we have lacked the chance to learn. Just then even the European world lay dark to our eyes, and we were only beginning to ask for light. Americans were eager for the chance rays of Irving, and Englishmen were ready to look upon the unaccustomed scenes which Borrow brought before them.

This collocation of names suggests an odd contrast. The Tales of the Alhambra were published in 1832, and The Bible in Spain ten years later. Irving and Borrow must have been in Spain at nearly the same time; both were there primarily on other than literary business; both presently turned their experiences to literary account. Here the resemblance ends. Irving was the senior by twenty years, a writer of established reputation, a man of elegant tastes. He was loyal to the theory of democracy, but breathed comfortably only in the air of what Borrow called "gentility." He had a quick eye for the picturesque and the romantic, and a discreet blindness for the squalid and the obscene. He found in Spain a mighty treasure of romance, a tradition of past greatness, striking relics of the Moorish occupancy, a national temperament still full of grace and color. So he wrote The Tales of the Alhambra.

Borrow was an unknown hack-writer, a man of singular life and violent opinion, by instinct a democrat, and by practice a vagabond. Spain was not a land of romantic glamour to him. It was a land of gross ignorance and superstition, of duplicity, of kind hearts, of pleasantly various dialects, of engrossing wayside encounters. These are the materials from which the fabric of The Bible in Spain is wrought. How much weight the element of information had with Borrow's audience is shown by the remark of a contributor to Chambers's Cyclopædia of English Literature after the appearance of Lavengro and The Romany Rye: "These works are inferior in interest to his former publications, but are still remarkable books." The public was not prompt in recognizing the pure genius of this English colporteur and student of gypsies.

That genius found, of course, its best expression in Lavengro and its sequel, which together form one of the strangest narratives the world has known. I do not mean that it seems to me queer; the strange thing about it is its spontaneity. Nobody can feel that Borrow had to choose between modes of expression; it was discursive autobiography or nothing for him. Nor does there seem to have been possible question as to the period which he should record. At the end of The Romany Rye he has reached his twenty-fourth year. Of the next seven years he never gave any account, alluding to it as "the veiled period." One or two intimations he let fall as to extensive traveling, which must have been done, if at all, during this interval. His editor and biographer (Professor Knapp, an American) thinks this time was spent at dreary hack-work which he wished to forget and to have forgotten. However this may be, there is no doubt that the Lavengro narrative gives a full and fairly accurate account of the first twenty-three years of the author's life. During his later years, Borrow chose to assert, and to reassert, with a good deal of heat, that the narrative "was not what is generally termed an autobiography." Why he made so sweeping an assertion nobody knows. The researches of his biographer have shown that in its original manuscript form the narrative was frankly personal, and that the changes which he afterwards made to give it an impersonal turn were as slight as they could well be. That his characters were all drawn from the life, moreover, is a fact which has

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

been placed beyond doubt. What Borrow did, saw, felt, and was: these are the themes which give his work value.

This he never fully understood, or we should have been spared not only the unhappy Appendix of which I shall have to speak, but a good deal of material which obstructs the free course of his narrative. It is irritating that the Man in Black should be allowed to intrude upon so many of the precious moments which we have to spend in Mumper's Dingle with Lavengro and the glorious Isopel. It is well enough to be invited to hate the Pope of Rome, but there are moments when we should prefer simply to ignore him. Borrow prided himself on being a champion of Protestantism, a scholar, a philosopher. He was none of these, but a writer of unique genius; and upon this fact, if he suspected it, he prided himself not at all. Consequently, when his book is attacked, he sets himself to defend it as a work in theology, or philology, or morals. "Those who read this book with attention . . . may derive much information with respect to matters of philology and literature; it will be found treating of most of the principal languages from Ireland to China, and of the literature which they contain; and it is particularly minute with regard to the ways, manners, and speech of the English section of the most extraordinary and mysterious clan or tribe of people to be found in the whole world, — the children of Roma. But it contains matters of much more importance than anything connected with philology, and the literatures and manners of nations. Perhaps no work was ever offered to the public in which the kindness and Providence of God have been set forth by more striking examples, or the machinations of priestcraft been more truly and lucidly exposed, or the dangers which result to a nation that abandons itself to effeminacy, and a rage for what is novel and fashionable, than the present."

So Borrow looks upon his masterpiece when it is done. Was there ever a more extraordinary begging of the question? Of the voluminous commentary upon himself and his critics, from which I have just quoted (there are eleven chapters of it printed as an Appendix to The Romany Rye), one need only say that it shows him at his worst. His creative work was spontaneous and sound; but he was neither graceful nor convincing as a controversialist. There is open rancor with unstinted Billingsgate in this extraordinary effusion: an indiscriminate damning of gentility, Popery, Toryism, Whiggery, teetotalism, Jacobitism, Wellington-worship, and, in general, "the thousand and one cants and species of nonsense prevalent in England." It is not pretty to read or comfortable to remember. The truth is, Borrow never knew what was important in his own work; and when it was received with acrimony, on minor counts, among various classes of sticklers for the conventional, he was indiscreet enough to retort in kind. He had plenty of bees in his bonnet; it is lucky that they did not make greater havoc.

As a work of pure literature, Lavengro and its sequel needed no defense; they constitute a sort of English Odyssey of the Road. The hero has the Odyssean craft and power of arm, and a wholly English integrity; he goes his way as the wind blows, without fear or favor. What talk, what ale, what scenes, what blows! And what amazing figures: the Flaming Tinman, Mrs. Hearne, who "comes of the hairy ones," Mr. Petulengro the inconsequential, the postilion, Francis Ardry, the apple-woman, — there is no end to them, unless (and she ought to be the beginning) we make an end with the name of the great Isopel Berners. Her real name was Bess, late authorities say; I shall continue to love her as Isopel. I can forgive Lavengro anything else, even his Armenian verbs, but never his clumsiness in losing that magnificent young per-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

son. Nor can I help thinking that last glimpse of her one of the most moving scenes in literature, though there is not much in the words, after all: "On arriving at the extremity of the plain, I looked towards the dingle. Isopel Berners stood at the mouth, the beams of the early morning sun shone full on her noble face and figure. I waved my hand towards her. She slowly lifted up her right arm. I turned away, and never saw Isopel Berners again."

In truth, this is not "what is generally termed autobiography." Each incident and character seems to have had a counterpart in Borrow's actual experience, but stands transfigured in his narrative. He was not, I have said, a reporter. He was a creative artist who worked with the chance materials which experience offered. It is well enough to rank him with Cervantes, Le Sage, and Bunyan; he has also been compared to Hawthorne, Sterne, and Defoe; and I have just been guilty of finding something of Poe in him. The truth is, one might go on with this kind of rating until one had completed the list of prose geniuses who have expressed themselves somewhat irregularly and discursively. So far, I believe, nobody has happened to name Rousseau or De Quincey in this connection. If it were profitable to make any detailed comparison, it would be with Defoe, the writer who first aroused Borrow from his childish lethargy, the only master whom he acknowledged: "Hail to thee, spirit of Defoe! What does not my own poor self owe to thee? England has better bards than either Greece or Rome, yet I could spare them easier far than Defoe, 'unabashed Defoe,' as the hunchbacked rhymer styled him."

Borrow stood as square upon his own feet as any one who ever wrote, and this has irritated the academic mind. He has yet to make his way, after Defoe, into the manuals of literary history. There are, as we have seen, confused elements in his work. When one cannot tell whether a writer is trying to express opinions, to communicate facts, or to interpret life, it is hard to make up one's mind as to what he has actually done. With Borrow the chief intention seems to have been to edify, the chief impulse, to interpret. His work seems too often to spring from the unamiable wedlock of these two motives.

In The Zincali, after speaking of the skill of the English gypsies as jockeys, he says impressively, "They are also fond of resorting to the prize ring, and have occasionally even attained some eminence in those disgraceful, and brutalizing exhibitions called pugilistic combats." Now the Borrows, father and son, were, as we have noted, skilled in the manly art, and not a few passages in Lavengro owe their charm to the gusto with which the artist and Briton describes a hearty bout with the natural weapon. What should we do without the battle between Jerry Grant and Bagg? — "Bagg says that he was quite satisfied with the blow, more especially when he saw the fellow reel, fling out his arms, and fall to the ground." — Or the mill with the Flaming Tinman, Belle seconding, and coaching Lavengro to the final triumphant application of "Long Melford"? — Or the salutary lesson given to a bully by the elderly disciple of Broughton?

Nor is Lavengro always a reluctant spectator at "those brutalizing exhibitions." He has, indeed, hardly a more memorable passage than that noble apostrophe of the bruisers of England: "Let no one sneer at the bruisers of England — what were the gladiators of Rome, or the bull-fighters of Spain, in its palmiest days, compared to England's bruisers? Pity that ever corruption should have crept in amongst them — but of that I wish not to talk; let us still hope that a spark of the old religion, of which we were the priests, still lingers in the breasts of Englishmen. There they come, the bruisers from far London,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

or from wherever they might chance to be at the time, to the great rendezvous in the old city. . . . Hail to thee, Tom of Bedford. . . . Hail to thee, six-foot Englishman of the brown eye, worthy to have carried a six-foot bow at Flodden, where England's yeoman triumphed over Scotland's King, his clans and chivalry. Hail to thee, last of England's bruisers, after all the many victories which thou hast achieved — true English victories, unbought by yellow gold." A true Briton this! we exclaim. With all his fondness for drifting among alien peoples and tongues, he retained the ground-anchor of his insular bias; if England was, to his mind, full of cant and nonsense, his heart held that it was the best of all lands, containing the best bruisers, the best poets, the best aristocracy, and the best ale in the world.

He was, by his own account, of a morose and unsocial nature, but we find that he has no trouble in making friends everywhere, in spite of his blunt manner. He understood the people he met, instinctively; and not only as individuals. His portraits of them are without exaggeration, leisurely, unquestioning, realistic in the best sense. His humor is saturnine. He makes no broad appeal to the sensibilities, never seduces us into whimpering, nor cajoles us into hearty laughter. His immobility often suggests apathy, but it really expresses his reluctance to meddle, — or, perhaps, rather his extreme independence. Lavengro is not going to be bothered with opportunities, either for action or for speech. He reserves the right to ignore any advances which Providence may make.

One of my favorites among the minor figures is that of the old 'ostler. Borrow might easily have made it more popularly effective by a little coarser method. He prefers to let the old boy speak for himself: as he does, at some length. His directions to Lavengro for making a journey on horseback, in case he should ever be a gentleman, and own a horse, and wish to take such a journey, would fill some five or six pages of the Atlantic. The tune goes like this: —

"Before you start, merely give your horse a couple of handfuls of corn and a little water, somewhat under a quart, and if you drink a pint of water yourself out of the pail, you will feel all the better during the whole day; then you may walk and trot your animal for about ten miles, till you come to some nice inn, where you may get down and see your horse led into a nice stall, telling the 'ostler not to feed him till you come. If the 'ostler happens to be a dog-fancier, and has an English terrier-dog like that of mine there, say what a nice dog it is, and praise its black and tawn; and if he does not happen to be a dog-fancier, ask him how he 's getting on, and whether he ever knew worse times; that kind of thing will please the 'ostler, and he will let you do just what you please with your own horse, and when your back is turned, he 'll say to his comrades what a nice gentleman you are, and how he thinks he has seen you before; then go and sit down to breakfast, and before you have finished your breakfast get up and go and give your horse a feed of corn. . . . When you have finished your breakfast and called for the newspaper, go and water your horse, letting him have one pailful, then give him another feed of corn, and enter into discourse with the 'ostler about bull-baiting, the prime minister, and the like."

One can imagine the gravity with which Borrow may have listened to this monologue, and the grim smile with which he may have set it down.

There is, in the end, no accounting for the excellence of Borrow's work except on the score of pure genius. A merely remarkable talent could hardly have been developed by his experience. He knew too much, for one thing. An acquaintance with thirty-odd tongues and dialects, and some sort of contact with as

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

many literatures, does not conduce to original work. On narrower grounds, a rover and a linguist is not likely to be master of one tongue; yet Borrow is both a master of English and a creator of literature. His style, in the small sense, is not without relation to the established literary manner of the day. It was a statelier manner than ours; it was not afraid of being even eloquent. Apostrophe was one of its most effective forms, and no modern English writer, unless De Quincey, has made such effective use of it as Borrow. As a mode of condensed retrospective description, what have we to take its place in the shamefaced English of our day? Borrow evidently rejoiced in it as an escape-valve for the emotion which his instinct led him to repress under ordinary circumstances.

How shall I make an end without quoting, for the benefit of those hypothetically ignorant "right people," this and that cherished passage of description or dialogue from the well-thumbed volumes? Yet how, if the brake were once let go, should I make an end at all? With one simple little scene I must be content: —

"'Young gentleman,' said the huge fat landlord, 'you are come at the right time; dinner will be taken up in a few minutes, and such a dinner,' he continued, rubbing his hands, 'as you will not see every day in these times.'

"'I am hot and dusty,' said I, 'and should wish to cool my hands and face.'

"'Jenny!' said the huge landlord, with the utmost gravity, 'show the gentleman into number seven, that he may wash his hands and face.'

"'By no means,' said I, 'I am a person of primitive habits, and there is nothing like the pump in weather like this.'

"'Jenny,' said the landlord, with the same gravity as before, 'go with the young gentleman to the pump in the back kitchen, and take a towel along with you.'

"Thereupon the rosy-faced, clean-looking damsel went to a drawer, and producing a large, thick, but snowy white towel, she nodded to me to follow her; whereupon I followed Jenny through a long passage into the back kitchen.

"And at the end of the back kitchen there stood a pump; and going to it I placed my hands beneath the spout, and said, 'Pump, Jenny;' and Jenny incontinently, without laying down the towel, pumped with one hand, and I washed and cooled my heated hands.

"And when my hands were washed and cooled, I took off my neckcloth, and, unbuttoning my shirt collar, I placed my head beneath the spout of the pump, and I said unto Jenny, 'Now, Jenny, lay down the towel, and pump for your life.'

"Thereupon Jenny, placing the towel on a linen-horse, took the handle of the pump with both hands and pumped over my head as handmaid had never pumped before; so that the water poured in torrents from my head, my face, and my hair, down upon the brick floor.

"And, after the lapse of somewhat more than a minute, I called out with a half-strangled voice, 'Hold, Jenny!' and Jenny desisted. I stood for a few moments to recover my breath, then taking the towel which Jenny proffered, I dried composedly my hands and head, my face and hair; then, returning the towel to Jenny, I gave a deep sigh and said, 'Surely this is one of the pleasant moments of life.'"

Borrow has more intense moods than this, as well as more trivial ones; but this will do to rest upon. It is the mood for which, after all, one is likely to return oftenest to the tale of the word-master. Manly health and courage, womanly bloom and strength, the delight of clear airs, pure waters, hearty fare, and honest buffets, — these are what Borrow has to offer. The haunt of his Muse is, it may be, the pump in the back kitchen; no matter: not the Bandusian rill, not smooth-sliding Mincius, not the very sisters of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Jove's sacred well can put her to shame. "Surely," says the right person, as, Lavengro in hand, he settles comfortably into his evening niche (there is a pile of new fiction at his elbow which ought to be looked over, the children have quieted down, the fire is in good condition, the cat has stopped fidgeting, and the pipe draws): "Surely, this is one of the pleasant moments of life."

H. W. Boynton.

CICERO IN MAINE.

When I was a girl attending the high school, — a *when* that opens the gateway into a magic land of youth, — we were fortunate enough to have a teacher who was, as I heard a college youth phrase it the other day, "dead stuck on Latin." It was not simply that this gifted man had a passion for Latin literature, but he was, or seemed so to our youthful imaginations, besotted with the grammar of the language. No degree of proficiency or distinction to which we could attain in the matter of fluent translations was ever allowed to excuse us from the daily collection of gems of knowledge from Andrews's and Stoddard's Latin Grammar.

The class of which I was a member was a small but unique aggregation. Our teacher had high hopes of classical triumphs for us because, though our intellectual gifts might not be of surpassing lustre, our critical faculties were abnormally developed. The heroic degree of discipline which enabled the immortal Light Brigade to feel that it was

> "Theirs not to make reply,
> Theirs not to reason why,"

would have found no favor in our ranks. The most uncouth lad in the class, the least hopeful of success in polite literary attainments, was the very one, it seems to me now, who oftenest voiced our united conclusions most clearly.

"If we ain't to ask questions, and ain't to say what we think, what *are* we goin' to do?" he queried; and one and all felt that to such a question there could be but one reply: we *were* to ask questions, we were to say what we thought, — for what else were we in school?

To this method of pursuing our researches our teacher had no objection provided we kept within reasonable bounds, and he had his own way of setting the limits.

"Ain't we ever goin' to git through studyin' grammar?" inquired the aforementioned awkward lad, after months of hope deferred.

"If Mr. Brown thinks he has learned all the grammar has to impart, perhaps he will kindly give us a little information about its contents," the teacher suggested blandly; and then followed a terrible ten minutes for Mr. Brown, during which every vestige of his fancied familiarity with Andrews and Stoddard fled from his grasp.

The victim sat down at last baffled, perspiring, but by no means entirely vanquished; no sooner was he seated than his hand began to wave frantically aloft, signaling the fact that he had yet a Parthian arrow to dispatch.

> "Obstupui, steteruntque comae, et vox faucibus haesit,"

he quoted in a quavering voice from yesterday's lesson, while we looked at him open-mouthed at such erudition. "When I 'm all badgered up so, I know a good deal more 'n I 'pear to be able to tell."

"It would seem so, Mr. Brown, it would seem so," the teacher assented with a darkling glance which warned the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

rest of us of sorrow to come, "and therein you differ from some of your classmates who are often able to tell more than they can know."

It was owing to this lively, though shallow, intelligence of ours, and the facility with which we engrafted pagan Rome on Puritan New England, that our instructor was encouraged to jump us from Cæsar to Virgil with no intervening stages. To him, as to Mr. Cooper, the commentator whose notes assisted our studies, the reading of Virgil was a joy of which one could not partake too soon or too copiously. He expected us to become rapturously interested in the progress of the story, to enjoy with him the favorite passages which he rolled out sonorously for our benefit; mouth-filling lines like

"Exoritur clamorque virum clangorque tubarum,"

or the softer modulations of

"Sunt lachrymae rerum et mentem mortalia tangunt."

Alas, how grievously we disappointed the good man's hopes! Virgil's poetic genius appealed to us little more than Milton's Paradise Lost would appeal to a primer class suddenly plunged into its mysteries. Even when we translated most glibly we were like creatures

"Moving about in worlds not realised."

The virtues of the pious Æneas were of a variety not mentioned in our Sunday-school lessons; we held his seamanship very cheap; we had reasons of our own for doubting the authenticity of the whole Trojan legend.

"How did they ever *git* to Troy?" our class orator inquired dubiously. "There wa'n't one in the whole lot 't knew any more 'bout navigation 'n a fly in a pan o' milk!" This was after we had learned from Mr. Cooper's preface to Book I that our friend Æneas had already been roaming the seas for seven years before presenting himself for the pleasure of our acquaintance.

From the first we had no use for Dido. Love was an emotion which had been mentioned in our hearing, and there were boys and girls among our number who "went together," and displayed varying degrees of what we called "softness" in so doing; but that any human creature could be soft enough deliberately to toast herself upon a funeral pile, simply because another human creature sailed away and left her, was beyond our wildest conception of the tender passion.

The uncouth lad, who frequently wrote notes for general circulation among the girls of the class, issued the following as soon as Dido's funereal intentions were announced: —

"*Pass this On.*

"Dido was a Fool; how 'd she know but Eneeus would be Blowed back by the first Wind?"

Some of the boys who were studying Greek originated a sort of class chant, and the schoolroom for a time resounded during play hours with the ringing notes of

"Dido, Dido, died ou' doors!"

As a result of such callousness to all the tender and lofty emotions, we were at last transferred to Cicero, and here, for the first time, we touched solid ground. We lived in an age when treason and traitors were matters of recent history, and philippics were something we were very familiar with, albeit under a different name.

The class lyric, by an easy transition, blossomed into

"We 'll hang old Cat'line to a sour apple tree,"

and without a dissenting voice we took the great orator to our homes and hearts.

The teacher, when he discerned our enthusiasm, and heard the uncouth lad vociferating genially, "He 's jest givin' it to the old Cat to-day, ain't he?" heaved a sigh, perhaps, over the incomprehensible vagaries of pupils, and wisely addressed himself to making the most of the situation.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

One Saturday forenoon he brought Rufus Choate's Eloquence of Revolutionary Periods, and read us what a great American orator had to say about the genius of Cicero. Splendid words they were, these vibrating sentences of Choate's, and as we listened our eyes shone and our hearts beat: —

"From that purer eloquence, from that nobler orator, the great trial of fire and blood through which the spirit of Rome was passing had burned and purged away all things light, all things gross; the purple robe, the superb attitude and action, the splendid commonplaces of a festal rhetoric, are all laid by; the ungraceful, occasional vanity of adulation, the elaborate speech of the abundant, happy mind at its ease, all disappear; and instead, what directness, what plainness, what rapidity, what fire, what abnegation of himself, what disdain, what hate of the usurper and the usurpation, what grand, swelling sentiments, what fine raptures of liberty, roll and revel there!"

On the next declamation day, as soon as the class orator mounted the platform, we realized by the light in his dark eyes that he had something new to offer us. There never was a more moving speaker than our class orator. No matter how many times he declaimed Virginius, — and, owing to many pressing engagements which swallowed up his time for learning new "pieces," this happened with tolerable frequency, — with that slow, deliberate, musical accent he captured his audience. At every repetition,

> "Over the Alban mountains the light of morning broke,"

as if it were for us a new birth; when, at the critical moment,

> "Virginius caught the whittle up and hid it in his gown,"

we greeted its disappearance with the same shuddering breath; and that "hoarse, changed voice" in which he spake, "Farewell, sweet child, farewell!" never lost its magic for tears.

On this well-remembered day, however, the sorrows of Virginius were forgotten; it was Rufus Choate's magnificent version of a representative passage of Cicero's oratory that fell upon our charmed ears, and we listened to the swelling tones of the speaker with that quickened, thrilling breath which marks the hearer who has surrendered himself to the emotion of the moment.

"Lay hold on this opportunity of our salvation, conscript fathers — by the immortal gods I conjure you! — and remember that you are the foremost men here, in the council chamber of the whole earth. Give one sign to the Roman people that even now as they pledge their valor, so you pledge your wisdom to the crisis of the state," — thus the appeal opened. It was the ageless cry for liberty, the cry that is the same yesterday, today, and forever.

"Born to glory and to liberty, let us hold these distinctions fast, or let us greatly die!" — these are words that belong to every century and to every race of men. We did not know how to formulate what we felt, but it was a moment when Bull Run and Gettysburg, that worn face of Abraham Lincoln, and all the unmarked graves on Southern battlefields confused themselves within us in some indefinable passion, and took hold on the heroic memories of ancient Rome. — a moment when, as in all the high impulses of life, the barriers of time and place were melted away.

I believe, as I look back now, that our first conscious inspiration toward what was best in literature and noblest in statesmanship took root from that time. We were living in strenuous days of reconstruction after a great war, and the air was still full of battle echoes, but we drank in the influences of the hour as unheedingly as a plant drinks the sunshine and the dew; it needed this breath from ancient Rome to shape the cumulative forces within us into the beginnings of American citizenship.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

No healthy young creature realizes the process of his own growth, but many of us can vaguely remember the period when

> "those first affections
> Those shadowy recollections,
> Which, be they what they may,
> Are yet the fountain light of all our day,
> Are yet a master light of all our seeing,"

first reminded our bodies of the souls that dwelt mysteriously within. We received that reminder noisily or undemonstratively according to our varying temperaments, but in each one of us, none the less, life marked the hour when a new epoch began.

The regular daily session of the school closed at half-past four in the afternoon, but from that time until five o'clock a dark-faced, sweet-voiced woman, with what seemed to us a marvelous twist to her tongue, gave instruction in French to the ambitious few who aspired to a knowledge of that polished language. There was the girl who learned easily and forgot everything, the girl who learned ploddingly and forgot nothing, and another, still, who seems to me now the farthest away of all, although there are buoyant hours when her once overflowing youth and bounding vitality return to her pulses like the resurrection of a lost joy.

Of the three male members — for the class was a well-balanced one — the class orator and the uncouth lad constituted two, and the third was the genius of the school, the only scholar, perhaps, whose intuitions leaped unerringly to the goal, who saw a subject whole, and wrested the inwardness from it while the rest of us were laboriously pondering its earliest developments. Just why the uncouth lad elected to study the French language I could not then comprehend, though I have often told myself that the mere recollection of his recitations added a distinct flavor to life.

He himself accounted for his presence in the class by the statement that "as he took care o' the schoolhouse he might 's well be recitin' French as doin' nothin', seein' as he 'd got to stay anyway;" and to behold the vital interest which he displayed in the sugar and spice of the grocer, or the mahogany table of the cabinet maker, was only one degree less joy-inspiring than when he announced, giving to each syllable its full value, "Jay lese belles pantou-flees de ma bellemare," or clothed himself gayly in the ribbons of his father-in-law.

It was when the French recitation had ended, however, and the old brick schoolhouse was left to our undisturbed possession, that we sat around the great sheet-iron stove, with no light but the red blur of the setting sun through the western windows, and told all things that ever we knew. On one Tuesday afternoon in particular, I remember, the talk began with that tale of the celebrated wooden horse which Virgil makes Æneas tell as a sort of after-dinner story in the second book of the Æneid. Our teacher, always hoping against hope that he might some day interest us in his beloved Virgil, had that afternoon been dwelling on the great poet's talent as a raconteur.

It is needless to say that we rejected the whole narrative as puerile. The school genius, indeed, made some modifying reflections in regard to the primitiveness of the age in which the deception was located. "I s'pose we ought to consider" — he began deprecatingly, but the uncouth lad brusquely interrupted, —

"We ain't got to consider nothin'," he declared, "except that the' wa'n't any last one of 'em 't had any more head 'n a carpet tack."

"A wooden hoss," the class orator sneered, taking up the theme; — "poh! 't would n't fool a baby. My little brother had one for a Christmas present, an' 't would n't go into his stockin', so mother took an' hitched it on with a string."

"I 'll bait ye, sir," the uncouth lad

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

declaimed oratorically, "that we could n't 'a' fooled the rebels with any wooden hoss when we was tryin' to take Richmond. If they 'd seen us drawin' off an' leavin' any such contrivance round to hitch to their stockin', they 'd said, 'No, thank ye. We ain't keepin' Christmas this year, an' if we was, the Yankees ain't no Santy Claus.' "

"What do you think," asked the girl who was quick to learn, "of the man that came into school to-day?" It was a part of her adaptability that she knew how to change a subject in season to prevent it from growing threadbare.

We lived within two miles of the State capitol, and in all the high moments of life we felt ourselves enhaloed by the shadow of its dome. The state legislature was in session, and our visitor that day had been one of the members of this august body. Our generation was much less sophisticated than the present up-to-date class of young people, and for us very simple things frequently assumed heroic proportions. To our admiring eyes this visitor was not a mere country lawyer, with that taste for the literature of Latin which many country lawyers used to possess; he was a wise and powerful being, who created laws out of his inner consciousness, and hobnobbed with principalities and powers, and we venerated him accordingly. The teacher had informed him of our intimacy with Cicero, and when, at the close of the recitation, the great man "addressed" us, he had the acumen to leave the ordinary platitudes unsaid, and draw from the Roman orator's life and words the message of that nobler patriotism, that larger citizenship, whose ideal forever appeals to ardent souls with the thrill of a passion for which men have been content to die.

When the girl who was quick to learn recalled our visitor to our minds the thrill came back too, and our eyes turned toward the red streamers in the darkening west, as if they were the banners of victory beckoning us on.

"Le 's go up to the legislature to-morrow," the slow girl suddenly suggested, seized by an unwonted inspiration; and with one accord we assented, for Wednesday afternoon would be a holiday.

When, next day, we met at the appointed hour for our long walk, the afternoon seemed to have been created for our purpose. It was one of those clear, bracing winter days when the snowy path echoes crisply under one's tread, and snow and sky melt into a dazzle, whose blended light and color is emphasized by the dark shapes of feathery pine and fir trees.

It must not be thought that our little company dallied along in couples absorbed in any sentimental discourse. On the contrary, we marched by threes, the boys leading the way, the girls briskly keeping pace. The road which we followed was then, and to me is to this day, filled with childhood memories of "the war," and it was of these things that we discoursed as we went along. That commonplace-looking, hip-roofed farmhouse had been the military pest-house, and awesome associations lingered around it still; in yonder field a battery had once encamped, and one of the girls related the story of how, at the venturesome age of twelve, she, with several companions of equally mature years, having wandered within the limits of the camp, had been promptly arrested and haled before the commanding officer, the terrors of whose cross-examination had been little mitigated by roars of laughter from surrounding listeners. The echoes of marching infantry and the beating hoofs of cavalry horses seemed to us hardly to have died from the air, and when we reached the State House at last we were keyed for heroic doings.

The capitol building of our native state was to us, in those days, the grandest structure in the world. I confess here that it has never lost its ancient charm for me. It stands on high

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ground, and I have seen its dome blur grandly into many sunrises and sunsets; when one begins to mount the successive flights of broad, granite steps that lead to the majestic front entrance, one begins to say to one's "inward ear," "Here is a centre of deeds; here events are shaped for good or ill;" and the fact that many of these shapings are trivial in themselves — sometimes, indeed, ill-shaped — does not altogether rob them of their significance in the eternal framework of things.

As we entered the rotunda that day, our footsteps resounding on the floor seemed almost an impertinence. We lingered to look at the portraits of the old-time governors in their gay coats; we paused in sincere homage before the clustering battle-flags, which were then being gathered into the State House as their last, honored resting-place. A copy of Moses Owen's stirring poem, the Returned Maine Battle-Flags, hung beside the sacred relics, and the class orator could not resist the opportunity to thrill us with its music. As he read he forgot himself and the place, and more than one hurrying foot checked itself at the sound, as if a sentinel had called "Halt!"

"As the word is given — they charge! they form!
And the dim hall rings with the battle's storm!
And once again through the smoke and strife
Those colors lead to a nation's life."

After numerous digressions we reached the gallery of the House of Representatives, and hung over the rail gazing at the mighty men below. The triviality of the subjects under discussion might, had we been maturer auditors, have served to dampen our heroic mood, but to us it was all mysteriously large and significant. When two honorable members chanced to indulge in lively recrimination, the uncouth lad was observed to murmur as in meditation, "How long, O Catiline," — the familiar phrase which had become to us like a household word.

Once during the afternoon a large, blond young man, with a cherubic visage, rose in answer to a question, and drawled forth a reply which commanded the instant and amused attention of the house.

"That 's Tom Reed," we heard somebody say, and we looked with quickened interest at a speaker who had already begun to make himself felt as a power.

By and by there was a stir in the rear of the great hall as loitering men in the corridor greeted a fresh comer. Now Cicero was indeed among us! We all knew that erect form, with the head gallantly thrown back, and the keen, dark eyes that had not then learned to question Fate otherwise than blithely; the eyes that had ever a smile of quick recognition, as we well knew, for every boy and girl to whom their glance had been directed. It was little wonder that we all loved Mr. Blaine, — there was much about him that was supremely lovable.

The usual routine of a visit to the State House included the climbing of the winding stairs which led to the cupola, to assure ourselves that Kennebec County remained securely anchored below; but, on this occasion, as the short winter afternoon was waning fast, we contented ourselves with a visit to the massive stone balcony which opens from the second story. A tinge of rosy light was already reflected in the eastern sky, and a few ambitious stars had begun to show themselves. In front of us lay the "state grounds," which had so lately been a bustling camp, empty now and solitary save where a marble shaft glimmered whitely to mark the spot where some departed statesman had wrapped the drapery of his couch about him and lain down to pleasant dreams. Even the glimmering line of the river was white, too. As we stood at the balustrade's

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

edge, brooding over the landscape, life thrilled large within us, life uncomprehended, unformulated, the full cup, the fulfilled dream, which seem wholly possible only to the hopefulness of youth. When the

> "whole soul revolves, the cup runs over,
> The world and life 's too big to pass for a dream."

A large bird rose slowly in the distant sky, his wings showing black against the clear ether. "It 's funny, too," the genius said, thinking aloud; "the Roman eagles, the American eagle, — and those old chaps thought *their* birds were the emblems o' freedom jest as we think ours is! Well, I don' know 's I 'd change James G. Blaine for old Cicero."

In the middle of the Latin recitation next day the uncouth lad inquired abruptly, "What ever became o' him, anyhow, — I mean what end did he make?"

The teacher stared for a moment, uncomprehending. "Oh, you mean Cicero?"

"Course," the uncouth one replied laconically.

Then the teacher — how fortunate it was for us that this wise man always knew how to seize the heart of an opportunity — gave us a brief sketch of the great Roman's life, showing us how his true nobleness overbalanced his political weaknesses and vanity. He — the teacher — "knew a man" who had visited Tusculum and seen the spot where the ruins of Cicero's villa still stand, with the great ivy tree growing against the sunny wall. He told us of the neighbors whose country houses surrounded Cicero's dwelling, — Cæsar, Pompey, Brutus, the poet Catullus, Lucullus, celebrated for his feasts, with whom Cicero used to exchange books, — names these were to conjure with. He told us, too, of our hero's beloved daughter, his little Tullia, and her early death; and he made it all more real by reminding us that this was the same Tusculum with whose long, "white streets" we were so familiar in Macaulay's poem. Here the class orator's lips began to move, and we knew that he was muttering dumbly, —

> "From the white streets of Tusculum,
> The proudest town of all."

He had often declaimed it.

When the narrator went on to describe how Cicero, betrayed and deserted, was finally assassinated, the fatal blow being struck by a man whom he had formerly defended, the uncouth lad, forgetting the dignity of the place and hour, brought his hand down on his knee with a resounding smack, and declared in quivering tones, "I call it gol-darned mean!"

All this passed years ago. The girl who was quick to learn and the school genius both heard the call early in life to that land where naught but evil is ever forgotten, and where insight is divine and eternal. The girl who never forgot has spent her powers in patiently bestowing her accumulations on others; the class orator has disseminated his gifts of language through the pen rather than the persuasive voice; and it was, after all, the uncouth lad, uncouth no longer, magnificent in stature and in wisdom, who, on a well-remembered day, rolled grandly forth that noble address on Christian Citizenship.

There was a lump in my throat when I heard him say, "My own first conscious impulse towards making a good citizen of myself dates from the time when I was awkwardly but enthusiastically translating Cicero's orations in the old brick schoolhouse in my native town. I was fortunate enough to begin the study of Latin under a teacher who taught with the spirit and the understanding also, and who had the magnetic power of making his pupils realize that every great language possesses a soul as well as an anatomy."

When I stood before that former uncouth lad at the close of his discourse, and saw him look at me questioningly, as one who dimly divines a ghost of the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

past, I said to him, — since it is generally wiser to laugh than to cry, — "Avez-vous les pantoufles de velours de l'épicier?"

He seized my hand in a mighty grasp of recognition and welcome: "I have, — and those of the butcher and baker and candlestick-maker as well. The women in my parish were always sending 'em to me before I was married."

But, when all is said, the true link between us, in the new as in the old day, was something in which the grocer's velvet slippers had little part: that which made our old school days worth remembering, the image which shaped itself in both our minds as we stood there, —

"One and one with a shadowy third,"

was that of the wise schoolmaster, who had known how to draw us into the grand circle where old Rome and young America, all nations, indeed, and all races of men, were made one and indivisible in the deathless continuity of a moral ideal.

Martha Baker Dunn.

CYNICISM.

One of the seeming waywardnesses of our human nature is the respect for a cynic that lurks in nearly every heart. The respect is not for his character, certainly not for his disposition; but it goes out to him as a man of intellect, and is often disproportionate to his ability. To hear that a man is cynical is to accept him as of superior intelligence. There is a universal deference to what is universally deemed an unlovely and undesirable attitude of mind. The entrance of the cynic into the drawing-room produces an air of expectant interest; his rancorous comments are received as admirable wit. So, at least, according to the contemporary novels of society; so, even, — though in a somewhat less obvious and artificial manner, — according to one's own observation. We all find more interesting the person who discusses his friend's failings than him who dwells upon his friend's virtues. We do not like the cynic better, but we regard him as the more penetrating, and the better informed.

Hence we find him excellent company. For instance: Brown takes pains to make a pleasant impression on those whom he meets, and, in the ordinary relations of life, gets on with his acquaintances and friends very comfortably. When, therefore, the cynical observer shrugs his shoulders and intimates something to Brown's discredit, the idea has for those who know Brown the charm of novelty, and adorns him with a new interest. Having never before held him in discredit, they feel that his detractor has got below the surface. The conviction is strengthened by the cynic's air of mental reservation, his unwillingness to utter definitely what he knows, his manner that implies, "Oh yes, all very well, but I could tell things if I would."

This, however, is not the only cause that contributes to the general deference. If one man declares a person to be charming, fascinating, or delightful, and another pronounces him disgusting, repulsive, or intolerable, who makes the more profound impression? The language of enthusiasm is emasculate compared with that of hatred or contempt. A sufficient reason for the undemonstrative nature of the English-speaking race lies in the effeminate quality of the adjectives that denote admirable traits. Some of them can hardly be uttered without a consciousness of a loss of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

virility. One has only to contrast with them the hearty gusto of our vocabulary of dislike and depreciation to perceive the tremendous advantage that the cynic enjoys.

His very name supports his pretensions to a superior intelligence. "Cynic," for all that it meant originally "dog-like," is an aristocratic word. One is not prone to think of coal heavers, sailors, miners, as cynics; it has probably occurred to but few that their grocers and butchers are cynics. The word is erudite and Greek; the presumption is that the man designated by a term of such distinguished lineage is of education — and intelligence. We have a habit of deriving ideas in this illogical way. The cynics in the humbler walks of life are not regarded as cynics, but as men soured and disappointed. And when we hear of one that he is soured and disappointed, we do not instinctively pay tribute to his intelligence.

Is there, then, no wisdom in cynicism, no virtue in disbelief? Does the undoubted suggestion of intelligence which the word implies rest entirely upon such trivial and empty grounds? Unquestionably the inner respect which persists, notwithstanding the superficial condemnation, proceeds from a dim recognition of certain useful services that cynicism does perform. An attempt to discover these and set them forth fairly need not disturb even the most believing.

A reasonable cynicism affords recreation to the mind. A man may always, with advantage to his mental health, indulge in a cynicism as a hobby; he may, for instance, be cynical of women, or newspapers, or party politics, or the publishers of novels, and be the better for it. But he is in a serious state if his cynicism includes women *and* newspapers *and* party politics *and* the publishers of novels. Then, indeed, is his outlook bleak and barren, and, in all probability, he lives and works only to malign ends.

Nearly all sane, normal people, however, enjoy one cynicism by way of diversion. It is, indeed, essential to character to have some object at which to scoff, swear, or sneer. Cynicism is never a native quality of the mind; it always has its birth in some unhappy experience. The young man finds that the girl who has gathered up for him all the harmony and melody of earth rings hollow at the test; and he drops his lyrical language and becomes cynical of women. The citizen of Boston has naturally grown cynical of newspapers. The candidate for public office who has been definitely retired to private life by being "knifed" at the polls distrusts party politics. A man publishes a novel and thenceforth is cynical of the publishers of novels. Yet these misfortunes have their salutary aspect. The disappointed lover, generalizing bitterly upon the sex, is not always implacable; a cooler judgment tempers and restores his passion, gives it another object, and so guides him to a safer, if less gusty and emotional love. The citizen of Boston, the betrayed candidate, the blighted young novelist, all have for their condition, even though they know it not, a valuable compensation; for the very experience that has brought them to this pass of reasonable cynicism has stirred their indignation; yes, in spite of their seeming inertness, indignation is now smouldering. And this is a great force; slow though it may be to start the wheels of machinery, it is still an important fuel in keeping alive the fires under the boilers of civilization. The faculty of it becomes dulled by disuse, and is the more alert and righteous for a little rasping. How impressive and commanding a quality in a man is that of a great potential indignation! It is essential to the chieftain. He may never show more than the flash of an eye, yet that will serve. And such power of indignation never came to one who had not penetrated some large bland sham, and learned thereby to hate and disbelieve all its seductive kindred.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In supplying one with a theme for indignation, the turn toward cynicism furnishes also an additional amusement and charm. If a man is in the habit, for example, of expecting nothing but tales of murder, suicide, and scandal on the first page of his newspaper, he becomes actually pleased at the rich daily reward of his expectations. "Scurrilous sheet!" he cries, striking it with open palm. To behold, morning after morning, its recurring offensiveness and hypocrisy, to feel that there are less discerning persons who approve of the very features that make it despicable, and to exclaim to himself, "So this is what the public likes!" brings him each time a curious satisfaction. Perhaps it is merely the satisfaction of a small gratified vanity, but it enables him to begin his day in a comfortable frame of mind; he is prepared to snarl only at newspapers. It is desirable that every man should have a small vanity gratified daily; it keeps him in good temper with himself and the world. And to observe small vanities and foibles in others performs this service, since a man always absolves himself from sharing the weaknesses that he sees.

Yet cynicism has a more valuable end than merely to amuse. It is a means toward sturdiness and independence in a man; it quickens his activities, and prevents a too ready acceptance of existing conditions. It is almost necessary to important achievement. The reverential frame of mind is inefficient when confronted with the world's work; too much in the problems of life demands not to be reverenced, but to be cursed. There can be no useful and permanent building up without a clearing of the site; old foundations and débris have to be swept away. The man of reverential mind, who has no touch of cynicism, is unfit for this work. He is unfit, for instance, to serve as district attorney in one of our large cities, — as useful a function as an educated man may perform, yet one in the performance of which the man of entirely reverential spirit would be harmfully employed. The reverential spirit, contemplative of the established order, crowds out capacity for initiative; the cynical spirit, scouting the established order, stimulates initiative. Of this spirit have been the great reformers, men for whom Swift, in defining his own life, has supplied a motto: "The chief end of all my labor is to vex the world rather than to divert it." It was characteristic of Cromwell that in dissolving the Long Parliament he should display a wanton cynicism. "My Lord General, lifting the sacred mace itself, said, 'What shall we do with this bauble? Take it away!'" The scorn with which he disposed of the revered symbol of majesty was in itself symbolic; as the Cavalier had been cynical of the Puritan's piety, so was the Puritan cynical of the pomp and trappings of the Cavalier.

The great rulers, like the great reformers, have had the cynical sense, and have in the same way derived from it, not paralysis, but an effective recklessness. Louis XIV, most brilliant of monarchs, observed in making an appointment to office, "*J'ai fait dix mécontents et un ingrat.*" And he continued to appoint whom he pleased. Frederick the Great was the pupil of Voltaire; and when a Board of Religion came to him with a complaint that certain Roman Catholic schools were used for sectarian purposes, he bade them remember that "in this country every man must get to heaven his own way." The ruthless cynicism of Peter the Great was supplemented by the splendid constructive hopefulness from which issued his saying, "I built St. Petersburg as a window to let in the light of Europe."

Yet we need not go to history for illustration; even in one's own experience it is not difficult to note the efficiency which a vein of cynicism, properly combined with other qualities, gives a man. Those

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

who are regarded as successful, or as being on the road to success, are cheerful, hopeful persons, with just this slightly cynical outlook. Those who have failed, or are failing, are just as surely the utterly cynical, the decayed, querulous, and embittered, or the supremely reverential, who have too much respect for things as they are to undertake any alteration. These are the indolent; they may work hard all their lives, yet are they none the less indolent mentally, and unalert.

There is, indeed, what may be called the cynical sense, not to be confused with the sense of humor, though akin to it. It is this which enables a man to keep out of the stock market, and, even more, to look without jealousy on the achievements of those who are in the stock market. It is the antiseptic sense. So far from promoting envy, malice, and uncharitableness, it is allied with sympathy. For sympathy means understanding, and there can be no true understanding if one does not detect the weaknesses as well as the virtues; without this cynical sense, one has not humanity. It gives a man a lively and discriminating interest in life; it guards him against the paralyzing vice of hero-worship, — which is a virtue only in the young and immature, — and against the more sinful fault of arrogance toward the dejected and beaten. For just as it enables him to see how trivial are even the greatest achievements of human ingenuity and labor, with what little loss the work of even the best and wisest might have been omitted in the progress of the world, so, also, it prevents him from being unduly scornful of those who have accomplished — for all that appears on the surface — nothing. Seeing a man who has failed, the cynically minded wonders what accidents of birth and circumstance imposed his fruitlessness upon him; seeing a man who has succeeded, the cynic wonders if he had done so without the innumerable reinforcements of chance. If this view tends toward fatalism, so does it also toward democracy.

Yet one's cynicism must always be tempered in its sentiment and limited in its scope. A man may profitably be cynical of women, yet his faith and loyalty to at least one woman — his mother, or his sister, or the woman he loves — must be unswerving and unquestioning. A man may not be cynical of children, or with children. He cannot be cynical of friends, and keep them. He must not grow cynical of himself, for then nothing remains. And the danger of cynicism is that once admitted into a man it may grow, appropriating one after another of his channels and outlets, narrowing his hopes and enthusiasms, until finally it rots the man himself.

Reasonably limited and kept within bounds, it is a source of strength to a man rather than of weakness; it gives him an independent and self-respecting point of view; it berates him if he tends toward a weak sentimentality; it is the companion of a cheerful levity. Take their cynical outlook away from Heine and Goethe and Victor Hugo, from Swift and Johnson and Franklin, — and how flavorless would be what remained! How insipid would be a literature in which wit and humor had to disport themselves entirely among the pleasant facts of life!

Arthur Stanwood Pier.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE BOOK-LOVER.

I LOVE a book, if there but run
From title-page to colophon
Something sincere that sings or glows,
Whate'er the text be, rhyme or prose.
And high-perched on some window-seat,
Or in some ingle-side retreat,
Or in an alcove consecrate
To lore and to the lettered great,
For happiness I need not look
Beyond the pages of my book.
Yea, I believe that, like an elf,
I'd be contented with a shelf,
If thereupon with me might sit
Some work of wisdom or of wit
Whereto, at pleasure, I might turn,
And the fair face of Joy discern!

I love a book, — its throbbing heart!
And while I may not hold the art
That dresses it in honor scant, —
The tree-calf "tooled" or "crushed" Levant, —
Rather a rare soul, verily,
Than a bedizened husk for me!
So, though no Midas' magic hands
To gold transmute my barren sands,
Though friendly Fame deign not to lay
About my brows the vine and bay,
Though fond eyes marry not with mine,
Nor lip to lip give sacred sign,
The core of all content I know,
A blessing that is balm for woe;
On life with level gaze I look,
And all because I love — a book!

Clinton Scollard.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS NEW AND OLD.

OLD WINE IN NEW BOTTLES.

THE ancient disputation between the Body and the Soul gives rise — in a fanciful mind at least — to a curious conception of the world of books. In that fresh and vigorous inaugural lecture, wherewith the present professor of poetry at Oxford took up his torch, there is a text, apt to the elaboration of this view. "An actual poem," said Mr. Bradley, "is the succession of experiences — sounds, images, thoughts, emotions — through which we pass when we are reading as poetically as we can."[1] So, one might say by way of inference, an actual book is the train of various and connected pleasures which we enjoy on a long winter's evening by the fire, or under Jove on a summer's day, as we peruse from top to bottom one of the inky, multitudinously split parallelopipeds miscalled a volume. It is a queer realm of phantasmagoria to which this definition leads us; the idealistically minded reader may wander there at his own sweet will, while the pedestrian reviewer goes his ways.

In appraising some of the more notable new editions of the past year, upon which the publishers have expended time and money and taste in the endeavor to make them beautiful and fit, this old notion of the ideality of letters will cheer and guide us. Yet the true book-lover is no mere Platonick, any more than he is of that Epicurean Stye, where large-paper editions quite virgin of the paper-knife go down to a forlorn decay. He is one who is peculiarly aware of the *temperament* of books, — that misty mid-region where Soul and Body, the Actual Book and its format, blend in an individuality as of a person. Such an one knows well how appreciably the fit embodiment adds to his joy in a beloved author; his first care with the new edition of an old author is to read it through; and with him the consideration of the beauty and fitness of its form is always secondary to his pleasure in the Actual Book, and to his interest in determining whether there has been any change in the quality of this pleasure since last he felt it, — and, if there has been, the reasons and the extent of the change.

I.

There has been in recent years no more interesting and revolutionary venture in publishing than that which is now giving life to the so-called Unit Books.[2] The scheme calls for a series of reprints of classical and entertaining works at the uniform price of one cent for each unit of twenty-five pages, with a slight addition for variation in binding. The first two volumes, The Marble Faun, and Lincoln's Letters and Addresses, are, in many respects, admirable specimens of book-making. The paper and letter-press are decent and comely, the binding in good taste, and the editorial notes more than ordinarily intelligent and useful. Yet though the Actual Books are there, the true book-lover, who is always something of a whimsicalist, is likely to find the volumes lacking in temperament, and the

[1] *Poetry for Poetry's Sake.* By A. C. BRADLEY. Oxford: The Clarendon Press. 1901.

[2] *The Marble Faun.* By NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE. (The Unit Books, No. 1.) New York: Bell. 1903.

Letters and Addresses of Abraham Lincoln. (The Unit Books, No. 2.) New York: Bell. 1903.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

melancholy product of a machine-made age. In the little stock-company theatre under his shabby hat some such comedy as this is sure to be enacted: —

PERSONS OF THE DRAMA: MERCATOR; BIBLIOPHILUS.

Scene: Mercator's Book Emporium. Mercator solus, to him Bibliophilus.

Mercator. Good-morning, Bibliophilus, how can I serve you this morning, sir?

Bibliophilus. Cut me off four pounds of fiction, if you please, and trim me up a dozen essays.

Mercator. Very good, sir; anything else, sir?

Bibliophilus. No, but let me tell you that if you send me any more short-weight histories, as you did day before yesterday, I shall take my patronage elsewhere.

Mercator. The history was an even nine pounds, sir, as you ordered.

Bibliophilus. It was not!

Mercator. I will speak to my clerks, sir.

(*Excursions and alarums, and finally exit Bibliophilus, drawing his cloak about him, and tapping the ground feverishly with his stick as if in agitation.*)

We may imagine that Bibliophilus does, indeed, take his patronage elsewhere, — and most of his ilk with him, — while the book-butcher continues to make a living, and a fat one, by catering to the needs of Scholasticus, Viator, and Bibliothecarius. So let us leave them with their units and the rest, and pass with Bibliophilus to the perusal of certain newly reprinted volumes wherein writings more than ordinarily savored with the salt of personality have been embodied in forms which pretend to a like distinction.

II.

At the risk of having some Lamb-like reader wishful to "get at our bumps," we may venture the truism that in all literature there is no book more vitally instinct with the pure essence of personality than the Essays of Elia.[1] Mr. MacDonald has endeavored in his new and complete edition of Lamb to produce a definitive edition, comporting with the individuality of the author. As an announcer Mr. MacDonald interests us a good deal. The superior completeness of his own edition is proclaimed, perhaps a bit too noisily, but he has gathered into his set much that the lover of Lamb would not willingly forgo. It is pleasant, for example, to know that he is to forsake the narrow path of previous editors and include among Lamb's complete works some minor pieces excluded by Mr. Ainger's modesty, as well as the lovely volume of Poetry for Children. As Leigh Hunt wrote, in that charming passage of his Autobiography[2] where the character of Lamb is painted with so tender a detachment, "he was a great acquaintance of the little children," and his selective instinct in choosing their poetry is in the highest degree sound and fine, and significant of character.

[1] *The Works of Charles Lamb.* Edited by WILLIAM MACDONALD. In twelve volumes. Vol. I. The Essays of Elia. Vol. II. Critical Essays. Vol. III. Last Essays of Elia. London: J. M. Dent & Co.; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1903.

[2] Not the least admirable and desirable of the reprints of the year is Mr. Ingpen's new edition of this same Autobiography, — that "pious, ingenious, altogether human and worthy book," as the atrabiliar, honest old Sage of Chelsea called it. Thornton Hunt's additions to his father's story are printed within brackets continuously with the text; Mr. Ingpen's own biographical annotation is terse and helpful; and the two stately, parchment-backed octavos, with their many excellent portraits, are as judiciously made up as the most difficult Bibliophilus could desire.

The Autobiography of Leigh Hunt. Newly edited by ROGER INGPEN. 2 vols. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1903.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mr. MacDonald's Memoir of Lamb, which attains the proportion of a respectable short biography, is a very honest and virile piece of writing. His Gaelic sportiveness, both here and in his excellent ample notes, does not always consort quite amicably with the Celtic playfulness of Lamb. Some of his *facetiae* come but lamely off, and one likes to imagine how Elia (to filch yet another phrase from Hunt) would have "pelted his head with pearls." He is addicted, too, to the use of passing queer words in what he seems to think the manner of his author; and he accomplishes the sesquipedalian by the sheer strength of his bootstraps, with none of the tender, humorsome irony which makes Lamb's dalliance with big, old words so charming. We are presented with many a morsel like this: " . . . an extreme example, this, of flagrant intrusion, of unseasonable ebullition; rapscallion irruption of the mere quotidian mortal" . . . Yes, indeed! Yet we like the fellow.

For all his noise, Mr. MacDonald's is in many respects the best brief life of Lamb that we have had. No other paints so convincingly, and with so little of mere quavering sentimentality, the sombreness and horror that made the warp of Lamb's life. It reads like a Greek tragedy of love and madness and valiant renunciation. Some months before the letters to Myra Kelly had been made public, Mr. MacDonald, by a curious piece of biographic insight, had reconstructed the episode, and woven a new tragic factor into the story of Elia's life. No one, not even Walter Pater, has written better of the transmutation of these tragic forces into the finest humor in the world; and how searching and sombre is this statement of Lamb's characteristic view of the world: —

"The problematical was too continuously a dweller in his own house — the need to justify the ways of God to man, even as seen in the history of one innocent woman, was too often forced upon his attention — for him to have any delight in the expatiations of adipose piety or the philosophic earnestness that never knew a grief. Existence for him and for Mary had been a gift too fateful and dark, too fraught with a burden of questions that could only be answered by tears, for him ever to refer with large assurance to those common topics of everybody else — of the meanings of life, and the nature of man, and the ascertained destiny of the world. He drew instinctively toward the particular things and the comradeships of the earth: the old places, and the old books, and the full-flavored passages of old writing in them; but especially towards those human relationships, of which not the intelligence but the sympathies are the interpreter, the sanction, and the proof."

Yet Charles Lamb was no mere dim doubter, no mere vague-eyed seeker of sympathy. His was a head, as Leigh Hunt declared, worthy of Aristotle or of Bacon. We like best to leave him in the light of Mr. MacDonald's final characterization, which is quite in accord with that of his masculine admirers everywhere, — a pure intellect fit to be compared with the greatest, a writer of the finest and richest prose, and the bravest man in the history of English letters.

What a pleasure it would be to read Lamb in folio, so that the eye might have that luxurious sense of covering ground as it moves along the amplitude of the lines! Yet as no publisher has seen fit to give us a fourteen-inch Elia, we may well be grateful for the present light and distinguished edition, with its excellent printing and dainty binding, — a bit too fussy perhaps, but savoring of personality. Bibliophilus could wish nothing away save Mr. Brock's illustrations. The pictures are always quaintly and delicately drawn, with perhaps as intimate an imaginative visualization of the subtile text as is possible for an illustrator to attain. Yet, for all that, they vulgarize the im-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

perishable and ideal charm of Elian folk, as the sweetest melody jars upon the spirit ditties of no tone which melt in the music of a true lyric.[1]

III.

The reader in this year of grace 1904, who shares Lamb's love for old books and the full-flavored passages of old writing in them, will find much to engage him in the new editions of the past year. Whether he is moved by the affectionate curiosity of the amateur of letters, or by that deeper passion which still drives many a man to seek upon his shelves solace for the barrenness or the stifled sorrow of his days, where shall he drink more deeply of life, or bring away a better cheer than from old romance of adventure, from the older English Dramatists, from Fielding and Smollett, from Don Quixote, or from the novels of Thomas Love Peacock ? [2]

A book that would surely have gladdened the heart of Elia, to which nothing quaintly human was ever alien, is The History of Oliver and Arthur, the oldest wine in the newest bottle that we have to taste. After nearly four centuries of Stygian obscurity the tale comes again bravely from the press in a form full of temperament; for the double-columned page of Caxton type, with its rubrications and facsimiles of queer, simple-minded woodcuts, is as close an approximation to old printing as has recently been seen. The flavor of the wine does not belie the look of the bottle. Wilhelm Liely of Bern, who in 1521 turned this old tale out of French into German, was no Malory. He was rather, if one may guess, the Trollope, the E. P. Roe, the Mrs. Alexander of his age, and he tells the story of the generous friendship and miraculous adventures of Oliver and Arthur in the sentimental, prosy, and pragmatical vein of one who writes for the common reader. This quality, which doubtless accounted for the popularity which the tale seems to have enjoyed in its century, has been caught with considerable felicity by the present translators, who — by virtue of eschewing the aureate diction affected by most translators of Mediaeval or Renaissance prose — have contrived to convey from their German original much of its homely and flat-footed gait, together with many of its turns of unconscious humor. In virtue of this quality and of the significance of the book in showing the attitude of a Plain Man of the Renaissance approaching and retelling a marvelous Mediaeval story, this book, which has been strangely overlooked by literary historians, will deeply engage the interest not only of Bibliophilus, but of Scholasticus as well.

The excellent Mermaid Series — what memories in the name for the lover of old plays ! — is extremely prepossessing

[1] Excursive readers, who wish to consider further this attractive question of the relation of the lyric to its musical setting, will do well to consult a recently published volume wherein the whole subject is set forth with learning and taste, and with an unusually intimate sense of the moods of music and poetry. It is an academic dissertation, yet singularly like an Actual Book : —

The Elizabethan Lyric. By JOHN ERSKINE. New York : The Columbia University Press. (The Macmillan Co.) 1903.

[2] *The History of Oliver and Arthur.* Written in French in 1511, translated into German by WILHELM LIELY in 1521, and now done into English by WILLIAM LEIGHTON and ELIZA BARRETT. Boston and New York : Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1903.

The Mermaid Series. (New thin paper edition.) New York : Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons. 1903. Marlowe, Steele, Congreve, Shirley, Otway, each 1 vol. Jonson, 3 vols.

The Works of Henry Fielding. With Introductions by G. H. MAYNADIER. 12 vols. New York : T. Y. Crowell & Co. 1903.

The Works of Tobias Smollett. With Introduction by G. H. MAYNADIER. 12 vols. New York : T. Y. Crowell & Co. 1903.

Don Quixote; by Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra. Edited by JAMES FITZMAURICE KELLY. Translated by JOHN ORMSBY. 4 vols. New York : T. Y. Crowell & Co. 1903.

The Novels of Thomas Love Peacock. New York : Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons. 1903.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in its new embodiment. For getting at the full, salty savor of an old dramaturge,

"So nimble and so full of subtle flame,"

naught can compare with a dog's-eared small quarto. Yet the man who persists in squeezing small quartos into the side pocket of his coat, with a dolorous distention of the same, will be too frequently called upon to enact an inglorious part in curtain-comedy, to contemplate his return from the pleasantest ramble without anxiety. Such an one, can he be but once brought to it, will be most thankful for the present reprint, — so slim and insinuating. He will be glad to know, too, that new volumes are to be added, offering for his perusal some of the best of the eloquent high-flown plays of Shadwell and Dryden.

It is just possible that our worthy Bibliophilus may be disposed to wrinkle his delicate nose, as he thrusts it into the successive volumes of the new editions of Fielding and Smollett which Mr. Maynadier has edited. The rubrication of the title-pages may seem to him too gratuitous, the pictures, for all their firm and studious drawing, a bit too conventionally Howard Pylean, and the look of the page too suggestive of the Six most Popular Books of the Week, to be quite the proper dress for such roistering, full-bodied tales as those of Jones and Rory Random. Yet here again a Plain Man may venture with an *apage* to send Bibliophilus piking home to the dust and dilapidation of his old editions, while he himself sits him down to enjoy the clear large type and comfortable lightness of the new. The Plain Man may perhaps find Mr. Maynadier's Introductions to the various novels somewhat over ample, but they are full of sound and readable criticism, which will help him, not only by the longer balking of his curiosity, to bring a keener gust to the enjoyment of the Actual Books.

Should the Plain Man rise from his reading of Fielding and Smollett with a desire to refresh his memory of the incomparable Book which was their chief exemplar and inspiration, he may now procure an edition of Don Quixote which will suit his purpose admirably, and by which even the querulousness of Bibliophilus will be subdued. The idea of an English Don Quixote in thin and pocketable volumes is not a new one, but it was a wise choice that selected in the present instance John Ormsby's translation for such embodiment. With the exception of Shelton's quaint and breezy version, no English translation of Cervantes's book is in itself such delightful reading, while, by virtue of the translator's superior Spanish scholarship, it is the most faithful of all. Ormsby, we recall, was a private scholar, so virile and reticent that the name Warrington was constantly on the lips of his friends. His favorite reading was always in the great English novelists of the eighteenth century, and this, one thinks, was the prime source of the curious felicity of his dealings with Don Quixote. In his version there is just the mingling of gusto and formality, plain speech and ornate, that the book needs, and that is best attained by imbuing one's self with the modes of expression of Smollett and Fielding. His style has always an old-time, but not an archaic, flavor ; and no one else has dealt so well with the proverbial wisdom of Sancho Panza. The English Cervantist will be unaffectedly pleased with this handy little set, and its component volumes will often be found in his pocket.

The seven Novels of Thomas Love Peacock complete in one volume seven inches by four, with its pages, numerous as the years of Methuselah, bulking to but three quarters of an inch in thickness, is as big a book of its size as any one could wish to see. It is hard to measure the joy in it of the true-born Peacockian. A more genial traveling companion for sea or shore than this learned whimsicalist it would be impos-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sible to conceive. Nor will Bibliophilus find the book lacking in temperament, for the soft, intricately stamped leather cover and quaintly conceived title-page agree most harmoniously with the exquisite humor, poetic fancy, and all the other kindred qualities of that light fantastic pen which they embellish.

The reader who has drunk his fill of Peacock's inimitable distillation may wish to round out the night by application to the good English ale of other Early Victorian and Late Georgian humorists. Nothing can be more apt for the purpose of such an one than a series of reprints whose sleek red bodies and white labeled backs chime most consonantly with their rubicund contents.[1] The Memoirs of John Mytton, the Napoleon of English eccentrics, are as valuable to students of the Byronic mood as they are diverting to lovers of curious reading. For collateral reading with this veracious memoir nothing could be more fit than the high-spirited sporting fiction wherein R. S. Surtees set forth, in the ample diction of his sub-title, "The Hunting, Shooting, Racing, Driving, Sailing, Eating, Eccentric and Extravagant Exploits of that Renowned Sporting Citizen, Mr. John Jorrocks of St. Botolph Lane and Great Coram Street." The amazing activity of those beefy times is still further and more strikingly shown in the Tour of Doctor Syntax, and the other poems of William Combe, where his poetic faculty is seen to be no mere trickling rill in a Castalian meadow, but a spring freshet and inundation. Yet in all the prodigious submerged area of his doggerel versifying there is hardly a dull or a nerveless line; and nowhere in the rapid poetic narrative is there a serious discrepancy from Rowlandson's vigorous Hogarthian plates, which it was written to accompany.

If, during this ambrosial night and long potation of the pride of life, any reader feel sharp compunction stir within him, he may find penitential reading in the Bay Psalm Book.[2] It was a sublime adventure that called "the thirty pious and learned ministers" then in New England to set all the Psalms of David over into English metre; and it is a worthy ambition that leads the present publishers to call in the aid of Old Sol — subtlest of printers — in reproducing the first volume printed in America. The metrical versions, not smoothed "with the fweetnes of any paraphrafe," breathe more piety than poetry; but they are full of the very quintessential spirit of quaintness, and the page lacks only the savor of must in the nostrils of being an ideal setting. Yet the last impression we bring away from the book is not that of remoteness and queerness, rather it is a feeling of the actuality and sempiternity of what the men of those times were pleased to call the motions of the Soul. Thus we are pleased to learn by the first words of the preface of the pious and learned ministers, that even in those days church music was not always a cause of congregational concord. For they tell us: "The finging of Pfalmes, though it breath forth nothing but holy harmony and melody: yet fuch is the fubtilty of the enemie and the enmity of our nature againft the Lord, & his wayes, that our hearts can finde matter of dif-

[1] *Memoirs of the Life of John Mytton.* By NIMROD. With colored plates by H. ALKEN and T. J. RAWLINS. *The Life of a Sportsman.* By NIMROD. With colored plates by H. ALKEN. *The Tour of Doctor Syntax, The Second Tour of Doctor Syntax, The History of Johnny Quae Genus, The Dance of Life,* each 1 vol. *The English Dance of Death,* 2 vols. All with colored illustrations by THOMAS ROWLANDSON. *Handly Cross.* By R. S. SURTEES. With colored plates and woodcuts by JOHN LEECH. *Jorrocks' Jaunts and Jollities.* By R. S. SURTEES. With colored illustrations by H. ALKEN. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1903.

[2] *The Bay Psalm Book.* Being a facsimile Reprint of the First Edition Printed by STEPHEN DAYE At Cambridge in New England in 1640. With an Introduction by WILBERFORCE EAMES. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1903.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cord in this harmony, and crotchets of division in this holy melody."

IV.

To pass from the pleasant, busy landscape, through which the reader of the books we have been considering progresses so wholesomely, to the devious coverts of spiritual dismay which await him in the poems of Dante Gabriel Rossetti is a parlous affair. Yet the present publication of a notable edition of Rossetti's poems,[1] illustrated from his own designs, forces an issue which even a peace-loving man like Bibliophilus cannot dare to shirk. Let us follow him as, pulling the bolt upon his books, he grasps a stout staff, — which may be useful, — and fares to his adventure.

In nearly all of its mechanical and editorial details this edition is admirable. The page is tall and noble-seeming, the paintings excellently reproduced, and the binding in commendable taste. Miss Cary has done her work well. One wishes that more of Rossetti's paintings might have been offered, and that some of those given us might have been disposed in a little easier contiguity to the poems they carnify. The propriety of printing introductory notes continuously with the poetical text and in the same type is questionable; but the notes themselves are more than commonly intelligent and sensible. All in all, by virtue of the presentation of both poems and pictures, the chronological arrangement of them together with many earlier versions, and the judicious statement of significant biographical details, this is the best edition that we know of, to be studied by a person wishing to get at the actual Rossetti. It is, precisely, this Actual Rossetti that will engage Bibliophilus and his stout staff.

For our final impression of the book is that it contains the mongrel art of a man whom a mixed ancestry had deprived of the deep-rooted imaginative energy of racial integrity, at the same time that it endowed him with the wistful, brief fecundity which so often appears in the hybrid. In Rossetti's work, poetry and painting were strangely interfused, and in this arrangement of it the *pictorial* quality of his writing is strikingly manifest, and the relation of the quality of his art to the quality of his mind becomes clear. Despite Miss Cary's and other evidence of his bursts of epistolary animation, we do not get over the notion that he was a moody, preoccupied man. Through this very preoccupation his passionate dream of the world became deeply colored and rich in beautiful detail. The depth of coloring and beauty of detail appear equally in his pictures and in his poems. But in his pictures these qualities are adapted to the development of a composed theme, while in his poems — save in sonnets where structure is given in the form, and in a few tales like the King's Tragedy where it is given in the subject — we have only a series of picturesque moments of arrested expression, slackly joined by an under-running mood. The crystallizing heat of the true poetic fire is not there. We hear his sad music with its ravishing division; we are subjected to the witchery of a spell as seducing as Lady Lilith's; yet, with all its glamour, no poetry of this sort, so devoid of initial poetic energy, has ever proved more than a beautiful, short-lived hybrid.

The reader of this new edition will not see in its queer interfusion of poetry and painting any conscious and premeditated *Anderstreben*, or Wagnerian striving after the effect of mingled arts; rather he will see a mind in which the visualizing faculty of the painter and the sentimentalizing faculty of the poet are inextricably tangled in a mystical and unhealthy temperament; in which neither is of sufficient independent vigor to be applied quite independently. As the

[1] *The Poems of Dante Gabriel Rossetti*, with illustrations from his own designs. Edited by ELISABETH LUTHER CARY. 2 vols. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1903.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

result of this he will find a disproportionate amount of imagery in the poems, and an equally disproportionate amount of sentiment in the pictures. Where the poem and the picture are closely linked together the effect is startling and phantasmagoric; and this will be the interesting and characteristic, if not the attractive thing about Rossetti to the men of the more classically minded age which is likely to succeed our own. To romantic sensibilities easily touched by the wistfulness of beauty, or to shadowy souls who go mournfully adown the world,

"Ripae ulterioris amore,"

the appeal of the Blessed Damozel is the same whether she be painted in words or in pigments. The malign light, as of another world than ours of the sun, in which Beata Beatrix sits ugly, unwholesome, and forlorn is the same that baffles and distorts our vision in the House of Life, — the same that Dr. Johnson in his Elysian conversation with Mr. William Watson reprobated so severely.

V.

"The faces of the Madonnas are beyond the discomposure of passion, and their very draperies betoken an Elysian atmosphere where wind never blew." So wrote Edward FitzGerald in one of his casual, imperishable letters; and how good it is to come up out of the dim and troubled places, whither our pursuit of Bibliophilus has led us, into the upper air, the calm and quietude of high art, there to hear one discoursing of great things simply, in a style as pure and living as ever mirrored the mind of a man of genius: —

"*E quindi uscimmo a riveder le stelle.*"

To the zeal of FitzGerald's authorized publishers, and to the pious care of his friend Mr. Aldis Wright, we owe a luxurious definitive edition of his complete works in seven octavo volumes.[1] It would have startled the recluse of Woodbridge could he in his retired and unlaborious days have foreseen such a monument erected from the materials of his daily literary diversions. One who, already knowing his FitzGerald well, is lured by the dignified page and artfully contrived temperament of the set into a thorough re-reading, so to taste again and re-measure his joy in the Actual Books, will be not so much startled as more deeply delighted and impressed.

Beginning with the four volumes of the letters, it is pleasant to notice that the letters to Fanny Kemble have been disposed in their proper chronological places, thus giving to the collection something of the completeness and continuity of autobiography, and compensating in a measure for Mr. Wright's extreme reticence in the matter of biographical annotation. Of the irresistible personal charm of the letters it is as needless to speak here, as it is impertinent to discourse at large of the reality of learning, the precision and intensity of taste, the lively humanity, which everywhere inform them. It is enough to say that they are of the priceless Actual Books of the world.

When one comes to the volumes of the translations of Æschylus and Sophocles and Calderon he is newly filled with admiration for the mingled unction and grandeur of an English dramatic style, which in its harmonious union of racy, homespun speech with poetic phrases that go like arrows to the gold is nearer to the inapproachable Shakespearean style than that of any other dramatic writer in English for a hundred years. Nor will he complete the reading without an admiration still more profound for the intellectual force that would convey into English both the pathos and the ethos of alien drama, so fully and firmly, and with so little loss. It is not easy to exaggerate the importance of such work. For all the long list of admirable translations that have appeared in our tongue

[1] *Letters and Literary Remains of Edward FitzGerald.* 7 vols. London and New York: Macmillan. 1902–3.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

since King Alfred set so high a standard in the translator's art, we are still far behind the Germans in the wealth of translated literature which we possess. It is probably not too much to affirm that there is no considerable piece of the world's literature which cannot be found done into German not only adequately, but brilliantly, — naturalized, as it were. The part played by such an inheritance in enriching national culture is incalculable.

It is a fair question whether, from the suffrage of the centuries, these free dramatic translations may not appear to be a service to English literature greater than the perfectly phrased and musical rendering of the blasphemous Persian Horace, greater than the faultless Euphranor, with its exquisitely drawn picture of young English manhood, greater, even, than the incomparable letters. At any rate, these two volumes, with their dozen of plays, serve to put FitzGerald quite out of that polite company of literary idlers to which he is so often relegated. Despite his modest disclaiming, they give evidence of a scholarship beside which slovenly and ill-assimilated learning is seen for what it is, and of a vital imaginative realization which could only have been attained by the strictest and most searching thought in a mind of unusual native power. Furthermore, it is a good subject for psychological inquiry by some earnest young man, whether there is not actually as much volitional energy — as much overcoming of organic inhibitions — involved in translating a difficult play from Greek or Spanish as in taking a city.

The character of Old Fitz emerges from this monumental collection of his classic "scribblings" less eccentric, more human, more melancholy than he has sometimes seemed to essayists and biographers who have not been forgetful of the popular appeal of lettered eccentricity. We know him for a sturdy sentimentalist, who could ignore Rossetti and rail at Mrs. Browning, yet weep over Sophocles, Virgil, and Crabbe. If he was "eccentric" it was largely because he preferred a breezy human talk with the captain of his schooner to being bored in a parlor; the first-rate in literature to the third-rate; God's country to man's town.

As we by aid of the letters share his mood from his ardent, friendly youth down to his serene and solitary old age, we notice how tenaciously he held to the old friends and the old books; how, as death and inevitable estrangement did their mortal work, he more and more found in these old books support against the failing and angustation of his life.

"I read of mornings," he says, "the same old books over again, for I have no command of new ones: Walk with my great black dog of an afternoon, and at evening sit with open windows up to which China roses climb, with my pipe, while the black-birds and thrushes begin to rustle bedwards in the garden, and the nightingale to have the neighborhood to herself." He was the sincerest, sanest, most constant Book-lover since Lamb.

It is a moved and mellowed Bibliophilus that rises from this survey and peregrination *de fauteuil*, and proceeds with slippered shuffling to his bed. The Actual Books that have taken place within him have left him the breath of a richer being, and stirred him with the undulations of a deeper self. So let us leave him, stepping bedwards with no evil in his heart; none toward those wan, sad women of the painter-poet; toward Mercator and his Units, none.

Ferris Greenslet.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Contemporary Men of Letters Series.

THE editor of the Contemporary Men of Letters Series[1] announces that its purpose is to provide brief but comprehensive sketches, biographical and critical, of living writers and of those who, though dead, may still properly be regarded as belonging to our time. European as well as English and American men of letters are to be included, so as to give a survey of the intellectual and artistic life of a cosmopolitan age. It is too soon to hazard a guess whether this new venture will seriously dispute the territory now occupied by the well-known English and American Men of Letters Series. Externally, as compared with them, the new volumes are evidently to be much more brief, containing scarcely more than twenty to twenty-five thousand words. Their typography is unusually attractive.

The critical work of the authors of the first two volumes issued is already familiar to readers of the Atlantic. Mr. Boynton's easy command of the resources of sound objective criticism is seen to good advantage in his study of Bret Harte. Independence of attitude, clarity and precision of treatment characterize it throughout. The skillful, if somewhat over-generous use of illustrative quotations supports his position, and as an assessment of the value of Bret Harte's stories, Mr. Boynton's book leaves little for the Judgment Day to complete. For it is doubtless true, as Mr. Boynton remarks, that Bret Harte's talent was not quite of the first kind, and that "he had one brilliant vision and spent the rest of his life in reminding himself of it." One cannot quarrel with the essential justice of this estimate. But in sketching Bret Harte's personality, Mr. Boynton's righteous and almost petulant resentment of the elder author's idleness, extravagance, and irregularity seems to blind him, momentarily, to other traits that also belong in the picture. Less truth would have been somehow more true. Hazlitt had a friend who bound Burke's Reflections on the French Revolution and Paine's Rights of Man into one volume, claiming that together they made a very good book. If by some lucky accident Mr. Howells's delightful reminiscences of Bret Harte in the December Harper's could be bound up with Mr. Boynton's study, we should have an excellent composite portrait of the author of Dickens in Camp and the Outcasts of Poker Flat.

Compared with Mr. Boynton's cool expertness in walking around his object and making swift sketches of it, Mr. Greenslet's book on Walter Pater represents criticism of the "laborious orient ivory" order of workmanship. It is wrought with true inwardness, consummate refinement, a happy ingenuity, and the merest touch, here and there, of preciosity. Like Pater's own writing, it is intended for the judicious and attentive reader, for "modern young men of an uncommercial turn." The little book invites and rewards the very closest scrutiny. If in certain passages there are traces of a preference for the "humanistic" rather than the human, and for the superfine rather than the fine, these are faults which in our day of dictated composition and of blurred sense for literary values may almost pass for virtues. The third and fifth chapters, devoted to Criticism of Art and Letters and The New Cyrenaicism, contain especially valuable contributions to the intelligent study of Pater. Mr. Greenslet does not lack audacity, as witness his clever defense of his paradox that Pater is essentially a humorous writer. Of his many felicitous passages this description of the "African" quality of Pater's prose must serve as a single example: —

[1] *Contemporary Men of Letters Series.* Edited by WILLIAM ASPENWALL BRADLEY.

Bret Harte. By HENRY W. BOYNTON. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co. 1903.

Walter Pater. By FERRIS GREENSLET. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co. 1903.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Pater's prose is obviously not Attic prose. Matthew Arnold and Cardinal Newman, among the Victorians, came nearer to that, and how different they are from Pater! Nor is it Asiatic; it has little of De Quincey's florid luxuriance, his Ciceronian rhythms, and Persian pomp. To keep to the figure for suggestion rather than definition, Pater's style is African in its flavour. It is a characteristic product of an Alexandrine society, too urbane ever to be grandiloquent, yet too curious in its scholarship, too profuse of its sympathies to be quite content with simple, Addisonian clarity."

In pages like these Mr. Greenslet not only betrays the secret of Pater's charm for the Paterian, but brings his author into such clearly apprehended relations to the great world of letters that the very infirmities of Pater's style and the defects in his scheme of things are discreetly manifested. It may be possible, after a score or two of years, to write more positively than Mr. Greenslet has done concerning Pater's influence upon his generation, but Pater will be fortunate if he finds another critic of such catholic scholarship and such affectionate intimacy of interpretation. *B. P.*

A Novel Experiment in Poetry.

THERE could hardly be a more curious expression of the modern scientific spirit than is afforded by the preface of Mr. Shaler's recent work.[1]

In youth he has, he admits, loved poetry and written verses. Thereafter he has been more and more completely diverted from such addictions by enthusiasm for scientific studies. Shakespeare has long since become tedious to him, and he "has not willingly visited a theatre for forty years." Nevertheless, he believes that his imagination has continued to ripen by exercise upon scientific themes. He believes that a scientist's progressive indifference to literature (he naturally cites the case of Darwin) is due not to loss of faculty, but simply to preoccupation. This belief, which the lay intelligence might be willing to let stand as a conviction, Mr. Shaler has wished to put to the proof, for his own satisfaction. Coming to the conclusion (with the advice, as he says, of "those well-informed in the matter") that the Elizabethan dramatic form would be best for his purpose, he has produced the present "romance." After some experimenting with prose "the writing began to take shape as heroic verse, which at once proved to be an easier and more sustaining mode of expression than prose." At this point we come to one of the most interesting details of the transaction. The romance was written at odd intervals, but "it soon became evident that the composition was, in a way, continued from day to day in the region below the plane of consciousness, appearing only when attention was directed to it."

This is a sound doctrine of literary composition, and has, no doubt, a true analogy in the processes by which important advances in science are made. But it is not quite clear that Mr. Shaler's long exercise of the scientific imagination has directly affected his present exercise of the poetic imagination. Despite the reliable assurance that the author has made little conscious preparation for the work, by way either of special research or of practice in writing blank verse, one cannot take the product as that of a literary novice. Mr. Shaler's instinct for poetic expression was early aroused, and has been developed by a perfectly normal, though sub-conscious or "subliminal" process. His knowledge of life, his general efficiency, have been increased by experience, and his sense of literary form has been singularly tenacious. From these unusual conditions we cannot be

[1] *Elizabeth of England.* A Dramatic Romance. In Five Parts. By N. S. SHALER, Professor of Geology in Harvard University. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1903.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

surprised that an unusual product has emerged. That absorbed application to scientific study need not prevent the partial development of a preëxistent literary faculty is abundantly proved by this experiment.

We say "partial development," because it is evident that Mr. Shaler's natural faculty for poetic expression might have been further developed by conscious and continued effort. In structure it is evident that this study does not proceed from the hand of a writer practiced in dramatic composition. The parts of the romance, though they are given the five-act form, cannot be called in any strict sense plays. They lack the compactness of dialogue, the rapidity of action, and, what is more important, the organic structure, of real drama. Mr. Shaler has, he tells us, omitted something like one third of his material as it stood in the original manuscript. What remains might still, under the influence of a controlled as well as spontaneous creative faculty, be advantageously subjected to further compression. Much of his poetic matter is yet in solution, and would be greatly more effective if, by that right touch which only experience can confer, it had been fairly precipitated. But the experimenter does not profess to be an accomplished poet, and is right in supposing that his work possesses, though not a supreme, a genuine poetic quality.

The fourth part, The Death of Essex, most nearly approximates the form and the substance of a veritable drama. It has greater unity of action, and a more effective climax. Its verse is more pregnant and stately: one might have said more studied, if the author had not assured us to the contrary. One finds it, indeed, not a little difficult to read a speech like this of Elizabeth's as the improvisation of a person unskilled in the poetic craft, unaware of any resemblance between his manner and that of the great period of English poetic drama: —

"But he 's a man
With noble gentleness to move all hearts.
He strides not with his fellows, for his feet
Are winged with eager thoughts. The ancient hills,
The common mount with panting, are to him
But stepping stones which space unnoticed voids
That part him from his goals. So on he goes,
An Atlas seeking for some world that waits
His might to stay its fall, or else to hurl
Some blessed orb to ruin. For such will
There is no place within this balanced realm
Where might needs ward of reason."

Of the lyrics with which the dialogue is interspersed it can only be said that they betray more readily than the blank verse that method of improvisation which the author has not hesitated to avow, even to insist upon. As a most interesting exercise in a somewhat irregular form of dramatic composition, this work can hardly fail to be read with attention; and more than this its author does not ask of us. *H. W. B.*

SOME BOOKS ABOUT CITIES.

It is no longer a national virtue to mind one's own business. The globe-trotter, it seems, has not trotted for nothing, nor the white man carried his burden in vain. We feel a neighborly concern not only in the earthquakes and famines, the wars and rumors of wars of Dan and Beersheba, but in their little domestic privacies. Yet with this inquisitiveness as to the holes and corners of creation, our main interest is reserved for the typical cities. Expansion is a beautiful word, but the force which we actually count upon to advance the spe-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cies is centripetal. A great city, moreover, cannot long be a congregation without becoming a personality. That connoisseur in subtle emotions, Mr. Arthur Symons, is among other things a collector of cities, and has just brought together a series of papers[1] dealing with the more important treasures of his collection. His standard of choice has been personal and exacting. "I have come upon many cities," he says, "which have left me indifferent, perhaps through some accident in my way of approach; at any rate, they had nothing to say to me: Madrid, for instance, and Vienna, and St. Petersburg, and Berlin. It would be impossible for me to write about these cities: I should have nothing to say. But certain other cities, Rome, Venice, Seville, how I have loved them, what a delight it was to me to be alive, and living in them! . . . Moscow, Naples, how I have hated them, how I have suffered in them, merely because I was there; and how clearly I see them still, with that sharp memory of discomfort!" The writer of these sentences is not quite an English D'Annunzio, but one cannot deny that he possesses that abnormal form of susceptibility which is always on the fearful edge of satiety. To such a nature even a city may be an object of voluptuous pursuit, and the record of its adventures will not be free from an element of almost pathological interest.

Mr. Symons has not been unconscious of the perilousness of his chosen method. He has "tried to do more than write a kind of subjective diary, in which the city should be an excuse for his own sensations." In this attempt he has succeeded quite as well as we should care to have him, for he is, at best and at worst, an individuality. Moreover, he is not at all a person of die-away intelligence. The present book has plenty of vigorous passages, the product of that sound critical sense which Mr. Symons has so often shown in another kind of work. And in seizing upon the salient element of appeal in his chosen cities, he by no means confines himself to a record of vague emotions. "Everything in Rome," he says, for example, "impresses by its height, by an amplitude of adjusted proportions, which is far more than the mere equivalent of vast space covered, as in London, invisible for its very size. The pride of looking down, the pride of having something to look up to, are alike satisfied for the Romans, by what nature and art have done for Rome." The chapters on Rome, Venice, and Seville, records of fond enthusiasms, are, in the nature of things, pleasanter to read than the rest; they are, perhaps, more profitable, as love is more profitable than hatred. A sentence or two from the paper on Moscow will serve to suggest the pictorial quality of the author's descriptions, and the acute discomfort to which his sensitiveness makes him liable: "Colours shriek and flame; the Muscovite eye sees only by emphasis and by contrast; red is completed either by another red or by bright blue. There are no shades, no reticences, no modulations. The restaurants are filled with the din of vast mechanical organs, with drums and cymbals; a great bell clashes against a chain on all the trams, to clear the road; the music which one hears is a ferocity of brass. The masons who build the houses build in top-boots, red shirts, and pink trousers; the houses are painted red or green or blue; the churches are like the temples of savage idols, tortured into every unnatural shape and coloured every glaring colour."

The other books about cities which have recently come to hand happen to deal with material altogether different from that with which Mr. Symons concerns himself. Their method is less personal, therefore less literary; it ranges all the way from the journalistic to the sociological, and from the sociological to

[1] *Cities.* By Arthur Symons. New York: James Pott & Co. 1903.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the historical. Mr. London's latest book[1] has to do professedly with one of the ugliest results of the centripetal tendency. His picture of London slum life is appalling enough, painted with plenty of vigor and not a little coarseness; but it is not strikingly fresh. There is something needlessly exacerbated in the perennial astonishment with which students of sociology rediscover the horrors of urban vice and poverty. The evils are there, and we ought never to cease hearing of them; but not seldom the social Jeremiah seems to have insufficiently assimilated the facts with which his somewhat hasty observation has acquainted him. The indignation with which he speaks is more savage than righteous; the book is unfortunately deficient in the firmness and dignity of mood and touch which might have made it literature. One is likely to lay it down with the feeling that one has been reading a long and reasonably sensational newspaper story.

Thirty Years of Musical Life in London[2] ignores the "submerged" society of the East End no more thoroughly than the commercial and drawing-room circles of the West End. Its busy professional air is not tempered by amenities, literary or other. It has to give, in a simple and personally modest way, certain reminiscences of the London experience of many of the greatest musicians of the nineteenth century. The book contains much good anecdote and not a little interesting criticism. A fact which it makes surprisingly clear is that Englishmen have persisted in resenting the preference for foreign musicians which the English public has unmistakably felt. One imagines that in America the preëminence of European musicians, whether composers or players, is pretty generally recognized. The present reviewer recalls hearing, some years ago, an American violinist of merit remark, somewhat wearily but not resentfully, that there was only one American in the Boston Symphony Orchestra. We do not understand that the organization of musical labor which has just advertised itself so widely has made a distinction against the immigrant; it could ill afford to do so. Yet in Dr. Klein's book we find so prominent a man as Sir Arthur Sullivan gravely protesting against the appointment of Hans Richter as conductor of the Birmingham Festival: "I think," he says, in a letter to the author, "all this musical education for the English is vain and idle, as they are not allowed the opportunity of earning their living in their own country. Foreigners are thrust in everywhere, and the press supports this injustice." As Richter was one of the great conductors of the day, the point of injustice does not seem quite clear. Sir Arthur Sullivan was, according to Dr. Klein, "England's greatest musician;" yet how little he stands for in world-music! The present volume owes its interest largely to the foreign composers, conductors, and players who have been inevitably in the foreground of English musical life. Nevertheless, it is an important phase of life in nineteenth-century London which the book records. And the treatment of special phases is, apart from the personal literary method, the only fresh method of dealing with metropolitan life to be hoped for.

People who are fond of "fashnable fax and polite annygoats" will find it worth while to glance, at least, into the latest book which is made up of this sort of material.[3] It is always a relief to come upon an English book about Paris which succeeds in keeping clear of the boulevards and the Latin Quarter. These letters were written during the Second Empire by a French attaché. The fact that they were originally contributed to

[1] *The People of the Abyss.* By JACK LONDON. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1903.

[2] *Thirty Years of Musical Life in London.* By H. KLEIN. New York: The Century Co. 1903.

[3] *Gossip from Paris.* Selected and Arranged by A. R. WALLER. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1903.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

an English newspaper would be more surprising if one did not see at once that the political allusions are of the most general nature. In fact, the writer is all for high life. He has no end of sprightly gossip about court functions; he has an excellently light touch in the description of places and persons; and there is much amiable chatter about the pedigree, social achievements, matrimonial concerns, of the fashionable set in which he moves. He writes always with grace and animation, but superficially, as a talented correspondent rather than a person who wishes to produce literature. The letters are perishable stuff; they yield at best a suggestion of faded elegance, an odor of forgotten trifles; they are not alive, they have simply been restored for a moment to the light. It is fortunate that the editor has retained only one twelfth of the material at his disposal; and it is doubtful if even that deserves more than a momentary audience at this time. So much it does deserve.

Some years ago a book on Egypt was published which has proved to be sufficiently important to deserve revision.[1] The writer's aim is simple. He does not attempt, he says, "to solve the riddle of the Sphinx," but merely to furnish "a discursive budget of information and comment, — social, political, economic, and administrative." He is successful in doing just this. The book has no literary graces, but those who wish to know something about the irrigation, women, cigarettes, bazaars, and rulers of Egypt may find, as Mr. Penfield says, "something and not too much" in this well-made, well-illustrated, and pleasantly written volume.

The two books[2] among our number which deal with American cities are historical in substance, but literary in treatment. They do not profess to be based upon original research, but rather to present a readable and reliable interpretation of material which has been accumulated by other hands. The comparatively recent work of such writers as Mr. Fiske has done much to deepen our sense of the value of the historical interpreter as distinguished from the historical investigator.

For variety, for picturesqueness, for richness in the elements of romance, the annals of Old Boston can hardly rival those of Old Quebec. The present narrative begins and continues in a style of vigor and "pace." Its character as a story is never compromised by the introduction of minor, or, rather, insignificant detail. It is no small triumph for the authors to have succeeded in producing an "assimilation of the generous data" as to the history of Quebec which have now become common property. Due credit is of course given to Parkman, the only American who both as investigator and as interpreter stands in the first rank among historians.

The style of Mr. Howe's Boston is less fluent, more anecdotal and descriptive. It possesses some of the qualities of a handbook; all of them, if we give the word its best possible sense. For the general reader it is the best compact work on Boston which has yet been produced.

Professedly historical as these books are, it is plain that neither writer has failed to develop a sense of intimate acquaintance with one city or the other as a living personality. "The venerable fortress on the tidal water," say the authors of Old Quebec, in drawing to a close, "ever was, and still remains, the noblest city of the American continent. There still works the antique spirit which

[1] *Present Day Egypt.* By FREDERIC C. PENFIELD. New York: The Century Co. 1903.

[2] *Boston: The Place and the People.* By M. A. DEWOLFE HOWE. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1903.

Old Quebec: The Fortress of New France. By GILBERT PARKER and CLAUDE G. BRYAN. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1903.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cherishes culture and piety and domestic virtue as the crown of a nation's deeds and worth. . . . Apart from the hot winds of politics — civic, provincial, and national — which blow across the temperate plains of their daily existence, the people of the city and the province live as simply, and with as little greedy ambition, as they did a hundred years ago."

Mr. Howe, accepting the definition of Boston as "a state of mind," finds that state made up largely of "a keen sense of civic responsibility." He is not troubled by the fact, which he records, that the Boston government is largely in the hands of foreign-born persons. "The attempt to amalgamate the diverse elements into a common citizenship goes forward through hundreds of agencies, — the public schools, the social settlements, the organization of charities, secular and religious, designed to meet every conceivable need of the unfortunate, but in such a way as to create citizens as well as paupers." Perhaps we have not been sufficiently ready to think of Boston as an abode of citizens; we feel more at home with "the critical attitude" and "the good principle of rebellion," which Mr. Howe presently mentions as components of the Boston state of mind. There are other and subtler ingredients, one feels, — they are all present in the character and work of the Autocrat. One may be in a state of mind about things; Boston has always been that: but to *be* a state of mind is a horse of another color. *H. W. B.*

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

An Idealistic Realist.

In the vocabulary of criticism the word "realism" has been soiled with all ignoble use, and one would hate to apply it unconditionally to the work of a writer whom one admired. George Gissing, whose death is a loss to English literature none the less actual because he never won a wide circle of readers, would no doubt be called a realist by those who fancy that when once they have attached a label to a man there is nothing more to be said about him; but such a characterization cannot be accepted if it is meant to put him in the same category with Émile Zola, Flaubert, Mr. George Moore, and Mr. Howells, who are all realists in their different ways. With them it is the fact, and the fact only, which seems to count. But it is the fact transfigured by the imagination that one seeks in a work of art; and the finest realism is not found in the record, but in the interpretation of the record. Gissing was a realist controlled by an ideal. He might seem to insist upon the sordid side of life, but he had a passionate love of beauty. Consequently, in his analysis of the ugly there was always an implied contrast with the beautiful. This idealizing tendency grew upon him as he wrote. The Crown of Life, one of his last books, is far richer in spiritual nourishment than The Unclassed, one of his first.

Yet even in The Unclassed, and in Demos, and Workers in the Dawn, the difference between his method and that of others who have dealt with the under side of human existence was sufficiently marked. It was no doubt a fault in his art that he emphasized things evil unduly; but he did not fail to see the soul of goodness in them. He was not morbid and he was not indecent. He did not spare the dark touches necessary to complete the picture, but he did not put them there simply because they were dark. One feels that Zola gloated over

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

his repulsive details, that Flaubert depicted vice with cold contempt, that Mr. Moore attempts to discover in a spirit of bravado how much the public will stand, that Mr. Howells more genially expounds the significance of the unessential. But George Gissing was obviously moved by the "daily spectacles of mortality" he contemplated. His was not the detached attitude of the scientist; it was the keen sympathy of the artist. He did not let his sensibilities run away with him; he was never morbid or mawkish; he disdained the devices of a melodramatic sentimentalism; he was incapable of "working up" pathos. He could put the situation before us as vividly as any realist of them all. But the deep and poignant emotion was there, even if the superficial reader did not discover it. No cold observation could have accomplished this. No novelist by a little intellectual slumming can really tell us how the other half lives.

In the second period of his career that *saeva indignatio* in him turned more to grim satire. He dealt, not with those whom all classes had cast out, but with a class least likely to have comprehensive sympathies, the class which one must still call, despite the objections of many persons to the term, the "lower middle." Perhaps In the Year of Jubilee is his most remarkable achievement in this respect. The dull monotony of the daily round, the sordid aims, the laxity of moral fibre, the incapacity to comprehend, much less to experience, the nobler emotions, — these things are portrayed with a distinctness which one may fairly call appalling. Eve's Ransom is a study of human selfishness. The man sacrifices himself for the girl, and she receives the sacrifice gayly, and goes her way, leaving him to cherish his hurt in silence. Yet even here Gissing's idealism has the last word. The man realizes that his pain has been worth living through. "*Entbehren sollst du, sollst entbehren*," — that is the law of life. The lesson is taught with bitterer emphasis to the hero of New Grub Street, for whom "*la lutte pour la vie*" proves too much, and whose genius cannot survive the hardest blows of fate. In the struggle of Reardon to be true to his art against the most adverse conditions there is possibly some flavor of autobiography, — though for that matter every novel that is worth anything must have a glimpse of the writer's own soul. But Gissing was not the man to exploit his personality; he was not up to the tricks of the trade as practiced by the commercial novelist; and it does not require for the appreciation of his art any impertinent intrusion into his life. New Grub Street is a book to be read. Those who choose to do so may take it as an argument against the marriage of men of genius to commonplace and selfish women. Indeed, the unequal bond of wedlock was often a theme with Gissing. But if so many marriages are unhappy, if a union brought about by anything less than perfect love and trust is certain to be unhappy, what place in the world shall the women who do not marry take? Such a question is hardly answered by The Odd Women, another novel far superior to most contemporary fiction. The heroine of that tale does not have, after all, the courage of her convictions. But then so few of us do!

The Odd Women manifested conspicuously Gissing's growing interest in wider and higher themes; it also marked a further growth of his idealistic temper; and therefore his later books may appeal to readers whom his earlier did not interest. The Crown of Life is, on the whole, the most remarkable of these; it reveals the passionate tenderness which is the root of all the author's convictions. Love is the crown of life, and the right woman is worth any man's while to wait for. And there are large public questions involved in the story, — imperialism, for example. Our Friend the Char-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

latan is a still closer study of political conditions, though what gives it its value is the unsparing analysis of the man who deludes himself no less than he deludes others. It is upon his skill in the delineation of character that the fame of the novelist is most likely to rest; plots are easily forgotten, but the Becky Sharps and Colonel Newcomes remain more real than the figures of authentic history. One cannot help feeling that Gissing would have done, had he lived, better work in the future than in the past. But he did enough to make his fame secure.

The Unruly Kingdom.

"My mind to me a kingdom is," wrote Sir Edward Dyer something like three hundred years ago; and in a tiresome strain of self-laudation he continues, —

> "Though much I want that most would have,
> Yet still my mind forbids to crave."

To condense the substance of several stanzas into plain prose, this remarkable mind, he claims, was indifferent to wealth, power, love, or hate, had no desires to satisfy, nothing to fear, no cares to trouble; and he concludes, —

> "Thus do I live, thus will I die;
> Would all do so as well as I!"

To me it has always seemed that in the matter of that poem Sir Edward was either an impostor or the victim of gross self-delusion. If he had taken the trouble to keep a careful eye upon the goings-on of his mind for even one day, he doubtless would have discovered that his kingdom was in no such ideal state of subjection as he proudly asserted.

In fact, I much misdoubt any human being's having a perfectly disciplined, docile mind which never runs away, unexpectedly shies, or balks at inconvenient seasons. When I encounter a person who is always outwardly serene and self-controlled, I find myself wondering what sort of scenes he has with himself in private. That there are some lively ones I am confident.

Of course there are minds and minds, all differing in their amenability to control and in their various ways of evading and rebelling against the will and judgment of their owners. I may be biased in my impression of their general unreliability by the peculiarly untractable character of my own, which I have found endowed with all of the undesirable tendencies mentioned by Professor James, as well as possessed of several original shortcomings as yet uncatalogued by psychologists.

Often after a day spent in heading off and checking one train of thought after another, only to have each in its turn supplanted by something equally objectionable, I have found myself exhausted by the conflict with these rebellious mental processes, and in a mood of unqualified disgust and discontent with myself. At such times I have occasionally taken an imaginary revenge on the refractory mind, which has given so much trouble, by telling it how cheaply I would dispose of it, if minds were only marketable commodities. On the supposition that they could be bartered, I have imagined myself inserting in the column for subscribers' wants in some reputable journal an announcement something like the following: "For sale or exchange. A mind in a good state of preservation, never having been subjected to hard use, tolerably quick, and fairly good in disposition. The owner's reason for parting with it is that it never has been well broken, is somewhat willful, and too fond of play. Any one able to train it would find it desirable for light, varied use. The present proprietor is in need of a thoroughly trained, steady-going mind of a more substantial character."

But, on the whole, if one could be at will the possessor of a plodding, draft-horse sort of mind, would there not be some disadvantages connected with such an article? It seems as if there might be a dreary monotony about the operations of a mind which always worked in a rut, and whose methods and proceedings could be predicted with tolerable

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

certainty. The erratic kind is more than a little trying at times, when it neglects the tasks assigned it, and disports itself on forbidden ground; but it must be confessed that the unexpectedness of its performances sometimes makes it more entertaining than if it were better regulated.

When one is thrown upon one's own resources for diversion, it is not altogether a bad thing to have a mind liable at times to do idiotic or preposterous things. It becomes rather amusing, if not carried too far. I suspect that many people have discovered a closer mental kinship between themselves and Mr. Barrie's Thomas Sandys than they would care to acknowledge. It was with genuine delight that I read of the sprained ankle which Tommie was obliged to have as an excuse for being discovered in tears. I have been caught so many times in a similar predicament that it is a pleasure to believe that Mr. Barrie may possibly himself have experienced the shame and confusion into which one is plunged under such circumstances.

When a small child I was one day found crying comfortably by myself. The family was greatly concerned to know the cause of a trouble which sought retirement instead of demanding sympathy and consolation. Upon hearing that I was just thinking how I should feel if a bear came up and bit my hand, there was a chorus of laughter, and I was left to the enjoyment of my grief. Since then I have been surprised more than once in either tears or laughter due to an imaginary cause, and have been forced to conjure a more or less plausible explanation; but never since that first time have I owned the truth that I was merely making believe.

When as a child I was taken to church I used to beguile the time during the prayer and sermon by counting the panes of glass in the long windows which ran nearly to the ceiling. There were three sashes to a window, and each sash, I think, had four rows of five panes. I counted those panes in every possible way, — up and down, sideways, diagonally, and zigzag. If the results did not tally, I knew there was a mistake somewhere and began again. At a later period I formed the habit of amusing myself during the sermon by repeating poetry. Now, if my mind shows a disposition to wander from the clergyman's discourse, I sit with my eyes fastened respectfully upon him and perhaps make up a sermon of my own. Two or three of these have proved of more interest than the others, so I go back to them in preference to inventing new ones. Sunday after Sunday I have delivered one or the other of those sermons to large and attentive audiences. On such occasions I speak without notes. My delivery is exceedingly simple and quiet, with no effort at display, but the audience is invariably impressed by the deep feeling and moral earnestness with which the address is pervaded.

I am more fond, however, of singing in opera than of being a popular preacher. My voice is a soprano of remarkable purity and richness, equally good in its high and low tones. My favorite part is that of Brunhild, which I render with a dramatic intensity never yet equaled. The cry of the Valkyrs, as I give it, has a superhuman quality which sends chills creeping up and down the spine of the most stolid listener. Not infrequently I appear in the ballet of an opera. Quite often I am an actress. It being hard for me to decide on my favorite character, I generally play on benefit nights, when I give the best scenes from several of my most famous parts.

However, I am by no means always a celebrity. Frequently I am content to be a very commonplace person, my only remarkable points being an extremely magnetic personality combined with an ever ready sympathy and a charm none the less real because indefinable, which bring me the love and esteem of all who know me.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Of course this is supremely idiotic, and no one would confess to being so foolish if he were not tolerably sure that most of his fellow creatures know in their own hearts they are no more sensible. They may not acknowledge it. That is a different matter.

I wonder how many people realize the comfort there is in having a real brisk quarrel mentally with your friends when they prove exasperating. If it could only be rightly managed, a not too frequent vigorous scene would be a help in most of the intimate relations of life. It would serve at least to break out of the rut of commonplace into which any constant companionship is liable to sink. All the accumulating annoyances and vexations from small daily frictions could thus be swept away in one half hour and the weather cleared for some time to come. The difficulty is that it is an exceedingly delicate piece of business to conduct such a settlement in the right way. One side or the other is pretty sure to overdo the matter. In sultry weather a hard shower with some sharp thunder and lightning is refreshing, but you don't want a water spout or a six weeks' pour.

It is a more prudent procedure, therefore, unless reasonably confident of the discretion of the other party, to conduct such a readjustment entirely by one's self. In that way, while endeavoring in the presence of a friend to preserve an outward demeanor aptly described by Scott's Pet Marjorie in the lines quoted by Mr. Lang with such relish, —

> "She was more than usual calm,
> She did not give a single dam," —

I have been freely applying to the unconscious object of my wrath the entire alphabet of abusive terms at my command, ranging from anaconda, beast and crocodile, to zebra. After further going on to declare mentally to the person before me that I despise, detest, loathe, and hate him or her, as the case may be, the atmosphere will be decidedly fresher and a pleasant friendly feeling restored.

What satisfactory substitute can married people find for the amusement of considering the qualifications of members of the opposite sex for husbands or wives? One ought doubtless to have conscientious scruples against indulging in this diversion after marriage, and what a source of entertainment must be lost! A woman can find endless mental occupation in contemplating the various men of her acquaintance, and deciding with regard to each whether he would be companionable, or glum, uncommunicative and frigid, at home; whether he would make himself a dictator in regard to family affairs, so that his wife would feel under constant restraint. Could she go to the city for a day just because she was in the mood for it, without his wanting to know the reason, and thinking she had better take another day and another train than she had planned? Worse yet, would he insist upon going with her and regulating the whole day's programme according to his own ideas?

What turn do a man's speculations take with respect to the women he knows? Probably he wonders whether such a woman is given to nagging, fretting, or worrying; whether she would be serene and adequate to the situation when the cook leaves without warning; whether she would inflict all the particulars of domestic annoyances upon her husband every day, and — and — Well, men know best what they think.

But one of the greatest annoyances liable to be experienced from minds arises from having one that is a misfit. There is a disagreeable incongruity about an old head on young shoulders. We all know people who were old in character and tastes from the time they were born; and very tedious they usually are, too. But the contrary of this is still worse. It is positively mortifying to have a mind which totally ignores birthdays, and finds its delight in pastimes it should have outgrown. It is decorous to retain an interest in the enjoyments of youth, but it

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

is highly undignified to have a fondness for them yourself after the season for them is past. My mind has shown most alarming symptoms in this direction. Already it is a good ten years behind its age. What a prospect if it should continue to lag! Imagine getting into the sixties and being disgraced in the eyes of all who know you by a mind that still lingered in the thirties! Does any one know of a remedy for such a case?

Tradition and Biography.

SUCH a book as Wilfrid Meynell's about Disraeli[1] makes one doubt whether a formal biography has, after all, so great an advantage over tradition in fixing the reputation of a man who has lived long in full view of the public. It is one contrast more between the great rivals. Mr. Morley's copious illustration of Gladstone appeared nearly at the same time that we learned of Lord Rowton's death. He was Disraeli's literary executor, and for twenty years it had been supposed that the official life of his chief would come from him. But he is gone; and except for a handful of what Americans would call "campaign" biographies of Disraeli, along with the personal detail and pleasant gossip that Mr. Meynell has now given us in his disconnected narrative, we have no documented record of his career. Yet what figure could stand out with more individual distinctness in the history of his time? Could the most elaborate written life do more than expand or deepen the impression of him that intelligent students of the English politics of his day have already formed? His novels and speeches and epigrams, with the report of him that thousands bore away from personal contact, have etched a character which, we may be sure, no amount of recovered letters or diaries could present with fundamental difference. Color and body might be added, but the great outlines are there. "Dizzy always wants plenty of lights," said his attentive wife. He lived in full glare. A set biography could bring out little from dark corners. The Disraeli tradition has grown up, and we are entitled to say of it, with the prince in Richard III: —

> "But say, my lord, it were not registered,
> Methinks the truth should live from age to age,
> As 't were retailed to all posterity,
> Even to the general all-ending day."

Men will have their stubborn theories, of hero or villain, in real life, and so they will in biography. What an idea of tenacious conviction one gets, for example, from Mr. Meynell's account of Nathaniel Basevi, Disraeli's cousin. Early in his political career, when he was hard pressed for money, as, indeed, he long was, Disraeli had applied to his uncle, Mr. George Basevi, for a loan. The father called son Nathaniel into counsel, and the two determined that the flighty political adventurer, as they decided he was, had no real security to offer. Accordingly, the request for an advance met a peremptory refusal. Very well; uncles had been hard-hearted and cousins incredulous before. But note what followed. Years later, the Right Honorable Benjamin Disraeli, Prime Minister of England, was at Torquay, where Mr. Nathaniel Basevi was living in retirement. To this Israelite, indeed, in whom there was no giving in, it was intimated that his distinguished kinsman would be glad to receive him, letting bygones be bygones. But the stout old gentleman would not budge. He was not dazzled. Once an adventurer, always an adventurer, whether starveling aspirant or triumphant Premier. The cousin would neither call upon him, nor be called upon by him. How could Lord Rowton possibly have converted this sturdy skeptic?

Jowett's theory of Disraeli was less simple or rigorous. He wrote to Sir R. B. D. Morier in 1878: "Dizzy is a curious combination of the Archpriest

[1] *Benjamin Disraeli.* An Unconventional Biography. By WILFRID MEYNELL. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1903.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of Humbug and a great man." Mr. Meynell, loyal as he is to Disraeli, — but also loyal to the truth, — does not wholly break down the first part of this definition of Jowett's, though he undoubtedly brings much reinforcement to the second part. At a few critical junctures, Disraeli appears tricky, careless of veracity. There was, for example, that letter which he wrote to Sir Robert Peel, applying for office. This in his lifetime he roundly denied having written. After his death it was published in the Life of Peel. Mr. Meynell admits that we have here something "mysterious." There were other things betraying a shifty nature. They helped make Disraeli so intensely "unpopular" even with his own party, as one of his colleagues in different Ministries, Lord Malmesbury, frequently noted in his diary that he was. Yet he made himself indispensable to the inarticulate country squires who were the strength of the Tory party. He could speak. His fleering audacity in debate and bold initiative in policy, his merciless attack, his biting characterization, his immense gift of language, and his unbounded self-confidence made him the leader he was for so many years. Little loved, he was greatly admired. There was never any question of his genius, though there unfortunately sometimes was of his sincerity. Strong and straightforward natures somehow found in him no echo. They caught, rather, an ostentatious, an Oriental note. Asked once what was the most enviable life, Disraeli replied in a gleam of self-revelation, "A continued grand procession from manhood to the tomb." He had it. The crowd and the shouting seldom failed him. Opportunities for display came thick and fast. The extraordinary favor of the Queen he knew how to conquer. For his astonishing talents he found a great theatre. Yet tradition has been just; it has perpetuated a faithful picture of the man in habit as he was; and no biography, no matter how full it might be, nor how many minor myths it might destroy, could now make posterity see Benjamin Disraeli in any other essential guise than that in which his shrewdest and most sharp-sighted contemporaries have bidden us behold him.

What Children Want to Know.

It is usual for teachers to propound questions, and for children to answer them, and there is no doubt about which is the easier task of the two. To reverse matters, and also, if possible, to find out what is passing in the thoughts of my children, I yesterday confronted them with this demand: "Suppose this morning an all-wise man were to enter our classroom, one who could and would answer any question you chose to put to him, what six things would you ask?"

The children were common, ordinary, every-day boys and girls, between the ages of nine and fourteen, — but the questions they put to that imaginary shape from the All-Wise shades were not commonplace. They surprised me not a little, and have set me thinking. Perhaps they will interest others.

The first set of questions was from a boy of eleven, a little button-nosed, red-headed chap, and they were all of a geographical strain: "Who made the oceans salty? Why is it that the sun only goes halfway round the earth? Why is it that we don't slip off the earth? If the earth stopped what would happen to us? How big is a volcano inside? What is the quietest spot in Europe?"

The next six were a girl's, and all of them purely personal in their nature, her motto evidently being, "Know thou thyself." — "Who is my future husband? When am I going to die? Where is the thief that stole my watch? Please can you tell me how to draw well? What position or situation will I have when I get older? How could I be healthy all my life?"

A quiet little girlie of ten, who walks gently in and out of her classroom every day, and looks demure and purely recep-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tive, produces from the quiet depths of somewhere these six posers: "Who was the first school-teacher? Why are not all the people in the world the same color? Why are boys and girls not the same? Why is it that oil will not mix with water? How many feet of snow are there in the Rocky Mountains? Please can you tell me all about history?"

A remarkable series is that of a black-eyed little Jewess, a bright wee maid as sharp as a needle: "How many jewels has Queen Alexandra? Will I be rich or poor? Who were the first people who lived in Jerusalem? How is it that the more people get the more they want? Is it true that there is gold and diamonds on Cocos Island? When the world comes to an end, how can the people be united if parts of their bodies are in different parts of the world?"

A young cynic with but half-veiled irony demands (it is a boy this time): "Who was the man that invented grammar? Who was *Your* school-teacher when *You* was at school? Who first thought it was wise to have schools? What good does history do us? Did you ever count the stars, — you think you know everything? What does ignorance personified mean?"

Many go back to first principles with mild little queries like these: "Why did Adam die? How old is North America? What was here before the world was made? What language did Adam and Eve speak when they first entered the world? Who married Cain? Where was the Lord before He made the world? Where was God born? Are we descendants of the ape? When we hear about Christ, He lived at the beginning of the first century; was that his first time on this earth? If Jesus was born on the 25th of December, why did they not begin to count time then instead of at the first of January? What would there be if there was no universe? When and how was God the Father created? What holds this world up? What were Adam and Eve, — English, French, or what? Is it true that we were once monkeys? How are we to connect what the Bible says of the beginning of the earth with what science says? What comes after space?" These are the problems which occupy our children's minds when they obediently are doing "simple interest" for us, or "long division," or pointing out the boundaries of Europe.

But there are worse to follow: "Why is a wise man better than an inventor? Where do people go when the Maelstrom takes them down? How far does a bird fly without stopping? Please can you tell me, if all the people on the earth were dead, what would happen? Who made the Sphinx, and when, and how? When will the Lord come again? Why should a girl have more sleep than a boy? Is Charley Ross, the boy that was kidnapped long ago, living, and where? I would like to know when and how the Russian nation came to be so. Why do large fish eat little ones? What was the first show in the Coliseum? How many births occurred on Wednesday last in Canada? Will perpetual motion ever be discovered? In Christ's time were the people who lived to be hundreds of years old, 100 years a baby, or 100 years an old man? Will the American republic ever become a limited monarchy? When will there be no saloons or barrooms? When will there be no more war? What do men see in tobacco? How do earrings make people's eyes sharper? Is it true that when we die, we will come back as a cat or dog?" etc.

The rapid transition of thought strikes one on reading the question slips. For instance, were two things more widely apart than these ever before brought into juxtaposition: "If you jumped off the world, and went straight on, where would you go to? Who killed Julius Cæsar?" Or take this pair: "Why did Joseph not tell his brethren he was their brother the first time they came down to Egypt to buy corn? What is the power of one

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of the suckers of a devil-fish?" Or this: "When will the Doukhobors go home to be sensible and eat proper food? Why has the elephant got a trunk?"

The purely ethical questions are, some of them, very good: "Why are there so many religious sects and denominations, as there is only one way, all taken into consideration, to serve God? I would like you to tell me why men equally brave are some despised and some honored under the same conditions and by the same country. Is it right to rescue from drowning a man who is your enemy and a scourge to his neighbors? When people have great troubles in this world, why do they not end these troubles? Why do some people fancy themselves above others, when they all have to die some day, and as we are told when Christ comes again to judge the living and the dead we will all be equal, none above any of the others, — and some men are great, but the paths of glory lead but to the grave? If we live again in this world will we be better, and will we be able to have the accomplishments we have in our present life, to a greater extent? Can or will we be able to send messages to each other through our thoughts? How? People say it is wrong to drink wine. Why then did Jesus turn water into wine? When a man murders another man and then a man hangs the murderer, is the hangman not a murderer himself? Do you think the world will ever become one nation with the same religion? Why should the King and Queen be more powerful and be treated better than any other person? Why should a man be hung if he shot another man, and in war, if they shoot a man, they would be praised and thought much of? Is it wrong to tell stories in defense of others? Is it wrong to suspect? If so, how are we to know what to guard against? Will people who have had no chance of hearing about God be admitted to Heaven? What is the noblest life?" These, surely, all of them, are thoughtful questions; these young people are doing their own thinking.

With a few of what even to Swiveller would be "staggerers" we close the list. Here they are: "Do you know how people hypnotize each other? Was Shakespeare the same as other men in his age as regards to morals? Who wrote the first poem? Who is the prettiest person in the world? Will you please tell me all about the people in this world? Where did Mozart, Schubert and the other old musicians learn so much in the first place? Why do people get sick? Will women ever be considered as equal to men in politics and in business? What makes some people so clever and others so stupid? Why did Noah take some animals into the ark and leave others to get drowned? Will there ever again be as clever a writer as Shakespeare? Why do men smoke tobacco? Was Hamlet after his father's death sane or insane? Why do people think differently and after about an hour's argument think the same as they did before? How is it that animals don't become civilized? Will there come a time when the castes in India join? Why is there such a thing as *polotics?* What are people's brains like? What kind of a bird was it that first lit in Canada? How many hairs are there in a man's head? Why can't the owl see in the daytime? Why don't people look the same? What does the teacher make us ask these questions for? Why can't I always do my lessons right? What makes me lose my temper so much? Why are some people more sensible than others?"

It is a boy who writes: "I would like to know how you could tell mother-pigeons from father-pigeons," and "Who invented the first joke?" — while the youngest girl in the whole class wrote in a wee little hand in the middle of a sheet of foolscap, "Please would you tell me what my mother thinks every day in her mind?"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED